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CLASS.....NO.....

HALL'S

JOURNAL OF HEALTH,

FOR 1857.

HEALTH IS A DUTY.—ANON.

“MEN CONSUME TOO MUCH FOOD AND TOO LITTLE PURE AIR;
THEY TAKE TOO MUCH MEDICINE AND TOO LITTLE EXERCISE.”—*Ed.*

“I labor for the good time coming, when sickness and disease, except congenital, or from accident, will be regarded as the result of ignorance or animalism, and will degrade the individual, in the estimation of the good, as much as drunkenness now does.—*IBID.*”

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HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

JANUARY, 1857.

[NO. I.

We aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness
comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

DISEASE AND CRIME.

LIGHT is daily coming in upon the world of mind, and by the help of clearly established facts, arguments may be adduced, which will have a stronger tendency to compel men to take care of their health, than any which have arisen from conscience, money or duty; that is, the argument of *Shame*. Let men fully understand that certain bodily affections tend to crime, and that crime thus committed confines to the Penitentiary, then may the community wake up more fully to the sentiment,

HEALTH IS A DUTY,

and therefore, the neglect of its preservation, a sin, which in the natural progress of things, leads to loss of health, and life, and honor.

In a recent trial of a forger, who handled millions of dollars in a year's business, the defence was that he was insane. Among the evidence offered was that he could sleep only three or four hours out of the twenty-four. In a previous number we stated, that a growing inability to sleep was a clear indication of approaching insanity, and on the return of sleepfulness, the intellect became clear. There were other symptoms. There was the sound of trip-hammers in his ears; blacksmith's sparks floated before his eyes, and there was pain in the head a large portion of the time. These symptoms, lasting so long, had at length so affected the brain, as to destroy all perception, or comprehension of the *effects* of crime; and when the organ of a man's perception is destroyed, he will plunge headlong, and with utter recklessness, into any kind of wrong-doing which

circumstances throw in his way—arson, robbery, murder, anything; and, if not detected or prevented, the crime, whatever it may be, will grow into a habit, and habit is second nature; consequently, he will revel in it, it becomes his meat and drink, and he would rather do it than not. Hence the prisoner declared without hesitation, that if he were released he would do it again; that he rather liked it, and nothing could prevent him but cutting off his hand, if it came in the way, to forge paper.

It was shown on the trial, that there was insanity on the father's and mother's side; but no indication of it on the part of either father or mother. It is well known however, that insanity, as well as personal features, overleaps a generation or two. Often a child bears a striking resemblance to a grandparent, without a lineament of parental feature.

The acts of the prisoner were admitted by his counsel, and the question of guilt or innocence, rested on this—was he insane or not?

The use which we wish to make of these developments is practical, and is of high importance. A wise and stern medical treatment would have deferred, if not prevented, the combination of events. And how?

The prisoner was under the habitual influence of constipation, and an anodyne, which intensified this constipation every hour, while the principle of the medical practice in this case, was to let the bowels take care of themselves—which they did not do. This individual was never seen by his business associates without a cigar in his mouth; he smoked fifteen or twenty a day. The immediate effect of smoking tobacco falls on the brain, excites it; during that excitement he could not sleep, and the reaction went so low that he could not sleep; only a troubled repose was possible during the brief transition from one to the other. During the excitement, the brain ran riot in the direction of the opportunity, and expended its energies in that direction, but during the reaction, power was not left to carry on the bodily functions.

The effect of constipation is to thicken the blood, to make it more impure: hence more unfit for healthful purposes. The more impure the blood is, the thicker does it become, the slower is its progress, and if nothing is done to alter this state of things, stagnation and death take place. Stagnation means accumula-

tion, for the moment the blood stops in any part of the body, the coming current flowing in, causes an accumulation, precisely as in the closing of a canal gate, or the damming up of a stream. This accumulation in the blood vessels distends them, causes them to occupy more room than nature designed, consequently they must encroach on their neighbors. The neighbors of the blood vessels are the nerves; hence the nerves are pressed against; that pressure gives what we call "pain." As there are nerves everywhere, a point of a needle cannot be placed against the surface of the body without some pain, which shows the universality of nerve presence; hence, we may have pain anywhere, and will have pain if there is pressure. This accounts for the steady pain in the head. The excitement of the day sent the blood to the brain too fast, the repose of the night was too short to allow of its removal; besides the energies of the system had been overtaxed, and there was not power enough left to remove a natural accumulation, let alone the extraordinary.

But there is a law of our body, whereby pressure from any cause not only gives pain, but may destroy the part pressed against, and consume it, by dissolving it into a gaseous and fluid substance, which in this condition is conveyed out of the body. A band put around an arm of a foot in circumference, will, if tightened every day, in a time not long, reduce the circumference to six inches. Constant pressure cannot be exerted against any portion of the human body without impairing its structure, or causing its diminution and final destruction. These are principles of universal admission. They are first truths in medicine. From some *unknown* cause, this accumulation and pressure was determined to a particular portion of the brain, where fearlessness of consequences are situated; and we believe, if the prisoner's brain could be examined this day, that portion of it, most probably small in the beginning, would be found almost wholly wanting, having been destroyed by long continued pressure, *or* to be of abnormal structure.

We believe that a medical treatment, which would have sternly interdicted the use of the cigar materially at first, and gradually thereafter, until its final extinction, together with securing a natural condition of daily acting bowels, with a plain and substantial diet—and *kept him there*—would have saved him

and all his from the subsequent calamities. Artificial excitements, whether from tobacco, opium, or alcohol, if largely per severed in, will work ruin to mind, body, and soul. It is right that it should be so. Omnipotence has ordained it. If a man is in a physical condition which impels him to do what is illegal, or if he be in a mental condition which impels him to do what is illegal, the question whether he is to be punished or not depends upon the manner in which he became subjected to that condition. If such condition be the result of birth, or by a fall, or stroke, or other occurrence out of his control, he should go free of penal suffering; but if he placed himself in that condition by the unbridled indulgence of his appetites or his passions, he ought to be made to suffer a just penalty, whether he knew that such indulgences tended to such a result or not. It is a man's duty to inform himself of physiological as well as civil law. Ignorance of the former ought not to work his escape, any more than ignorance of the latter does; otherwise, a man has only to get drunk to secure impunity from any crime which may be committed in that condition; thus all penal statutes become a farce, and anarchy rides rampant through the land.

So also, if a man perverts his moral sense, and by a course of vicious reasoning persuades himself that he ought to commit murder, and thinks of it so much as to feel impelled to murder some one, he is properly amenable to the law of the land.

It is no very difficult matter for ordinary minds to persuade themselves as to any desired course—that it is right; that there is no harm in it; and that, if they meant no harm by it, no blame could be attached; but, if for such flimsy considerations, men are to be excused from penalties, there is an end at once to all law and to all government.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this. Every man should be held responsible for his deeds, unless they are clearly proved to be the result of a physical, mental, or moral condition which he had no agency in originating, or exaggerating to the criminal point. Hence the prisoner was convicted.

BODILY CARRIAGE.

“A dying man can do nothing easy,” as he spilled something which was given him to swallow, were the last recorded words of him who in life had “tamed the lightning's wing,” and

"bottled the thunders of Omnipotence." But it would seem an easy matter for a sane man or woman in good health *to sit down* properly. And yet not one in a multitude does it. Far-seeing mothers sometimes succeed in beating it into the heads of thoughtless daughters, by virtue of extraordinary perseverance,—as a means of getting a husband! for who ever married a stoop-shouldered or humpbacked girl? As for the sons, they are left to take their chances, and assume any shape which circumstances may determine. But it helps vastly in our efforts to accomplish laudable objects to have a clear and adequate reason to second our endeavors.

Who does not dread and hate the very name of "*Consumption?*" It does not come suddenly. It begins in remote months and years ago, by imperfect breathing; by want of frequent and full breaths, to keep the lungs in active operation. In time, the lungs swell out a quarter or one-third less than they ought to do; consequently the breast flattens, the arms bend forwards and inwards, and we have the round or high shoulder, so ominous in a doctor's eye. As consumptives *always* bend forward, and as men in high health, candidates for aldermanic honors sit and walk and stand erect,—*physically!* the erect position must be antagonistic of consumption, and consequently should be cultivated, sedulously cultivated in every manner practicable; cultivated by all, men, women and children. If we can promote this culture without interfering with the ordinary business of life, and without its costing a dollar, a valuable point is gained; and considering the importance of the subject, we shall not think ourselves to have lived in vain, if this article shall be practically adopted by any considerable number of our readers.

No place is so well adapted to secure an erect locomotion as a large city; the necessity is ever present for holding up the head; if a man does not do it, he will in any walk along a principal street knock his brains out; or if he be unusually hard-headed, knock out the brains of some less gifted pedestrian. Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes, and straightening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to the many, because soon forgotten, or of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort which procures a willing omission; all that is necessary to secure

the object, is to *hold up the head and move on!* letting the toes and shoulders take care of themselves. Walk with the chin but slightly above a horizontal line, or with your eye directed to things a little higher than your own head. In this way you walk properly, pleasantly, and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness. If any one wishes to be aided in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourself to carry the hands behind you, one hand grasping the opposite wrist. Englishmen are admired the world over for their full chests, and broad shoulders, and sturdy frames, and manly bearing. This position of body is a favorite with them, in the simple promenade in the garden or gallery, in attending ladies along a crowded street, in standing on the street, or in public worship.

Our young men seem to be in elysium when they can walk arm-in-arm with their divinities. Now young gentlemen, you will be hooked on soon enough without anticipating your captivity. While you are free, *walk right!* IN ALL WAYS; and when you are able, get a manly carriage, and take our word for it, it is the best way in the world to *secure* the affectionate respect of the woman you marry. Did you ever know any girl worth having, who could wed a man who mopes about with his eyes on the ground, making of his whole body the segment of a circle, bent on the wrong side. Assuredly, a woman of strong points, of striking characteristics, admires, beyond a handsome face, the whole carriage of a man. Erectness being the representative of courage and daring, it is this which makes a man of "*presence.*"

Many persons spend a large part of their waking existence in the sitting position. A single rule, well attended to, in this connection, would be of incalculable value to multitudes,—*use chairs with the old-fashioned straight backs, a little inclining backwards!* and sit with the lower portion of the body close against the back of the chair at the seat; any one who tries it, will observe in a moment a grateful support to the whole spine. And we see no reason why children should not be taught from the beginning to write, and sew, and knit, in a position requiring the lower portion of the body and the shoulders to touch the back of the chair all the time.

A very common position in sitting, especially among men,

is with the shoulders against the chair back, with a space of several inches between the chair back and the lower portion of the spine, giving the body the shape of a half hoop; it is the instantaneous, instinctive, and almost universal position assumed by any consumptive on sitting down, unless counteracted by an effort of the will; hence parents should regard such a position in their children with apprehension, and should rectify it at once.

The best position after eating a regular meal is, to have the hands behind the back, the head erect, in moderate locomotion, and in the open air, if the weather is not chilly. Half an hour spent in this way after meals, at least after breakfast and dinner, would add health and length of days to women in easy life, and to all sedentary men. It is a thought which richly merits attention. As to the habit which many men have of sitting during prayer, in forms of worship not requiring it, with the elbows extended along the back of the pew, and forehead resting on the arms, we will only say in passing, that besides being physiologically unwise and hurtful, it is socially an uncourteous and indelicate position; while in a religious point of view it is an unpardonable irreverence; a position which no man with the feelings of a gentleman, unless an invalid, can possibly assume, and we wonder that it is a practice of such general prevalence. It is a position which we venture to affirm, is in almost every instance the dictate of bodily laziness or religious sleepiness or indifference. Women are not required to stand in prayer; it is physiologically hurtful; they should sit or kneel.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

WE have seen an announcement in the public papers that it was in contemplation to establish somewhere in Pennsylvania, "*A Training School for Clergymen.*" As none was given, we are thrown upon our own resources for an explanation. As clergymen have had a scientific training at college, and a theological training in the seminary, and a moral and religious training from infancy by parents, Sunday School teaching and ministerial culture; and as morality, piety and learning would seem to cover the whole ground, we are in a quandary still. But as

giving up never did any good, when a laudable object was in view, and as our Episcopal friends have not vouchsafed an enlightenment, we are disposed to ferret out the idea. From early and long and wide association with clergymen, and a high estimate of their character, their usefulness and their importance as to the true and permanent prosperity of any country, we will venture an opinion as to what they ought to be trained to, as supplementary to morality, piety and scholarship.

To our mind, the most impressive defect in that noble army of thirty thousand men who have consecrated themselves to the best interests of our nation, for a compensation not enough to feed and clothe them in a manner commensurate with their high office, and their due, is *a want of sympathy with men*, and next to that, *a want of the knowledge of human nature*. According to the present system, a minister becomes almost gray-headed before he fairly gets into the traces of an easy and profitable working. In reaching this point, there is many a trip and slip and fall, requiring sometimes long years to regain the standing, and sometimes it is regained—never! not from actual criminality, but inadvertence. All know how the young are apt to become enthusiastic in what they have confidence, especially when it becomes their bread. To be enthusiastic is to be in danger anywhere.

It was not until he *began to be about thirty years of age* that the Divine Redeemer entered fully on his ministry. From youth up to that time he worked at the trade of a carpenter, as did his reputed father before him. And if, with all the advantages of inspiration, it was necessary for him, to qualify himself fully for his office, that he should spend so long an apprenticeship with the people, may we not judge that it does possess high advantages for a man to mingle largely and long with men in their every-day callings and ambitions, in aiding him to find out what human nature is. The disciples and apostles were bred to secular callings, and we all know that he can best lead and control men who has the best key to the human heart.

Patrick Henry associated with all men; he even is reported by Thomas Jefferson, to have had rather a preference for low associations; and from knowledge here acquired, he derived his power.

It is comparatively a rare thing for a clergyman to become

derelict; thus it is, that when such is the case, it has so startling an effect on a community. The very rarity increases its bad influences. We propose it, then, as a matter of reflection, which may lead to useful results—If a man never entered the work of the ministry until of an age and experience which would prevent any false step in any direction, and insure always the best steps to be taken towards securing any desired result, and were to work thus for fifteen years, would not larger and higher results be attained by ministerial efforts, than are reached under present circumstances? In other words, would not the ministry work much more efficiently in all directions, if each one, on entering it, had a better knowledge of human nature, and could more intimately enter into the sympathies of men, than they now do. And is there any better school for such objects than a long novitiate, than close associations with men in the daily pursuits of life? The Doctors certainly know that the thing which brings most discredit upon the profession is the haste of students to “*realize*,” to be making money; entering the practice of medicine almost wholly upon a theoretic knowledge. Hence few attain eminence, and the fewest of the few obtain a fortune in the pursuit of their calling. And even in cases—the very rare cases—where young clergymen steer clear of quicksand and shoal and sunken rock, it is accomplished at such an effort, that health is made a wreck of, and they enter the haven of full usefulness, only in time to die, long, long before *the heat of the day comes on*. Under the whole view of the case, therefore, we believe that a five years’ colportage on foot, with a bible and concordance, selling religious publications *at a per centage*, is the best theological seminary in the world; securing, as it would, at one and the same time, health, tact, knowledge, and piety.

We have said that it has occurred to us that clergymen are deficient in popular sympathy. They do not *make that allowance* for the short-comings of their fellows, which a true knowledge of the trials, hardships, discouragements and temptations of life would lead to. A good heart grows mellow as it approaches the grave. Old clergymen grow forbearing as they near heaven. We contend, if they could start with the largest share of this, many hearts would be won to religion that are never won at all. Harshness wrecks and wins not the inquiring soul.

COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT ARE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST, is the embodiment of heaven's sympathy, and it came from the lips of the Master. But who does not know how often the young clergyman, and the ignorant, hurls whole avalanches of incandescent brimstone at weary and worn humanity: even in the ruder times of Old Testament history, the Almighty is represented as "*winking*" at the ignorance of men. It seems to us that modern preaching is more imprecatory than deprecatory. "*If you don't you'll be damned,*" instead of "*go and sin no more;*" instead of

"COME TO JESUS! SINNER, COME."

That we may not be mistaken in our meaning, we repeat, If our ministers, already better than we deserve, are to have additional training, let it be in the knowledge of human nature and human need; let them have a longer novitiate; let them have a term of close association with men in the active and healthful callings of human life, preparatory to entering the full ministry.

We did not say, without some hesitation, that there was a lack of sympathy with the people among clergymen, but an item has come to our knowledge since, which shows that ministers themselves have noticed something of the kind; for one of them, in accounting for his superior success, quaintly writes, "When you go a-fishing, my brother, you get a great hoop-pole for a handle, attach a large cod line and a big hook, with twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. Thus accoutred, you dash to the brook, throw in your line with a '*There! bite, you dogs.*' But with a little pole and a small line and a suitable bait, I creep up, slip them in, and *twitch 'em out*, until my basket is full."

LIFE ON RAILROADS.

NOTWITHSTANDING occasional calamities on railroads, that kind of travel is by very far safer than by carriage, sail, or steamship. The New Jersey Railroad, between New York and Philadelphia, by way of Trenton and Princeton, has transported twenty millions of persons, without the loss of a single passenger, *in his proper place*, during a period of twenty years' running, day and night.

The Macon and Augusta Railroad of Georgia, has also been

in operation for twenty years, and in all that time but ONE passenger has lost his life by accident, on a line of one hundred and ninety-two miles in length. All honor to the directories, whose practical intelligence, and to the engineers and conductors, whose high competency and ceaseless care have contributed to such results. Intelligent, competent, and well-paid employées can almost annihilate railroad accidents. Where so much human life is at stake, fifty thousand in any single day, in our own country, public opinion should demand that such salaries should be given as would secure the services of men of education, of moral worth, and of social respectability, from the switchman up to the conductor, engineer, and superintendent.

During the first half of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, there was in Great Britain but one accident in every seven million of railroad passengers. From this statement, we are not certain that it is not safer to spend our time "on a rail" than on Broadway. It would have been of practical interest if, in the questions of the Secretary of the Treasury, as given in *Holley's New York Railroad Advocate*, (conducted with scientific ability,) there had been one inquiry—"What was the *position* occupied at the moment of the accident, by any passenger whose life was lost." Let the public press reiterate two facts.

First: Three-fourths of the lives lost on rail cars, in motion, are of passengers who *were not in their proper positions*—meaning thereby, that they should not only be in their seats, but keep their heads and limbs inside the cars. We have often admired the arrangements in the cars between New York and Philadelphia, in this respect. A passenger cannot put his head or arm outside without standing up or leaning forward in a painful position. Such a large proportion of people have so little common sense, or uncommon either, that the true policy is to put it out of their power to be hurt; and that can be done to a very great extent.

The *Second* item of railroad travel, which ought to be reiterated is—A train may go at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, with its five hundred passengers, be instantaneously arrested, the cars turned upside down, their seats shivered to atoms, and the flooring riven into myriads of splinters, every car filled with passengers—and not a single life lost, or limb broken, or other serious injury, to a passenger *in his place*.

The proof of this is—we saw it—the Express Train at *Yonkers*, about three years ago. *Cause*, the switchman, a common laborer, neglected his duty. In an instant he took to his heels—and, for aught we know, is running yet—for he has never been seen there since.

SUICIDE.

THE most efficient preventive of this crime is a strong reprobative public sentiment. It is regarded with a kind of horror. There is an instinctive drawing back from the self-murderer on the part of most people, as if there was no wish to have anything to do with a character around which there gathers at once a discreditable mystery. Almost the first inquiry on hearing of a suicide is, *what evil has he done?* It seems to be a general feeling that it has some connection with remorse, which, in its turn, is suggestive of crime. And so intense is the unexpressed sentiment, that suicide has been committed to cover some crime, or to escape the imputation of wrong; the very first effort on the part of friends, is to promote an impression that it was the result of insanity.

We unhesitatingly assert, that the palliation of suicide is a wrong done to society and to good morals. Let it be a deep, a general, an abiding sentiment, that suicide and criminality are inseparable, and an important step will have at once been taken towards its prevention.

Some years ago, this species of depravity became so prevalent among the women, the authorities decreed that the body of every such person found should be hung naked at the main entrance of the town. The effect was an instantaneous cessation of the unnatural act.

We do not undertake to say that every suicide is a legal criminal, but we do say unhesitatingly, that a suicide is a coward and a fool. A coward, because he runs from trouble; a fool, because he rushes into the presence of his Maker with a dagger in his hand and a sin in his heart.

The papers of the country, secular and religious, have made a great ado lately, about the suicide of an unmarried man, aged thirty-five, of an irreproachable private character, up to his last act; a man of genius and of education. He was an enthusiastic "Spiritualist," and the use made of the fact is, "*Spiritualism is*

a pernicious delusion." And we almost grit our teeth in the impatience which attends the expression of the sentiment. Fair play is a jewel the world over. Let us have it here. If every creed is to be voted false, wicked and dangerous, because an advocate of it has been driven to suicide, then every creed under the sun, and every great pursuit, is false, wicked, and dangerous, our Holy Religion not excepted. The wonder to our mind is, that any man, with even moderate pretensions to a logical mind, would allow himself to employ such a baseless argument. There is not one of us that would not regard with contempt the man who would urge as a reason, religion was a delusion, because persons are every now and then precipitating themselves into eternity as the effect of "*strong religious excitement*," as it is benevolently termed.

As stated in our December number, an eminent divine seeks affectionately to cloak over the self-destruction of a talented brother, by the argument that his mind was unbalanced by intense devotion to some particular branch of study, his general health being at the same time much impaired; and the argument is given, with an editorial backing, in the columns of one of the oldest, most widely circulated and ably edited religious newspapers in the United States; and what is more wonderful still, without rebuke, as far as we have seen, by a single christian editor in the land. But when a "Spiritualist" commits suicide, scarcely a paper fails to blazon it abroad with various exclamatory marks and startling phrases—*Horrible effects of Spiritualism!!!* and the like.

Now compare the two cases: both were unmarried, of about the same age; both educated; both possessing mental qualities entitling to the name of "*genius*;" and both, too, labored under bodily disease of an aggravated character.

The view which we take of these cases, and hence their introduction here, is, that the crime of the self-destroyer is not chargeable logically, either to religion, to scientific research, or to spiritualism, but is chargeable to the sin of being in wretched ill-health. No man, ordinarily, in the exercise of a moderate degree of intelligence as to the physiological laws of his body, can labor under wretched ill-health, except from unavoidable occurrences.

In the progressive intelligence of the age, we must march up

to the truth, and face it manfully, and more, we must consistently and conscientiously live up to its dictates, physically as well as morally, inasmuch as the same Great Mind which ordained the moral law has enacted the physiological, and no millennium can ever dawn on our eyes, until both are lovingly obeyed.

Medical men of all schools agree that the mass of suicides are the result of bodily infirmity of some kind. Perhaps, in as large a number of cases as three out of four, the result is brought about as follows. There is too much blood in the body, and as is always the case, under such circumstances, it is "bad blood;" bad for several reasons—it is imperfect, impure, and too thick, to flow with healthful rapidity. When that is the case, that part of the body first begins to feel the effects of the stagnation which is for the time the weakest—physiologically speaking, the least able to pass the fluid along. In the case of the suicide, it is strictly, literally, and physiologically true, that for the moment the brain is the weakest point—made weak by previous intense thought, by over-exercise. But another calamity occurs just here from a double cause—there is too much blood in the brain—consequently, the busy workers of the body have not room enough to perform their accustomed part, and it is not done well; as would be the case in any department of life around us. But again, the nervous energy is made out of the blood, and if the material is impure, it is a physical necessity that the product is imperfect, is crude: hence a diseased man is fit for nothing until he gets well, and least of all for occupying the place of leaders and instructors of the people. Hence, get out of the way, all you dyspeptic editors, law-makers and teachers; you are not fit for your posts, without a puke or a purge, or a few days' bread and water diet.

There was true philosophy in the practice of a noted personage, who entered upon the consideration of all questions of great public interest by taking an emetic. He would have been a wiser man had he begun twenty-four hours sooner, to live on half allowance of food, and that of a plain substantial character.

Our main point is constantly verified in attempted suicides, by cutting the throat. By the time a quart of blood is lost, so as to relieve the brain, it becomes as clear as a bell in its

ties, and the loudest call for a "doctor" comes from the patient himself—or if shame restrains, there is exhibited a very lamb-like submission to the means of restoration. Many an attempter of drowning has been known, after the shock of the plunge, to scramble for the shore with the most edifying alacrity, the shock having started the accumulated fluid from the brain, which it was oppressing so dangerously.

The general use to be made of this article, is, *If you would certainly avoid the terrible fate of a suicide, live a life of temperate eating, and of moderate bodily activities.*

And as no bodily disease comes without some friendly warning, we advise thus.—When you feel low-spirited, whether with a cause or without one, eat not an atom, drink not a drop for a dozen hours, and spend half the time at least in a brisk walk or cheerful ride to the country. You will find this a pleasant remedy, and almost infallible. And if you wish a permanent deliverance from such unwelcome visitors as the "*Blues*," eat less, exercise more.

COMMON SENSE.

Not one in a multitude has it. Not one in a multitude of those who make use of the expression, knows what it means. Let the reader try this moment to define it in concise language, and in a moment he will find himself

"In endless mazes lost."

Yet it is a correct and appropriate phrase, if we can but distinguish between the possession and the exercise; the ownership and use of our senses. The word "common" qualifies as to the amount of sense, but does not apply to its use. The exact meaning to be attached to the expression is the *use* of an amount of intelligence which the mass of persons possess. *Common sense is the USE of experience and observation.* It is the practical employment of an ordinary amount of intelligence. Most persons have it—few use it. Its possession is common—its practice uncommon; hence the literal correctness of the expression—"Very few people have common sense." It would be plainer to say—"Very few people make use of their common sense." For example—

Ask the first man you meet if he has not pushed up his wrist-

bands, in washing his hands, with a view to their remaining up, to prevent wetting them, until the operation is over. Ask him, further, if he has not done the same thing a hundred times, and if, in a single instance, he ever knew them to stay up until he was done. And yet, that man, until the day of his death, will attempt that same useless thing, as often as he has occasion to wash his hands with his coat on, or without the trouble of unbuttoning the wristbands. He has, in common with the multitude, sense enough to know that the wristbands will not stay up, but yet he does not *use* his intelligence. Hence, it is appropriately said of that man, "He has not common sense"—that is, he does not *exercise* common sense.

A man knows how to be polite. He may be in a company which does not merit its exercise, in his opinion—still, the omission of it lays him liable to the charge, "He has no politeness"—that is, he does not practice it.

The mass of people know that jumping out of a vehicle, when the horses are running away, is very certain to be followed with loss of limb or life; they know, too, that dropping one's self out from behind is attended with comparatively little danger, and yet nine out of ten will jump out at the side—not one in a million will spill himself out from behind. Thus, every one of the million has sense enough to know the fact, yet, only one in a million is found to *use* it, to *practice* his knowledge.

Any body has sense enough to know, that, if additions are daily made to any vessel, and nothing be taken from it, day after day, the vessel will soon overflow, and there will be mischief and loss; and yet, there are multitudes in every community who ruin their health in early life, preparatory to a premature death, or an age of suffering, by eating heartily two or three times a day, for days together, without heeding the necessity of a daily action of the bowels, as a preventive of irretrievable mischief. Countless numbers of literary men, students, lawyers, clergymen, lose their health, and are laid aside from usefulness and duty, by failing to recognize practically a principle so self-evident, that daily additions to the contents of the body, without a proportionate outlet, must result disastrously. Thus it is, we say of many great men—men of extraordinary acquirements—all their talents cannot preserve them from poverty. They have the sense, but do not *use* it. They know bet-

ter, but do not *act out* their knowledge. The different results from the *possession* and *use* of sense and money are striking. The less a man uses (spends) the money he accumulates, the richer he becomes—the less a student uses his daily accumulation of knowledge, the bigger bore he is. Therefore, save your money—use your sense.

FAMILY MUSIC.

MUSIC, like paintings and statuary, refines, and elevates, and sanctifies. Song is the language of gladness, and it is the utterance of devotion. But coming lower down it is physically beneficial; it rouses the circulation, wakes up the bodily energies, and diffuses life and animation all around. Does a lazy man ever sing? We never heard it. Does a milk-and-water character ever strike a stirring note? Never. Song is the outlet of mental and physical activity, and increases both by its exercise. No child has completed a religious education who has not been taught to sing the Songs of Zion. No part of our religious worship is sweeter than this. In David's day, it was a practice and a study. Such papers as Willis's *New York Weekly Musical World*, at \$2 a year, and Woodbury's *Musical Pioneer*, monthly, at half-a-dollar a year, abound in valuable articles on Church and Family music, and merit a liberal patronage.

BLACK AND WHITE INSANITY.

WE do not mean the color of the insanity, but the color of the persons who are deranged. The census states, that in Maine, one out of every fourteen free colored persons was insane. In Virginia, there was at the same time but one insane slave out of every thirteen hundred. We think the reason for this wide difference is soon told. It is the struggle and anxiety for daily bread which eats out the mind of the Northern negro. Slaves have no such anxieties; their lives are merrier than those of their masters; they know that *bread shall be given them and their water shall be sure; and having food and raiment, they are therewith content*, measurably. Their religion *makes their yoke easy and their burden light*. Practically, the Southern slave does not

feel his bondage as such. There is such a thing as *learning to bear the yoke*, for under a load which would grind the cultivated intellect to powder, a Southern slave, with the aid of his religious faith, will *mount as with the wings of eagles,—will run and not be weary,—will walk and not faint.*

The mass of slaves in our country assent to the religious sentiment either by practice, profession, or proclivity, and have *learned in whatsoever state they are, therewith to be content.* There can be no doubt, that with other aids, the burden of slavery is comparatively light to them. A thousand times have we heard the lively song on the levee, at New Orleans; it was the song of the slave—the song that helped them to work easy, and they found it out. We never heard a note of music from the hundreds of Irish draymen, always about them, in ten years.

We are not discussing the morality of slavery; we are speaking of it physically; we are stating apparent facts. Their solution is open to discussion. To embody the main point in words, we would express it thus:—

Free negroism in the North, with its surroundings, appears to promote insanity. Southern slavery, with its surroundings, appears to prevent insanity.

We do not say, merely, that Southern slavery does not seem to tend to insanity—that would express only a negation; the truth is positive. *Southern slavery, with its surroundings, prevents insanity*, for it is a statistical fact, that more white people become insane in the South, or are born with various approaches to idiocy, than among slaves in proportion, while as to the whites of New England, there are a thousand lunatics where there is one among the slave population of the South. Many thousands there are in the North who go to bed, nightly, without a full stomach, and in the winter, with the addition of a cold and cheerless apartment; while such things are almost unknown on Southern plantations. If these facts were not known from actual observation, they might find a moral demonstration in the deduction that they were so, because it is to the pecuniary interest of the slave-holder to give that slave food and warmth, as much, and more so, than for the Northerner to afford those things to his cattle, if he wishes to be a thrifty farmer

While these considerations should justly modify Northern sentiment as to the conjectured horrors of slavery, and lead

them to take a calm and considerate view of the whole subject, and thus, as we think, open up a speedier way for universal freedom, as far as the great interests of the world require it; they, at the same time, are largely suggestive in the direction of that great subject, human happiness and health.

The effect which the ceaseless struggle against want has on the colored man in New England, manifests itself in the eighty, ninety, and a hundred persons, who die every week in New York of diseases of the brain and nerves. If this ceaseless striving for bread wears out the life of the white man, and drives the black man mad, the very strongest of all earth's considerations force their claims upon us, and urge us, as a means of saving the life, and far more, of the immortal mind, to cultivate in our domestic and social relations, a wise economy and a moderate ambition as to pecuniary condition; for beyond all question, the neglect of this, wrecks the peace and ruins the souls of multitudes.

SLANDERING DOCTORS.

A GREAT many jokes are cracked at the expense of the doctors, *and* at the expense of the reputation for intellect of those who crack them; for a moment's consideration, which, by the way, in this fast age, is not given to anything of true importance, except by the few—a moment's consideration would teach any one, that it is to the doctor's interest to keep the patient alive as long as possible, for *as long as the patient lives, he pays!* Witness the desperate efforts made to protract life for a few hours, in the last extremity; how the medicine is poured down every five minutes, as long as the dying man can swallow; how the blister plaster encases ankle, wrist, and waist, to kindle up again the powers of life, for, with returning life, returns the prospect of dollars. For our part, we could never appreciate the philosophy of torturing the poor dying body in the ways just alluded to, to the last moment of existence. The great Washington prayed to be allowed to die in peace. When our last hour comes, hoist the window, throw the door wide open, without a draft; moisten the lips; clear the room of all but one or two; let all the pure air possible, get to the laboring lungs. Just imagine, reader, what would be your feelings for relief, if a pillow were pressed over your face for a minute, and

you may have some idea of the desire a dying man has for all the air he can get. But as an evidence that doctors are not such a murderous class as represented sometimes, the last census shows that *it requires Eighty doctors to keep one undertaker*, there being Forty thousand doctors in the United States, while there are only five hundred professed undertakers, the irregulars of both not included.

DOCTORS vs. TAILORS,

And the doctor triumphant! In a recent criminal trial, a merchant tailor testified that he would not trust the prisoner, because he knew that any man must fail, who in a single year would order to be made in the best manner and out of the best material seven coats, fifteen vests, and twenty-five pair of pantaloons.

The doctor, homeopathic in pills but *all-pathic* in charges, his bill averaging six hundred dollars a year, stated that he drew more money than he was entitled to, "because he seemed to be living too fast, and I intended to get my bills about square."

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE wish we could respond to letters received from time to time from old subscribers with renewals, with their expressions of goodwill and encouragement. We have circulated some thousands of the *Journal* at our own expense among clergymen, when they contained articles which we thought might be useful to them. To many of them, their health is their living, and we know that by intelligent precaution, months of labor could be saved in some instances. A single hint, now and then, wisely acted on, is of incalculable value. One of them writes: "I wanted to have taken your *Journal* last year, but being a missionary on a small salary, I could not well spare the subscription price, small as it is." Just think of it, Christian people! that the day laborers, the working men of the church, its hardy pioneers, its hewers of wood and drawers of water, are so poorly paid by you, that out of a whole year's salary, not one, but many, cannot spare a dollar for instructions as to how they may keep well. It ought not so to be.

A returned foreign missionary, whom we had an opportunity

of taking from the shelf and placing in active and efficient pastoral duty, says: "The *Journal* has become a sort of necessity to me; I can say of it, what I cannot of the many periodicals I receive, I read every article of every number. Ministers are so poor that they dare not subscribe for anything which is not absolutely essential to them, as men possessing minds and hearts. For the poor jaded body they can afford to do nothing. The majority of us find it impossible to keep a horse, and impossible to hire one, except on an emergency. But, although I cannot ride abroad for my health, I have learned by experience that I am none the poorer for taking the *Journal*. The hints which it contains from time to time, have often been of real service to me, and I am thankful for that kind providence which placed me, when a sufferer, under the care of its editor."

In renewing her subscription, a Southern lady writes: "I shall ever be grateful for the good you have done me, and I believe you have saved my life, probably for many years."

If by our teachings we add to the lives of those who, in the language of our fair correspondent, "could not have lived much longer without them," we may be allowed to hope that we are not living wholly in vain.

From lawyers, physicians, clergymen, eminent theologians, presidents, professors, and principals in schools, colleges and universities, and what is not less highly prized, the almost unanimous sustention of the newspaper and periodical press of the country,—from these, and a subscription list of fifty per cent. larger than we have hitherto had on a New Year's day, we cheerfully *gird our armor on* for the labor of EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN. And with the information from a correspondent, that our *Journal* is to be adopted as a reading book in a popular female seminary, we hope to write no word that is not courteous, and useful, and true.

BACK VOLUMES,

1, 2 and 3, bound, are all sold. A new supply in uniform cloth binding will soon be ready, and unfilled orders will be immediately attended to. Persons wishing to exchange their numbers for the bound volumes will be credited with seven cents for each returned number. The bound volumes are \$1 25 each, and ten cents additional, if sent post-paid by mail.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

FEBRUARY, 1857.

[NO. II.

We aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

OUR DEFENCES.

WE have occasionally seen exceptions taken to some of our teachings, and no doubt others have occurred which have not met our eye. We wish to inform our readers, once for all, we write for utility. Nothing is radically and permanently useful which is not true; hence it is our effort always to be literally correct in all our statements, and those statements are made either as the result of our own observation or the *corroborated* observations of scientific men recorded in standard publications. Now with this inflexible rule and object before us, it is not a very difficult matter to issue a publication monthly which merits public reliance. Of all the criticisms of our *Journal*, the one of more frequent occurrence north, south, east and west, is "*its frank, strong common sense!*" Whence comes this descriptive phrase? It arises from the fact that our teachings correspond with the observation, experience and rationality of the reader. We do not advocate an idea simply because a scientific man eliminates it, for it is a commonly observed fact that scientific men are practically men of the least every-day sense. A man may be a scientific fool. Nor do we write from the experience of a day, but from the uniform experiences of an eventful life, and from the opportunities of wide research and observation. It was Count Rumford who deduced scientifically that white clothing was the warmest in winter, and increased his reputation for oddity by dressing in white during the coldest of New England winters, but he made no impression of his

views on the minds of the every-day matter of fact people about him.

"I knows what I knows, and I knows what I don't know," said a daft youth to the village miller, who twitted him as to his scanty knowledge. "Indeed," answered the miller, "how is that?"

"Why, I know your pigs are fat, but I don't know whose corn they eat."

Many persons write for the newspapers merely from the store of knowledge they possess, irrespective of what they do not know, and hence a host of crude contributions. The knowledge of many is of a kin in quality, to that of the man who had never seen any land beyond the little island which he had not left from the hour of his birth; he knew that was the only land in the world—because he had seen no other. A fact may come to our knowledge, and we may draw a legitimate conclusion, but additional knowledge may show that it was only part of a fact, and what may be a wise deduction from a part may be a very foolish one when drawn from a whole.

We trust, therefore, that our readers will not conclude us in error from the mere fact that our statements are controverted. The daily and weekly papers very often presume opinions on medical subjects, from the modicum of intelligence which they possess in that direction, whereas if they had known a little more, they would have been ashamed of their immaturity.

MORNING WALKS MISCHIEVOUS.

Under the head of *Popular Fallacies* we stated, two years ago, that while early rising was commendable, it was better to remain in bed to a late breakfast and then go to work, than to go out of doors for any purpose before breakfast, especially in the summer time, in the west and south-west. It is injurious to the health of anybody in any climate, in any season of the year, to go to any out-door occupation. Some persons may do it with comparative impunity by reason of vigorous health and an active life, but scientific deductions, in common with the ordinary observations of men, are conclusive of the fact, that in all seasons and climates, those who are engaged in out-door occupations, or have to leave their houses early in the morning, ought to eat a regular breakfast before going out; and if that is not practicable, to eat at least a crust of bread or an apple in

order to wake up the stomach to an activity which can repel the hurtful influences of cold in winter, and of that *malaria* in summer, which is more or less malignly present about sunrise, wherever a tree flourishes or a blade of grass springs. These are facts known to every educated physician in the world. And yet a contemporary exclaims violently, on the ground of his having been taught from infancy that early rising was healthful,—“Is there no truth?” And to make our assertion appear self-evidently ridiculous he cries out, “Are not birds healthy, and they sing joyously at sunrise?” But to say nothing of the fact that we were speaking as to men and not about brute beasts, a moment’s reflection might have suggested, that while it was true that birds had good health and were on the wing early, yet it was not reasonable to suppose that a bird, no more than a man, is inclined to song or mirth on an empty stomach. Besides, as far as our observation has extended among the multitudinous chickens which our mother would always have about her in town and country, not one of them, from the most venerable rooster down to the youngest chicken, ever failed to fly from the tree to the trough. The first instinct of a chick as well as a child is to get a breakfast.

It is not healthy anywhere to get up early and go to work unless something is first eaten. Thousands die every year, and other thousands do more than that, shake with the ague for years in new countries, from failing to eat breakfast before they go out to work. It is useful to observe, that national habits are often the result of their uniformly observed propriety. So what is not healthful in one nation may be in another. Thus it is that the instincts of different nations establish various kinds of food as favorites. Bread is the favorite of the French; maccaroni of the Italian; rice of the Chinese; roast beef of the English; sauerkraut of the German; molasses and pumpkin pie of the New Englander; corn bread of the Kentuckian. The Irishman feasts on his potatoe, while Sawney revels in oatmeal porridge. In the numerous milk-and-water books of travel which annually afflict the reading public, the writers give full frequent evidence of their incapacity, by slighting remarks made of the domestic habits and customs of the people, making their own the standard of perfection, and not taking into judicious consideration the different surroundings of the people among whom they travel.

The Best Tooth Wash,

because the safest, most familiar, and most universally accessible, and most invariably applicable and efficient, where specific dental science is not sought, is a piece of common white soap with a brush of moderate stiffness. The correspondent of a medical cotemporary inquires as to the truth of the statement, to which the editor replies simply, "*It is nonsense!*" What are the ascertained facts of the case? "Tartar on the teeth," is a familiar expression. Microscopical examination shows that millions of living things are there,—that there are mainly two kinds, and that the larger class are instantaneously killed by soap-suds, when strong acids have no effect whatever. Here is a simple fact, on which eminent dentists have based the practical advice to use common white soap as a corrector and preventive of tartar on the teeth to a considerable extent, so that we almost look contemptuously on the flippancy of an editor who would write "nonsense" to such a statement, when most probably he never made a microscopical examination of this "tartar," and never performed an experiment on the living things which seem to form it from a product furnished by the animal economy, very much perhaps as coral is formed by myriads of invisible creatures from material found in the waters of the sea.

Corns Cured.

We stated in another number, that the simplest, safest, most available, and consequently the best cure for corns on the toes, consisted in three operations,—First: Soak the feet in hot water for fifteen minutes, night and morning, for a week.

Second: After the soaking, rub a little sweet oil on the corn, or any other mild form of grease, with the finger, for about five minutes.

Third: Cut a hole in one, two, or three thicknesses of soft buckskin, and bind it on the toe, so that the hole in the buckskin shall receive the corn.

The object of the water and oil is to soften the corn and parts adjoining; the object of the buckskin is to protect the corn from pressure.

In a very short time the corn will become painless, and will subsequently fall out of itself, as it is a growth, and is pushed upwards and outwards by the more natural growth

beneath. It is thrown out of the body by the action of the parts, as a splinter or a crushed bone, as being no longer a part of the body. If anything else is done to the corn, it should be simply picked out with the finger nail, as cutting it makes it take deeper root, and dangerous bleedings sometimes occur when the knife is used. Our object was to recommend something which we knew to be safe, practicable, and efficient. We stated further, that corns, like consumption, were never cured; and that the original causes of them, to wit, pressure with a tight shoe, or friction with a loose one, would cause them to return, and even more readily than at first, because the structure of the skin about a corn is malformed for life, and would no more become entirely natural than a finger would grow again, if cut off. So, when a person has had consumption and gets well, he cannot be said to be perfectly cured, because he will always remain with a deficiency of lungs; the portion destroyed never can be replaced, yet, by making the remainder of the lungs work more fully, he may have even better health than he ever had before. Thus, it is literally and strictly true, that corns and consumption are never cured—because their very existence depends on the destruction of the organization and substance of a part of the body, never to be replaced.

There are corn doctors and corn salves; some of which latter are of very powerful constituents. They do remove the corns, but for no longer time than the plan we have advised, while ours has the preference, as costing nothing, and being wholly without danger. Remedies are valuable for the multitude in proportion as they are safe, cheap, and attainable.

If corns are pared down, from time to time, they widen their base, become more deeply rooted, and in old age blacken, cause gangrene and ultimate death! Therefore, we advise the prompt treatment of corns as above. It may be many months before they return; but when they do, the same treatment will always be effectual, and always safe.

"FIRE UP,"

Is the watchword, when the steamer is ready for motion. "Fire up" is the order when the "Iron Horse" is going to ride us on a rail; and just as necessary is it for a man to "Fire

up," if he means to accomplish anything; but the fuel for his firing is not exactly wood and water; his furnace is not exactly made of iron, but he must be fed and watered every day, or a stagnation would prevail in every department of human life.

Very close calculations have been made to ascertain how much it takes to feed a steamship or locomotive. *Wall street* is very specially interested in the decision of that question. A locomotive eats up a cord of wood in an hour, while a steamship consumes eighty tons of coal in a single day; but to keep the machine of man in motion for a day, or month, or year, how interesting a question!—we mean, thereby, the hardy, industrious farmer or mechanic, for they have the first right to a "*liberal allowance*," but if the lazy, the lounging, the do-nothing nobodies, who encumber our earth, appropriate to themselves this "*liberal allowance*," they are fined in a sum of ten or twenty years of existence, *and that fine must be paid*, more irrevocable than any Medo-Persian edict. A man, then, who works hard out of doors, every day, will, in a year, consume

Eight hundred pounds of air,

Eight hundred pounds of food,

Fifteen hundred pounds of water.

In other words, it requires three thousand and two hundred pounds of air, food and water, to sustain a man for one year; but if he be a gentleman loafer, such as occupy *our* poor-houses, hospitals and asylums, about seven hundred pounds of all kinds of food are required.

The practical use which we wish to make of these statements is, if eight hundred pounds of meat and bread and vegetables go down our throats every year, are every year introduced into our bodies, it is just as necessary that the refuse should be passed out of them, with regularity, as it is for the ashes to be removed from the furnace of the steamship or locomotive. If a single day's ashes and cinders are unremoved, the finest machine in the world would cease to run. Just as inevitable is the derangement of the whole machinery of man, if, for a single day, he does not pass from his body an amount equal to what he ate the day before. And one of the most important items we have ever given in the pages of this journal is: *whenever the hour of bowel action has passed by, without its occurrence, do not swallow an atom of food until it takes place*. This alone would remove the cause of half our diseases.

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

Are quite the rage now-a-days. Men and women, as "flat as a flounder," patronize abdominal supporters, when the great mischief is, they haven't anything to support.

Deaf women, the dumb ones having all died off before the flood, are provided with patent "Auricles," which stick out on each side of the head, like two great rams' horns, all regardless of the fact, whether there is any hearing to be aided or not. Then there are *shoulder braces* and *back straps, respirators, inhalers, et id omne, ad infinitum*; so that there is scarcely a member of the human body that is not provided with an "*aid*;" the stomach has a million, among the worst, are stinking German gin and British beer, made out of worse than bilge-water. Now, any intelligent physician knows that the vast mass of persons who patronize these great variety of supporters, need aids of a very different kind. The best respirator in the world is, to *shut your mouth and go ahead*; the most efficient "shoulder brace," is to hold up your head and march on; while the most valuable *general* "supporter," and the only one needed in nine cases out of ten, is to make the patient go to work and compel him to live on his daily earnings.

BURYING ALIVE.

INDIVIDUALS have been buried before life was extinct. Authentic cases are given where persons have been perfectly powerless, every muscle of the body paralyzed; but the hearing, the last sense to die, was in its integrity, and made them conscious, as far as sound was concerned, of all that was going on around them.

A physician was recently married in this city, and died within half an hour at noon-day. The body was removed to a distant county, and when the coffin-lid was removed to enable sorrowing friends to take a last look, a strange change passed over his face.

Many persons have felt, at night, as if some terrible danger were impending, but without any more power to move a muscle than to move a world. We know, too, what a fearful noise such persons make when a friendly shake starts up the stagnant blood, giving instant and most grateful relief.

If persons must be screwed up in a coffin, within twenty-four hours of sudden, apparent death, we recommend that a red-hot iron be applied to some portion of the body, which blisters, if there is life, or to cut off a finger, or cut into the flesh several inches.

A NEW DUTY.

THE "*Printers' Ink Fountain*," of Philadelphia, states, that an editor, "in consequence of ill health and other multifarious duties," withdraws from his office. We had been under the impression that it was the duty of people to keep well. Our general reason for thinking so was, that a sick man was fit for nothing but to be physicked, and as taking physic was a bad practice, it was wrong, and more, a very silly thing, for any one to place himself in a condition which unfits him for doing anything useful, and fits him only to do what is bad.

GLOVED TO DEATH.

There are many almost inappreciable sappers of our life, any one of which might be in operation for a long time without causing any alarming condition of the system; but when a multitude of these are at work, critical symptoms appear with alarming rapidity. The purest water will become putrid, if allowed to stagnate. The purest air from the ocean or the poles, if kept still, becomes corrupt in the cleanliest habitation in the land, and the healthiest blood in the system begins in a moment to die, if for a moment it is arrested in its progress through the system. In either of these cases of fresh water, of pure air, and healthy blood, corruption is the inevitable result of stagnation. To keep them all pure and life-giving, activity of motion is a physical necessity. Whatever tends to arrest or impede the flow of the blood through the body, does in that same proportion inevitably engender disease; any other result is physically impossible, because impure blood is the foundation or an attendant of all sickness.

• Very recently, a New Yorker purchased a pair of boots, but they fitted so tightly that he was compelled to take them off before night, but they caused his death within forty-eight hours.

The most unobservant know that cold feet and hands are uniform symptoms in those diseases which gradually wear our lives away. The cause of these symptoms is a want of circulation. The blood does not pass to and from the extremities with facility. Nine-tenths of our women, at least in cities and large towns, have cold feet or hands, or both; hence, not one in a hundred is healthy. It is at our feet and hands that we begin to die, and last of all the heart, because, last of all, stagnation takes place there. In the worst cases of disease, the physician is hopeful of recovery, as long as he can keep the extremities warm: when that cannot be done, hope dies within him. It needs no argument to prove that a tight glove prevents the free circulation of blood through the hands and fingers. It so happens, that the very persons who ought to do everything possible to promote the circulation of the blood, are those who most cultivate tight gloves, to wit: the wives and daughters who have nothing to do but dress; or rather, do nothing but dress; or to be critically accurate, who spend more time in connection with dressing, than on all other objects together, not including sleep. No man or woman born has any right to do a deliberate injury to the body for a single hour in the day; but to do it day after day, for a lifetime, against the lights of science and common sense, is not wise. We may wink at it, glide over it, talk about this being a free country, that it is ridiculous for a doctor to dictate whether a glove shall be worn tight or loose, but the effect won't be laughed or scorned away, for whatever is done which impedes the circulation of the blood, is done wrongfully against our bodies, and will be as certain of injurious results, as the hindering of any law, physical or physiological. Every grain of sand must be taken care of, or the universe would dash to atoms; and so with the little things of the body.

SPIRITUALISM.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., *July 14th, 1856.*

You have doubtless seen in the public prints the new exposition of Spiritualism, under the term of "Volaurology." Some knowledge gathered of its author, will enable me to give information of interest to your readers.

The Rev. J. H. Hall is about thirty-two years of age, five

feet, five or six inches; a resident of this State, and native of Kentucky—has been living in retired life for some years past, owing to an affection of the eyes, which prevented him from engaging in clerical duties. At one time he was the editor of a religious Monthly published in Philadelphia, subsequently owner and partial editor of the *Christian Union and Religious Memorial*, New York. Of late years he was associated as editor of a Southern literary newspaper, and correspondent of the *Southern Parlor Magazine*, published at Memphis. He founded a flourishing female school in East Tennessee, which he gave up for the principalship of a similar institution in New York City. Of a natural disposition to search into the marvellous, and a votary of science in every sense of the word, the Spiritual Manifestation, so-called, engaged his attention from the beginning. It is a curious circumstance to note what different results scientific minds reach after the investigation of the spiritual problem. Judge Edmonds, Profs. Hare, Dexter, and others, on one side, and Dods, Mahan and Hall on the other. I do not know much about the theories of those gentlemen, excepting that of Mr. Hall. He takes the ground that the supposed *spirit's power is a physical emanation—traces it to its seat in the human body, and shows where it exists, and how to neutralize its effects, or paralyse its power immediately.* If this is not showing that he understands his subject, I profess not to be able to know what demonstration is. While the religious journals ascribe the agency to the Devil, and the secular think it a sort of sleight-of-hand, the scientific world *disputes* the facts as occurring. Mr. Hall comes out fairly and boldly, acknowledges the strange manifestations, but shows them to proceed from the very constitution of our being. How much more rational and gratifying is this, than the presumptive admission of supernatural agency. Hall says like a philosopher—"God once worked by miracle, but this is an age in which he works by science." He is familiar with his subject. When the Rapping first appeared—before Judge Edmonds' advocacy of Spiritualism; before any spiritual newspapers were printed; before the editors of those spiritual newspapers appeared in public—he was an investigator of the "Stratford Mysteries." This argues much in his behalf for the strength of his mind and the reputation of his name. As an example of his method of "searching the spirits," he enclosed a letter to a celebrated spiritualist to describe the author. According to request, *it was done.* A very minute description was given, and the letter returned. He then requested the spirits to describe the character of the writer of another letter, seal unopened. This the spirits did. The descriptions were different, and neither of them *correct*; besides this, the first and second letter was one and the same. He wrote to the spiritualist to know whether one or more spirits

had given that examination, to which the reverend spiritualist replied, that it was done by a "convocation of spirits, and a president of them." I mention this circumstance, because the parties are men in high life and reputation, and what may be affirmed of one, *Disce Omnes*.

I would not have your readers understand that Mr. Hall believes in the power of describing authors by their handwriting inclosed in an envelope; on the contrary, he shows how it is done; but he feels indignant that intelligent public leaders of the day, pretending to set themselves up as such, should pervert the truth into a falsehood. He says of the strange mysteries witnessed by him in the families of Judge Edmonds, Foxes, Concklin and others, he finds a counterpart or more than equivalent in the medical records of past time. Davis, Jay, Harris, and other clairvoyants, are not exceptions of power attainable by every one. If they chose to do it they can be placed upon a parallel with them in respect to their extraordinary mental development. He does not deny the power of healing, but shows that it is an element of our nature. To ascribe it to spiritual agency is extremely superstitious. In the management of the Tables, which a New York paper called the *Evangelist* says, has certainly "the devil in it,"—the Volaurologist says, "Then all men, women and children are devils," for he shows them how they can do it. I would not name the principles of the new science with the view of forestalling the exposition of the author, for he will doubtless visit your city in its turn; but I am prepared to say, that I consider the explanation of Spiritualism a perfect one, without any dodging. I am not unfriendly to its claims, but those strange things are accounted for, and when that is done by natural science, supported by well known principles, why should we seek the solution in the hobgoblins of hydra-headed Spiritualism? G. B.

The above letter was cut from a stray newspaper last Summer. Our attention was recalled to it by an editorial in the *Medical Gazette* of this city. The social and professional position of its learned editor demands a respectful consideration of his opinions. He says, in the January number, page seventeen:

"We mean to be understood, when we affirm, that it is *not true* in any case, that tables or chairs, or any other body whose specific gravity is greater than air, has been moved at all without physical force, and we care not how many 'physicians, clergymen,' &c., are among the witnesses."

There are few medical men whose information is as extensive as that of Dr. Reese. But in the discussion of any subject where the testimony of several persons is to be taken, upon

which to make a decision, the statement of one as to a fact is as good as that of another, supposing that all are of ordinary intelligence. Hence a mere contradiction carries with it no conclusiveness. One of the Beecher daughters says, that she "*rode around a room on a table, touched by nothing but the fingers of a delicate girl, who went around the room with the table, just touching it with her finger.*" Dr. Reese does not believe this statement. But Miss Beecher was present. She was part of the fact, and we are bound to believe her testimony, or that she was miserably deceived. Many persons measure their wisdom by the amount of incredulity which they can exhibit. Dr. Reese is wholly above that. We think he injures his argument by denying too much; consequently, what he says fails to convince the many who have seen similar things; in fact, it drives them to the other side.

As we said, in a previous article on this subject, it has become almost a gordian knot, for the simple want of a wise discrimination as to a fact and its explanation. Persons are too much inclined to admit or deny both. The Fox girls said, "*Spirits move the tables.*" At least such is the report. Two things are here given: a fact and an explanation. The fact is, The tables move. The explanation is, "*It is done by spirits.*" But because the explanation was just such an one as two poor, simple-minded girls would give—and just such an one as educated, but superstitious minds have admitted, we have, in our strong impression of the utter absurdity of the explanation, scouted at the fact as well as at its explanation. But, as we said before, ridicule and epithet count nothing in plain argument with intelligent minds. Such want proof, not assertion.

In the above letter, it appears that Mr. Hall believes that the tables do move; that such motion is not the result of spiritual co-operation, but of an emanation, alike, possibly, to that which took place when the Saviour "*perceived that virtue had gone out of him.*" Power goes from the magnet and affects a needle at some distance from it. Who can say that a similar power may not go out of a man and affect inert matter distant from him, without his touching it? We do not say that it is so. We say that it is possible. We do not doubt that Miss Beecher rode around a room on a table, without her collusion. The point of inquiry is, "By what power?" If Mr. Hall can explain satis-

factorily the seat of that power, and can go a step further and counteract it, it is certainly one of the most important additions yet made in reference to so-called "Spiritualism." The sentiment of many is, "*It may be the spirits.*" They fear to admit. They will not deny. They see spiritualists bringing forward bushels of reported facts, and they hear wise men denouncing both the facts and the reporters of them, and between their doubt of the facts and the emptiness of the denunciations, they remain in a state of indefiniteness, indecision and uncertainty of opinion most annoying. If Mr. Hall can show us where the power lies, can put the wand in our hands, and enable us to exercise it or counteract it, that is, give us the perfect control of it, then has he gained an enviable immortality, has accomplished a work well worthy of a lifetime of effort. We shall be agreeably disappointed if the Rev. gentlemen does do what his friends claim he can do. The free interpretation of the ugly word, *Volaurology*, in its connection with Spiritualism, is "Something about an emanation in connection with the will." Spiritualists are of two classes: those who are sincere in their belief, whom we pity; those who are deliberate imposters, whom we despise: to both Mr. Hall will be a benefactor if he can do what is claimed for him, because he will make the latter ashamed of themselves, and for the former, he will effect a happy deliverance.

MAKE HOME HAPPY

PARENTS, if you wish to prevent your children from falling into practices and associations which lead to loss of health and morals, and to a premature grave. The love of home, as a part of parental teaching, forms the subject of an article in that very excellent publication, *The Presbyterian Magazine*, of Philadelphia; and we trust that all who read it will give it adequate consideration. It is not enough that our children have abundant food and clothing, and comfortable lodging. There is a monotony about these things which soon tires; the very absence of such comforts is an agreeable relief at any time if away from home. It is a common remark, that a child eats almost as much as a grown person, and nothing will satisfy a hungry child. It is strikingly so with the mind; it must have food to feed it; that food is variety; the variety of the new, the unknown; that is what delights children of all ages; and to gratify that

delight by presenting to their attention, with *moderate rapidity* of succession, what is substantial, valuable, practical, is one of the most important of all parental occupations. And parents should feel themselves constantly stimulated to efforts of this kind by the consideration, that if they do not hold these things up to their attention, their reverses will be presented to them in endless combinations, by the lower associations of the street and of the kitchen.

The three necessities of children are food, exercise, amusement. They will eat, they will move about, they will be entertained. The feeding of the mind is as essential as the feeding of the body, and not half a parent's duty is done in securing house, and food, and raiment. So far from appreciating this mental necessity, we are too apt to thwart their own instinctive efforts to satisfy it, by our short and listless, if not, indeed, impatient and angry answers to their multitudinous inquiries. Under such treatment, they soon learn the uselessness of seeking information from their parents, and gradually seek it elsewhere, with its large admixture of incorrectness, imperfectness, and, too often, viciousness.

In our opinion, neither sons nor daughters should be allowed to sleep away from home, unless their parents are with them. We sincerely hope that such a blessing may be secured to ours, until the day of marriage. It is a true mother's love which seeks to keep her daughter in sight until superior claims come; it would save many a family from social ruin, and many a parent's heart from breaking. As for our sons, it should be impressed upon them that no business is to require their attention and to keep them out of the house after sundown, unless the parent is along, as long in their teens as it is possible to secure obedience to such a requisition. And to make such obedience pleasurable, let it be the parents' study to render home inviting by the cultivation of all that is courteous and kindly, and by the large and habitual exercise of the better qualities of our nature, especially those of sympathy, and love, and affection. To all parents we say—

Keep your children at home as much, and together, as long as it is at all possible for you to do it. No better plan can be devised for enabling a household to grow up loving and being loved, in all its members.

BITES OF INSECTS.

APPLY spirits of hartshorn to them as soon as possible, and almost instantaneous and permanent relief will be given. Reason—the poison of insects, spiders, reptiles, and the like, is an acid; the hartshorn is an alkali, and neutralizes the poison. Any other alkali will answer, but hartshorn is named because people are familiar with it, and it is found in almost every house. A good substitute is a handful of wood ashes thrown into a teacup of hot water, stirred, and as soon as settled, apply the liquid—which is common ley, used for making soap—with a soft rag.

Barnabas Sanders, of Cambridgeport, Mass., was bitten by a spider, several years ago, and on the seventh day, in great agony, expired. Recently a young man in Cincinnati was bitten by a spider, and died in a few days. The celebrated organist of Grace Church, New York, was bitten by a spider, a few weeks since, at twilight, while walking in the garden. Inflammation, pain, and swelling came on, and there appeared a hard tumor, of the size of a goose-egg. In three days the whole glandular system was affected. Singular looking swellings appeared in various parts of the body; one, as large as the egg of a canary bird, appeared under the left eye, and the whole features were distorted and haggard. Dr. Bruce, of Boston, was called, and by his care the patient was eventually restored.

Most probably the prompt and free application of hartshorn, or other strong alkali, would have prevented all subsequent trouble.

The question arises, are the bites of some spiders hurtful and others innocuous, or is the mischief which occasionally results, owing to the state of the blood of the person? We are inclined to the belief that it is the latter. Men have died from the sting of a wasp or bee, but many persons have been stung by bees, wasps, yellow-jackets, hornets, or by whatever other names they are called, and suffered no material injury. We have known men to "*bark their shins*"—to scrape the skin on the fore part of the leg—by a misstep on getting into a carriage, or by striking it against some hard substance inadvertently, the parts became angry-looking, red, hot, and painful, with subsequent symptoms, which have required months of attention to remove,

and in some cases ending in death. We know that persons who are young and in vigorous health meet with such mis-haps, but let them alone and they get well of themselves. In the latter case the blood is pure and healthy, and full of life; in the former it is diseased. The blood of a person who drinks spirits or beer habitually, is always in this diseased condition; and it is notorious, that even slight abrasions on the hands of such are not only very hard to cure, but are dangerous. This is owing to the condition of the blood. We think, therefore, that it is a legitimate deduction, that the state of the blood is the cause of the mischief in such insect bites as are followed by serious symptoms. The conclusion then, which we come to in reference to the whole subject of bites by insects, flies, reptiles, and the like, is—

First. Apply hartshorn, or some other alkali, as soon as possible, and freely, with a linen rag.

Second. Secure a healthy condition of the blood by lives of regularity of bodily habits, of temperance in the indulgence of all appetites, and of moderate industries in the laudable callings of human life.

But it is proper, having with it something of the fearful, to contemplate the brittle thread on which is hung the life of any one who habitually uses any of the brandies and beers of the times. His very existence is at the mercy of the slightest accident; at the mercy of any of the millions of insects which throng the air, which dangle from the trees, or hang upon the rose-bush; for him, death waits everywhere.

NEWSPAPERS.

It may occasionally require some scrutiny to discover what possible connection there can be between some of our articles and the more direct object of our journal; but if our readers will wait until the close of our articles, we will do what sometimes railroad conductors, for the benefit of hotel-keepers, fail to do *on purpose*; that is, "make the connection." So with health and newspapers, we concatenate them as follows:

If you make your child religious, you keep him out of the street without an effort; for he has no desire to mingle with its associations, either in the day time or at night. One of the first

steps towards making a child religious, is to *make home inviting* by affection, and sympathy, and pleasurable employment. In such an atmosphere we believe any youth will grow up safe in practice and in principle. The young *will* be employed. It is the business and the duty of a parent to see to it, that the employment is useful, agreeable, enticing. The reading of newspapers regularly may be made to combine these results. But these newspapers must be of a proper character, and of such there are very few. It requires no slight power of discrimination to make a safe selection. Without specifying by name that large number *not fit to be opened around the family fireside*, by reason of their inane love stories, their indecent advertisements, their slang phrases, their profane blanks, and stars, and initials, their whole columns of bigamies, abductions, seductions, rapes, and the like; by reason, more especially, of their frequent side-flings against professing christians, clergymen, the church, and religion, to say nothing of the uncourteous language, violent personal abuse, and low epithets, which so often blur the columns of partisan newspapers, secular and religious, we say, without any invidious specifications, we urge upon heads of families the duty and advantage of providing suitable newspaper reading, excluding every one, however unexceptionable as a general rule, the moment it offends in any of the above-named directions. For the better the paper is uniformly, the more pernicious is the influence of an occasional dereliction as to the points named.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are un-

pleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it arouses us; that sends on the stagnating blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the effort made to escape the danger. But when we are not able to escape the danger, when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? *That is Death!* That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in their bed in the morning, "They were as well as they ever were the day before;" and often is it added, and *ate heartier than common!* This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed well to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhœa, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safer side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.

THE JOURNAL'S WORK.

"I READ and re-read the contents of your invaluable Journal many times each month, and, taking it up from my writing table this morning, for certainly the twentieth reading of the December number, I learned its terms were one dollar in all cases, and not fifty cents to clergymen, as last year. If it were fifty cents, I considered it my duty to myself and the loved ones at home, who look to me for the necessities of life, to send fifty cents, and so equally to send a dollar, or two, or three, if that be the price; for I am satisfied in my inmost soul, that I owe my life, and whatever I shall enjoy of health in years to come, to the instructions contained in your Journal. My experience

is somewhat interesting in connection with your Journal, and my recovery from an advanced consumptive condition, after consulting and being under treatment with some of the most eminent physicians in New York and Boston. I grew continually worse, till, meeting with your Journal, I took the medicine therein prescribed—a *horse* and *garden*—and am now, I have every reason to believe, on the *sure road*, and nearly at the goal, of permanent health; and that with the continuation of my pulpit labors, though my society urged me to accept of my salary and rest for some months, which I did, while growing worse, by *Inhalation*, &c., &c. On adopting your medicine I commenced preaching again, and talking, on an average, four other days in the week on school committee business, in weekly meetings, and at funerals, and, in a short time, was *stronger* and heavier than for years before.

“Very sincerely, yours,

The above is dated December 31st, and while it is encouraging to us to be remotely instrumental in restoring a useful and efficient clergyman to his labors, it should inspire other clergymen with the ambition to get well *in the continuance of their labors*.

LIFE'S LAST SIGHT.

RECENT scientific observation is cumulative of the fact, that the last thing seen by those who are instantaneously killed, is painted with perfect minuteness and correctness on the back part of the eye. And, perhaps, if the *retina* is examined immediately after death, in case of murder, the image of the murderer may be distinctly seen.

Dr. Thomas Jefferson Hall, a gentleman of singular personal piety and professional skill, at the moment of dying, raised his hands and called upon his mother and minister, both of whom were dead. It is no unusual thing for the departing to mention some loved name gone before, while angels seem to hover around the good, as if ready to bear them upward towards their heavenly home. Who knows but, if some skilful dissector could be present and could make the examination at the next instant succeeding dissolution, that delicate canvas, pre-

pared and painted by divinity, might not foreshadow "*things unutterable!*" might not give the long and earnestly coveted glimpse—coveted by multitudes—of something *beyond* that "bourne whence no traveller returns!!"

WINTER RAILROADING.

SUCH multitudes travel in rail cars in winter time, it will be a public benefit to make some statements in its bearing on health. To regulate the temperature of any car to suit the hundred different persons who occupy it, is simply impossible. Only general principles can be profitable and practical.

It is better that the car should be too warm than too cold, for the many who come into it in a more or less heated condition, from various causes, too well known to be enumerated. A person terminating exercise in a very warm room cannot take cold. A person terminating exercise causing the slightest moisture on the surface, will always take cold within fifteen, often within five, minutes after sitting still in a cold apartment; and if continued, an attack of pleurisy, or inflammation, or congestion of the lungs, is an almost certain event, from either of which results a life-long inconvenience, if not, indeed, a speedy death. Therefore, as to all persons entering a car at the beginning of a journey, it is safer beyond comparison, that it should be too warm than too cold.

Persons sitting in a cold car for a time sufficient to allow them to get thoroughly chilled, will scarcely fail to suffer from an attack of some acute disease, in spite of a subsequent warming up by exercise or otherwise, while it is well known that persons may remain for hours in an apartment heated to a hundred degrees and over, without any permanent discomfort, if they are careful to cool off slowly.

But as the cars may be very hot in midwinter, and passengers are put down at every station, and often without any fire to go to, it is most of all important to know how to conduct oneself without injury under the circumstances. It is only necessary to have all the clothing adjusted—hat, gloves, everything—before the cars stop; as soon as they stop, shut your mouth, open the door, and run as fast as you can to your destination, or the first available house, keeping the mouth reso-

lutely shut, if possible, until you get within doors, and then remain with all your clothing on for ten or fifteen minutes.

The running keeps the blood warm, and to the surface.

The closing of the mouth sends the cold air by the circuit of the nose, and heats it before it reaches the lungs.

The retention of the clothing allows the circulation to become natural slowly, and while so, no one can take cold.

With these precautions, the more a person travels by railroad the more hearty will he become, and, eventually, will not take cold in a year's travel.

In winter railroading the feet require most attention. The floor of the car is the coldest part of it, under any circumstances, while a single plank separates them from a zero temperature, it may be. Persons will greatly consult their comfort by keeping their feet on the foot-boards, and in addition, have the feet and legs well wrapped in a substantial blanket or other covering. It is vastly better to shawl the feet than the shoulders in a rail car.

MISCELLANIES.

WE feel complimented, from time to time, in finding our sentiments, especially in reference to "Consumption," corroborated by leading minds in this and other countries—or, we corroborate theirs. In our book on this subject just published, page thirty-six, we make this statement:

"We know of no calling in human life which may not be pursued with impunity, which may not be pursued in such a way as to promote health, if done judiciously, wisely, moderately."

That excellent and substantial weekly—*Littell's Living Age*, No. 661—in an article from *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, on the INFLUENCE OF OCCUPATION ON HEALTH, says: "It is a mistake to think that the ill-health found in so many trades is a component part of them, or that those engaged in one occupation must necessarily be shorter lived, or suffer more, physically, than those of another. If we inquire closely into the matter, we shall find that every single instance of ill-health, arising from the different trades, may be fully accounted for by some breach of the simple laws of nature, and that the evils are capable of a

remedy, so cheap and attainable, that it would be impossible for them to add appreciably to the expense of the article produced; so that, by *preventing* the sickness of the artisan, it would be the greatest saving to the proprietors, and to society at large."

There is also an article in No. 25 of the *Knoxville Journal of Medical and Physical Sciences*, among other good ones, by Dr. Frazier, recommending, as we have done in "Consumption," the mountains of East Tennessee as an admirable locality for consumptives, provided, when they get there, they will live in the open air. His illustrations are of great interest, and are highly encouraging to the invalid.

PRINCETON REVIEW for January, 1857. By Rev. Charles Hodge, D.D. This is by far the ablest Presbyterian periodical in any language, and is regarded by that Church as its orthodox exponent on all theological subjects. We say the same as to the "*Christian Review*" among the Baptists.

A THOUGHT FOR PARENTS.—A New York daily inquires and replies: "Who are your aristocrats? Twenty years ago, this one made candles, that one sold cheese and butter, another butchered, a fourth thrived on a distillery, another was contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them—though it will not do to say so out loud! For often you shall find that these toiling worms hatch butterflies—and they live about a year. Death brings a division of property, and it brings new financiers; the old gent is discharged, the young gent takes his revenues, and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death, or his children do, if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a sort of moneyed race, it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all: three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up—a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children to labor. The father grubs and grows rich, the children strut and spend the money. The children in turn inherit the price, and go to shiftless poverty; next their children, re-invigorated by fresh plebeian blood, and by the smell of clod, come up again."

THE EARLY DEAD.

IN describing "Old Princeton," after an absence of eighteen years, the Rev. Dr. Hill, the able editor of the *Presbyterian Herald*, of Kentucky, says: "Of the nearly one hundred and fifty students who then trod the halls of the seminary, a greater number have rested from their labors."

There was a time when, of all the clergymen dying in a single year whose ages were recorded, more than one-half had passed the age of three-score and ten. But of the cœvals of Dr. Hill's seminary life, more than one-half scarcely passed their fortieth year. Here is a cutting short of clerical life of a quarter of a century! Ought not a fact of this kind elicit inquiry among the friends of religion everywhere? And is there not an inconsistency on the part of the Church, in so earnestly soliciting the contributions of the public for money to aid young men to enter the ministry, and yet not devote a single dollar in an age towards the means of keeping them in the field until a good old age, by instructing them as to the best means of sustaining their health in full vigor? A good general is careful of the health of his soldiers. Common policy requires it, not only because the veteran of a dozen battles is worth more than a dozen young recruits, but because of the cost in putting a soldier in the field of his operations. It costs at least two thousand dollars to take a youth of eighteen and put him into the full ministry; and yet, as to the preservation of his health, and as to taking measures to keep him in these until he grows old in the service, no system has ever yet been proposed—not a dollar has hitherto been specifically expended.

RAT EXTERMINATOR.—It is said that if common cork is sliced as thin as a wafer, and fried in the gravy of meat, but not burnt, and placed where they may be eaten, the rats will soon disappear. We suppose the cork swells and thus destroys.

SNAKE-BITES.—Since writing our article on insect bites, on page 43, we have noticed that a child was bitten on the arm by a rattle-snake. It was bound up in *wet ashes*; no ill results were observed to follow. Whiskey was swallowed freely. But as spirits have been known to fail signally in such cases, we may attribute the cure to the alkali of the ashes and water.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

MARCH, 1857.

[NO. III.

We aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

SCARLET FEVER.

THE "Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society," who recommended BELLADONNA as a sure preventive of *Scarlet Fever*, had better go into a state of retiracy, and never show his diminished head more. No doubt he meant well. But, like a great many good-meaning people before him, he was weak in the upper story. His whole character can be written in a decimal of letters—Good and Green. As green as the grass on Boston Common on the first day of June. He must have been conscious of his being a nobody, of wanting force, lacking in momentum, as he launches out under the flag of the *Massachusetts Medical Society*. If he wanted that venerable name to help him project his idea into general belief, he should have obtained their official sanction to his theory. No, no, gentlemen! if you have anything worth telling, put your own names to it, so that if it is counterfeit, the public may know where to return it. There would be some satisfaction in that, even though there was nothing to redeem the base coin—no other idea, of assets, any better than the one presented for redemption.

Any educated physician, of even moderate observation and study, knows there is no medicine on the face of the earth which will prevent the spread of any epidemic. More, any medicine given steadily during an epidemic, has a natural tendency to act as a cause of the disease, and any person taking it will be more liable to the disease than if they did not take it at all. Wonder if we can make the Ignoramus family understand our meaning, without giving them the headache? It would be

inconsistent to do that, for we aim to prevent disease. We will begin by telling them what all doctors know. Or suppose we go to dollars and cents—that is a universal language. A note, to be at par—which we presume is from a Greek word, *para*, which meaning “equal”—is good as gold, dollar for dollar. If it is above par, it is worth more than dollar for dollar. If below par, one dollar is less than a gold dollar. Good health is par. There is nothing better than that. Some people who are well, by shower baths, and tonics, and bitters, seek to get a little better, but they soon die off, usually. In a state of health there is a certain degree of *excitement* in the system. That is, the pulse beats a certain number of times every minute, averaging about sixty-eight. If, during the cholera or any other ordinary epidemic, the pulse does not go below that, and the general system is in good working order, the disease does not attack the person, nor will it as long as he remains in that condition. Nor will he be likely to suffer from the epidemic if he keeps the system steadily above the natural excitement. But the very moment the pulse is below par in rapidity and vigor, that moment is the individual more liable to disease in proportion to the deficiency. A person in good bodily condition, then, is at par, and is not likely to be attacked by any ordinary epidemic disease; and if in that condition he take a glass of brandy, he is less liable still, until the exciting effects of the liquor have subsided, when he falls below the natural standard, just as far as he was a while ago above it, and is in proportion more liable to the disease than if he had taken no brandy at all. Therefore, having commenced taking brandy, he must keep it up day and night, never letting the system go below par, or he is a lost man. Hence it was that men who were always full of liquor escaped cholera in numerous instances, and the report went forth that brandy prevented cholera; thus multitudes were introduced into the wretched habit, and perished in a drunkard's grave.

Let it be taken for granted that a pure, reliable extract of Belladonna could be had anywhere throughout the country. Let it be admitted, also, that it is an infallible preventive in all cases; let us look at the difficulties of its administration. According to the best Homœopathic authority, we must commence giving it for “some time” before the disease attacks the system, or before we are in the infected district. Every one knows that

it attacks a family without a single note of warning, as suddenly and as much without intimation as an ærolite falls from the skies. It is more or less prevalent in large cities during the whole year, especially during the winter months; hence, to come within the requisition, Homœopathic families must administer Belladonna to their children every day for six months of the year. We do not hesitate to say that this is an intolerable alternative, and to be repeated winter after winter, as long as a young family are growing up! But let it be admitted that the infinitesimal pills have all the potency claimed for them, when it is declared that under the administration of that medicine, a "rash" appears, something like the scarlet rash, then the administrator is enjoined to cease giving it; but if he does, the system will fall below par, and disease invades it at once.

But when a person takes the scarlet fever, and it does not appear in the form of a rash, it fixes itself on the throat, and we call it *putrid sore throat*—and the child dies. In case the Belladonna, in some instances, does not cause the rash, how know we that it will not cause a spurious sore throat, while the person, looking for the rash all the time, persists in administering the remedy, when its best friends say it should not be longer given.

But we know some systems are many-fold more subject to the influence of a particular medicine than others, to say nothing of constitutions which are not impressive at all by a given drug, and of others to which that same drug acts as a downright poison, of which *ipæcac*, one of the mildest of remedies, is a case in point. To these four, the Belladonna is given in equal doses, wholly inefficient in one case, irritating to the oversensitive, poisonous to a third, while only on a fourth does it exert its legitimate power—to be manifested safely on the skin, or fatally on the throat, no one can tell.

But the real, pure, fresh extract of Belladonna, is "a powerful narcotic poison of tremendous energy." The whole nervous system is prostrated and paralyzed by it. The eyes become blind, the face red, the cheeks swollen, the jaws twitch and snap about, the feeble pulse, cold extremities, with deep delirium or terrible convulsions, preceding the fatal termination. The body at once begins to swell and putrify, livid spots break out upon its surface, while foul blood flows from nose, mouth,

and ears. Such are the effects on the human body when given in over doses, or too long, of a medicine which has been so thoughtlessly put into the hands of the families of the land. And when it is recommended, even by Allopaths, to begin with *half a grain*, it can be readily seen how easily a destructive dose might be administered.

So readily does it part with some of its virtues, that it is recommended to be mixed fresh every morning; so that every day, every family who patronizes it, has a new opportunity of committing a fatal mistake as to quantity in weighing it out. But physicians know that medicinal *extracts* soon lose their virtue by exposure, and that as to Belladonna, it is a very rare chance to obtain it out of large cities, because, as soon as it has stood a little while in the city store, it is pushed off to the country, where its qualities cannot be known; for, after it has lost its virtue, it *looks* as well as it ever did. Its warmest friends admit that they have given it a whole season without any effect whatever in consequence of its not being a fresh preparation.

So that, granting it is all that is claimed for it, we see that it is an utter trifling with human life, in consequence of its being, in a measure, unattainable, in its purity, except in and near large cities.

Really, the whole thing seems very much like a speculation, especially as in a long article on the subject in one of our city papers, the name of the village in New England is given, with the assurance that it can certainly be had there in its purity and genuineness, being prepared by a NEW (!!) process. Oh! yes, certainly. But the process being new, it may extract all the anti-scarletine properties out of it—who knows? A pretty good operation, to get all the families in our country to purchase a quarter of a pound of Belladonna a year, costing twenty cents a pound to make it, and selling at two dollars a pound!

But after all, does the daily administration of Belladonna prevent scarlet fever? All that its warmest advocates can say, is, we gave it in a hundred cases, and not one of the persons who took it, took the fever. But there are millions every year who live in the very midst of it, in cities, who neither take the fever nor the medicine. The whole evidence is negative, and consequently is no proof. But even if it did prevent scarlet

fever, would it not, after all, be better to let our children take their chances, and be done with it, than to be laboring under so serious a suspense, year after year, and bringing their constitutions under the influence of so potent a remedy every winter? We think they had, because a person is rarely attacked by it a second time—as rarely almost as in measles or small-pox.

People talk a great deal about the old school doctors giving so much medicine. In scarlet fever, they give less than the Homœopaths. In the vast majority of cases of scarlet fever, as it ordinarily presents itself, they give just nothing at all. A cool, well-aired room, clean clothes and bedding, cooling drinks, light food—that's all; and with such a treatment, under the daily visitation of the physician, do nineteen cases out of twenty of scarlet fever, get perfectly well without any untoward results whatever. Therefore, if the scarlet fever is apprehended, secure the daily attendance of your physician, and let all the responsibility rest on him. If you would not tamper with the mending of a five-dollar silver watch, or a dollar Yankee clock, for fear of making matters worse, but send it to the smith at once, so do not tamper with the life of your child by attempting to correct that wonderful machine, which is the highest exhibition of Infinite Power, and as to whose construction you are as utterly ignorant as you are of the nature of the means proposed to be used for its reparation.

GROW BEAUTIFUL.

PERSONS may outgrow disease, and become healthy, by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitutions. By moderate and daily exercise, men may become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful, how? Age dims the lustre of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek; while crow-feet, and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping feet, most sadly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, as pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven, may look out through these faded windows as beautiful as the dew-

drops of a summer's morning, as melting as the tear that glistens in affection's eye—by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind; by cherishing forbearance towards the foibles and follies of our race, and feeding day by day on that *love to God and man* which lifts us from the brute, and makes us akin to angels.

AIMS OF THE JOURNAL.

THE first and immediate aim of the good and great physician, is to restore his patient to health in the shortest time, with the smallest amount of medicine, and with the least discomfort practicable; when this is accomplished, he has a more elevated ambition; an object nobler and still more humane presses upon his attention—the *prevention of all disease*. This good time may not come, in the broadest acceptation of the terms; but for generations past, medical men have so steadily labored in that direction, and do still labor, that the average duration of human life has been constantly raised.


“In the latter part of the sixteenth century,” according to Professor Joseph R. Buchanan, of Cincinnati, “one half of all who were born, died under five years of age, and the average longevity of the whole population was but eighteen years.

“In the seventeenth century, one half of the population lived over twenty-seven years. In the latter forty years, one half exceeded thirty-two years of age.

“At the beginning of the present century, one half exceeded forty years of age; and from 1838 to 1845 one half exceeded forty-three years—that is to say, in the sixteenth century one half of all who were born lived only five years, while in the present century, which is the nineteenth, one half of all who are born live to the age of forty-three years.” To accomplish such magnificent results, educated and honorable physicians have devoted their energies with increasing success for the last three hundred years; and to them the world owes a debt of gratitude which cannot be easily computed. And thus they labor still, hoping for yet higher results from the diffusion of general knowledge as to the best methods of preserving health, by teachings as to the laws of our being in relation to air, exercise, food, sleep,

personal habits, clothing, the locality and construction of houses, and the management of infants. And aided by the ever-widening influences of the principles of the christian system, which, by inculcating, as one of its cardinal elements, "*temperance in all things*," strikes at the very root of disease, we may reasonably hope that, when the true knowledge covers the earth as the waters cover the face of the great deep, the ordinary average of human life will be the full three-score years and ten, or even four-score years, which will then *not* be years of labor and sorrow.

The world would hail it as a glad event, if physicians could be so educated as to cure all disease; but it would more largely add to its happiness if all could be so well instructed, as to the first symptoms of every ailment, as to be able at once to arrest its progress, and thus no physician be needed to cure; and yet any one must know, that if men could be so taught to live that disease would not be possible, half the sufferings of humanity would be annihilated. *And for this I labor.*

 *To teach men how to avoid disease* was the idea which first prompted the determination to publish this periodical, and the only pledge or promise I can give is, that whatever is herein published, will be designed more or less directly, in my opinion, to tend in that direction.

My first purpose was to issue a publication for the particular benefit of clergymen and theological students; and in order to secure their special attention, I designed calling it a "*Journal of Clerical Health*," which, while it would be understood as applicable to them, would as well meet the wants of *all* students, of professional men, and of women in general, their occupations being alike sedentary; but its present designation was finally thought to be the more desirable one, while it need not interfere with the object first contemplated.

I consider it proper for me to say here, that perhaps a larger proportion of my patients are clergymen or theological students, than of any other allopathic practitioner in our country, arising very naturally from the fact that, for more than ten years past, I have devoted my attention to those maladies which most generally prevail among the classes named, to wit, those chronic diseases which implicate the throat and lungs.

From the disclosures made to me professionally, in the course

of my practice, my mind has been painfully impressed, almost daily, with the conviction that the most useful and efficient men in the community are often lost to society, the church, and the world, from a remarkable ignorance of some of the simplest laws of their being. This is not to be wondered at; for, from the nursery, through the primary schools, the academy, the college, the seminary, to the study, not one single lesson is given how to save from a premature death the man who has prepared himself to act in the great drama of the world, by the expenditure of thousands of money, and a score of years of incessant and painful labor, and study, and research.

According to the present generally received views of preparatory professional requirements, the student who has his diploma, the pulpit, or the bar in view, has no time for other than studies which qualify him directly for graduation in the university or the seminary; in fact, so many studies are compressed in such a comparatively short period, that there is not even time for a young gentleman of medium abilities to fully master the most essential elements, or if he does, it is from such close and incessant application that often, with commencement-day, he dies! or if he survives its reaction, his licensure is too frequently clouded and then closed forever, by the stealthy poison of a disease instilled during the diplomatic race. Many a reader of mine will be stricken with the painful remembrance of cases like these in his own sphere of observation, of energies and abilities early blighted, which, had the possessor of them enjoyed the health to work, might have stirred a nation to high resolves.

WHAT IS NOT DESIGNED.

This Journal is for the people, and is not intended even to admit a single medicinal recipe, although it may be as "*simple*" as syrup of loaf sugar, and as "*harmless*" as a "*vegetable*"—pill; prussic acid being also "*vegetable*."

It is not contemplated to issue a series of prose essays on "*Physiology*" or "*Hygiene*," nor to enter into technical and learned disquisitions on the chemical analysis of food, the philosophy of cell life and development, nor indeed any systematic expositions; but simply in short articles, in plain English, to treat on such subjects as may present themselves from time to time, calculated to bear upon the great points,

How to determine disease in its very first approach.

How to arrest it at once by natural agencies.

How to live so as to prevent sickness.

I desire, not promise, that each article shall be complete in itself.

As mine is a consultation practice, and strictly confined to chronic ailments of the throat and lungs, the reader need not be surprised if I give more attention to Bronchitis, Throat Ail, Consumption, and Dyspepsia—because this last is sooner or later inseparably connected with the others—than all others together; in fact they are the main scourges of literary men; but when it is considered that almost all disease comes through the stomach or the lungs, the range will be sufficiently wide for the wildest liberalist.

The design of this Journal is strictly practical; practical in the every-day sense of the word: its teachings will accompany the reader in nearly all the occupations of life; every hour of the day will afford him opportunities of carrying out its principles, not as a weary, fretting task, but in the way of an intelligent and pleasurable observation. The accomplished geologist, while travelling over barren wastes and rocky hills to explore some distant golden district, can make every pebble and every lump of earth minister to his instruction and amusement, without its at all interfering with the main object of his journey: just so may a man's mind be so well stored with intelligent information on the subject of health, and the general laws of life, that observations may be made on these every hour of his waking existence almost, with pleasure and with profit, without at all interfering with the main business of life, and also without having any undesirable influence on mind or body; for he may do this without being forever engaged in looking out for symptoms, aggravating those present or imagining those which are not. In short, the Journal will embrace whatever the Editor thinks will tend to the convenience, comfort, health, and perfection of the physical man, as far as that can be done without the recommendation of any internal medicine, that being the appropriate business of the family physician, and no other than a physician can safely do it. And the man who takes medicine of any kind on his own responsibility, is as sensible as he is said to be who pleads his own cause at the bar, or the wholesale

merchant or banker, who, to economize, spends an hour in mending an old shoe, or in sewing on a missing button. A man will seldom attempt to mend his watch that is out of repair, for fear he may do it a greater injury, and yet multitudes of otherwise sensible people are tinkering and tampering with their constitutions by the use or application of remedies of whose qualities they are wholly ignorant, and of whose effects they have never had any experience; and were it not for the rudeness of the expression, I would almost say that the man who uses a patent medicine is a fool, and the one who sells it to him is a knave or an ignoramus.

The subjects presented from time to time will be such as—

How to eat.

How to sleep.

How to exercise.

How to dress.

How to walk.

How to read in public.

How to declaim with ease and fluency.

How to select food so as to make it both nutritive and medicinal.

How persons become dyspeptic.

How and why the health of the young so often begins to fail while pursuing an education.

How they may so conduct their studies as to preserve the health, and yet accomplish in the course of the year a larger amount of mental and literary labor.

If an essay is admitted, it will be, among others, from eminent practical dentists, as to the best means of preserving the teeth perfect to the close of life, as perfect teeth are essential to a distinct enunciation, which is of indispensable importance to public men, whether professional or literary.

I will endeavor to make this publication such a one as will be proper for the youth of both sexes to read with increasing interest and attention, so as to induce them early, while the constitution is yet vigorous and unimpaired, so to study the nature and effects, on the human frame, of food, clothing, air, exercise, cheerfulness, system, industry, profitable and interesting employment, as will be an effectual guard against those negligences and indiscretions which so often lay the foundation for an early

grave and the utter blasting of parental hope ; for none but an affectionate parent can ever know the abiding anguish which rends the heart, to the last day of life, the remembrance of a son or a daughter early dead, and I know that such anguish could be prevented in multitudes of hearts, if the principles were early inculcated, which this Journal will advocate from time to time ; and my hope is, that the father or mother of a family will not only take a copy for their own use and constant reference, but will also order a copy for one or more of their children, which, from the fact of its being their own, will secure their personal interest in it, which cannot be done so well, when taken for the whole family.

EATING AND DRINKING.

I believe that unwarranted and monstrous errors are propagated by different writers, on the subject of food and drink. Each man has a whim or hobby, so that it has at length come to the point that if a man will live healthfully to a great age, say a hundred and fifty or two hundred years, he must eat nothing but grapes and drink nothing but rain-water. The gentleman who advocates the grape diet contends that wheat bread ought not to be eaten—that it has too much earth in it, and tends to stiffen a man's joints and muscles half a century sooner than if he subsisted on grapes.

TEA AND COFFEE.

There are certain districts in the United States where new notions of every description flourish with amazing vigor, as far as the number of converts are concerned ; among these mere notions are the injurious effects of tea and coffee as a daily drink.

I think that it is demonstrable that a single cup of weak tea or coffee at a meal, especially in cold weather, and most especially in persons of a weakly habit or constitution, is far more healthful than a glass of cold water.

Tea and coffee doubtless do injure some people—that is, some persons may not be able to drink them without its being followed by some discomfort ; so will even water, if used too freely ; and I think it will be found that, in nearly every such case of uncomfortableness after a cup of tea or coffee, this condition of things

has been brought about by the too free use of these articles, or that the tone of the stomach has been impaired by improper eating.

Man is styled an omnivorous animal—an animal eating everything. No created animal can eat and drink, without discomfort, half the articles consumed by man. I know very well that men die before their days are half numbered, in consequence of errors in eating and drinking; but these disastrous results do not arise from the quality of man's aliment, but from its quantity—it is the quantity which prematurely kills millions. A sensible man may eat almost anything with impunity, a simpleton nothing; the former eats like a philosopher, the latter like a pig. The former eats as much as he wants, the latter eats more than he wants.

In small quantities, and occasionally, many things may be eaten with advantage, which, if eaten continuously for weeks and months, or in inordinate amounts, would occasion serious results. There are also times and seasons for different articles of food; for example: fruits and berries, when ripe, fresh, perfect, may be freely eaten in the earlier parts of the day, but if largely eaten after sundown, especially at some seasons of the year, actually endanger life, and have destroyed thousands.

MILK.

Many persons imagine that the milk of cows is one of the most healthful of all articles, and yet it is a great mistake, except under certain limitations. By stout, strong, hardy, industrious out-door working men it may be used advantageously for breakfast and dinner, but, except in tea and coffee, and now and then half a glass for breakfast or dinner, it is not a proper article of food for invalids. In many instances patients have said to me: "I used to be a dear lover of milk, but I thought it made me bilious, and I have ceased using it altogether." This is the common-sense observation of ordinary men—one that, without any theory, and against a lifetime of prejudice, has forced itself upon the attention.

The rule that a man may eat almost anything with impunity, applies to one in good health, eating in moderation, according to the quality of the food; but when an invalid is to be fed, very different principles are to govern.

In all that I may say, I ask credence for nothing, except in proportion as it is followed up by the argument of *whole facts*.

MUNIFICENCE OF DR. NOTT.

THE following statement from the *Albany Evening Journal*, in reference to a great and good man, is here given at length, as bearing directly on one of the main objects of this Journal, THE PRESERVATION OF THE HEALTH OF STUDENTS. It is a step forward in the right direction, for which the editor has spoken and written for nearly twenty years, to wit, the establishment of a professorship in colleges, for the express purpose of imparting instruction in reference to the preservation of the constitutions of the young. It carries with it more than ordinary weight, since the importance of it has forced itself on the mind of the president of a college, from the observations of half a century. It is within a day or two that I read a notice of the death of a young gentleman, and with a change of name only it would be an appropriate obituary of thousands of others. "He was the son of the pastor of the old church, who had educated his children, and they were noble men. He was a great favorite, and deservedly so. He was not well when he returned from college after graduating, and after a few weeks of struggling, he gave up entirely, and *lay down in his father's house to die*. It was a terrible blow to the father and the family." And well it was. How terrible, none but a father can ever know. And it is to prevent the recurrence of such incidents, by hundreds every year, that this publication is undertaken, and that Dr. Nott has founded a perpetual professorship in the last item but one of his princely donation :

"The following are the endowments. The several sums are to form a perpetual fund, the income only being used for the various purposes :

For the establishment of nine Professorships	\$1,500	
each per annum,		\$225,600
Six Assistant Professorships or Tutorships, at \$600 per		
annum,		60,000
Observatory,		20,000
Sixty-eight Auxiliary Scholarships,		50,000
Fifty Prize Scholarships for under graduates,		50,000
Nine Prize Fellowships for graduates, \$300 each, per		
annum,		45,000
Cemetery and Pleasure Grounds,		20,000
Philosophical, Mathematical, and Chemical Apparatus,		10,000
Text Books,		5,000
Scientific, Classical, Philosophical, Theological, Medical,		
and Law Books,		30,000

Cabinet of Geological Specimens,	5,000
Historical Medals, Coins, Maps, Paintings, and other Historical Memorials,	5,000
Lectures on the Dangers and Duties of Youth, especial- ly Students; the Development and Preservation of the Physical, Intellectual and Moral Constitution of Man; Preservation of Health, and on the Laws of Life,	10,000
To meet taxes, liens, assessments, incumbrances, insur- ance, and compensation to Visitors, and to make up any deficiencies in the income of any of preceding principal sums, so as to secure the attainment of the objects and purposes designed,	75,000
Total,	\$610,000

"There are to be five Visitors appointed, charged with the duty of acting in connection with the Trustees, and seeing that these trusts are faithfully carried out."

HOW TO LIVE AN HUNDRED YEARS.

HUFELAND calls the stomach *Atria mortis*, the entrance-hall of death, and says without a good stomach it is impossible to attain a great age. All have naturally good stomachs, that is, good digestion, but it is ruined early by improper feeding as to time, quality, quantity, and mode of preparation. Therefore a large portion of the *Journal* will be occupied with statements in reference to these items. Substantial, nourishing food, properly prepared and well digested, these three are the great essentials of a long and healthy life. I will here give two examples, full of instruction, highly encouraging, and well worthy of imitation by all who would like to live in the full enjoyment of health, and all the faculties of mind and body, for a hundred or a hundred and fifty years or more. The first shows how an injured stomach and constitution may be repaired; the second how they may remain in perfect health for a hundred and fifty years, and all by the proper management of eating and drinking.

Lewis Cornaro, an Italian nobleman of wealth, by intemperance and debauchery made a wreck and ruin of his fortune and constitution at the early age of forty years. His physicians, considering his habits inveterate, informed him that restoration was impossible, and with characteristic recklessness he resolved that

if he had to die, he would abandon himself to the fullest indulgences, and thus get all the good possible out of the short remnant of life before him. But some circumstance shortly occurred which induced him to reverse his decision, and experiment on the possibility of disappointing his doctors and his heirs, and living to a good old age. This he attempted at once by means of his food and drink alone. He began by eating and drinking very little, and found that his health improved. Sometimes he would eat more, then less, until he discovered what amount of food was most suitable for him, which was twelve ounces of solid food, and thirteen ounces of fluid, every twenty-four hours. At length his health became so good, that his friends suggested to him, that now he was so hearty and well, there was no longer any necessity for such a strict allowance, and that if he ate and drank a little more it would be of advantage to him. He replied that he was now well, and had continued well for some years on this allowance, that he could not be better, and that he had no disposition to run any unnecessary risks, nor to make hazardous experiments, and that as he had regained his title and estates, and his health too, he now wished greatly to preserve the last, that he might long enjoy the others. However, he was at length induced to gratify his friends, and increased his food to fourteen, and his drink to sixteen ounces a day; and said he:

“Scarcely had I continued this mode of living ten days, when I began, instead of being cheerful and lively as before, to become uneasy and dejected, a burden to myself and to others. On the twelfth day I was seized with a fever of such violence, that for thirty-five days my life was despaired of. But by the blessing of God, and my former regimen, I recovered; and now, in my eighty-third year, I enjoy a happy state of both body and mind. I can mount my horse unaided. I climb steep hills. When I return home from a private company, or the senate, I find eleven grand-children, whose education, amusements, and songs, are the delight of my old age. I myself often sing with them, for my voice is clearer and stronger than it was in my youth; and I am a stranger to those peevish and morose humors which so often fall to the lot of old age.”

In the latter years of his life he published an “*Earnest Exhortation*,” which he closes by saying, “Since length of days abounds with so many blessings and favors, and I happen to be one of those who have arrived at that state, I cannot but give

my testimony in favor of it; and I assure you all that I really enjoy more than I express, and that I have no other reason for writing, but that of demonstrating the great advantages which arise from longevity, to the end that their own conviction may induce them to observe those excellent rules of temperance and sobriety. And therefore I never cease to raise my voice, crying out to you, May your days be long, *that you may be the better servants to the Almighty.*"

When about to die, he raised his eyes and exclaimed, with great animation, "Full with joy and hope, I resign myself to thee, most merciful God!" He then disposed himself with dignity, and closing his eyes, as if about to slumber, gave a gentle sigh, and expired, in his ninety-ninth year, A. D. 1565.

If a systematic life of temperance has given sixty years additional to a broken-down constitution of forty, it becomes almost a crime for an invalid under fifty years of age not to avail himself of the trial.

This was a case where the energies of the stomach have been restored by temperance in eating and drinking, and remaining in their integrity for more than half a century thereafter; and what has been, may be again.

The next example shows that the stomach is made, *in modern times* too, to last a hundred and fifty years.

Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, England, when a hundred and twenty years old, married a widow for his second wife, who lived with him twelve years, and who stated that, during that time, he never betrayed any signs of age or infirmity. The King of England having heard of him, invited him to London in his hundred and fifty-second year. He was treated in so royal a manner at court, and his mode of living was so totally changed, that he died soon after, in 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months, proven by public documents. His body was examined by Dr. Harvey, who "found his internal organs in the most perfect state, nor was the least symptom of decay found in them. His cartilages, even, were not ossified, as is the case in all old people. The smallest cause of death had not settled in his body; and he died merely of plethora, because he had been too well fed."

This man was a farm-servant, and had to maintain himself by daily labor, consequently he must have lived on plain food, and

not over-abundant; and the simple fact that at his death his stomach was in a healthy condition, proves conclusively its capabilities of duration, working healthfully to the last. And there can be no reason, in the nature of things, why the human stomach may not be preserved in its integrity, as a general rule, to a like old age.

I trust no reader will attempt to live on common allowance, on his own responsibility—he should consult with his family physician; for age, sex, condition in life, occupation, materially modify the amount of food requisite for the wants of the system.

TOO WHITE FLOUR.

Messrs. Mouriez & Chevrene, chemists, who have superintended the provision of bread for the hospitals, and subjected all kinds to experiments, submitted a report to the French Academy, in which they condemn the practice of making bread *too white*. It is then, they remark, a condiment, not an aliment. The exclusion of bran is a loss of nourishment to the consumer; the palate and fancy are gratified at the expense of the whole animal economy.

TRAVELLING FOR HEALTH.

“DEATH OF REV. LEWIS WELD.—We regret to learn, through the *Hartford Courant*, of the death of Rev. Lewis Weld, Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, Conn. Mr. Weld was an earnest and efficient worker in the cause of Deaf-Mute education, and the members of the venerable Institution lately under his care sustain a heavy loss in his decease. He had but just returned from a European trip, undertaken for the benefit of his health, which had recently become much impaired. The voyage did not alleviate his complaint, a congestion of the lungs. For the past twenty years Mr. Weld has acted as the Principal of the Asylum.”

The above is given as another of the numerous illustrations of the utter inefficiency of going abroad for diseases of the lungs. The atmosphere of steamers and sail-vessels, loaded with impurities of bilge-water, of hot steam, of cookery, their damp decks, confined promenades, shelf-bedsteads, are as well calculated to benefit invalids as the sumptuous hotels, diligence ac-

commodations, postal and passport comforts of the continent, and yet for these, invalids leave a loved and loving home in multitudes every year, sometimes only to get home again and die, as in this case; at others, to die in sight of home; and often, very often, never to return.

Some of the experiences of foreign travel are detailed by an ex-editor while abroad for his health:

"It may be strange, but it is nevertheless true, that I have been as really and truly home-sick for the last three months as ever was any little girl in her first quarter at the boarding-school. If you knew how much pleasanter a life of real work and study, in the United States is than this nonsensical travel and idleness, you would not be so discontented. One will only learn by experience, however; and the best thing I expect to get, personally, out of this mission, is just this—that I will be satisfied when I get back, and never again be haunted by those intolerable longings for Europe, which tormented me in the years gone by.

"The pleasure of actually seeing celebrated places is small. It is all anticipation and memory. The real comforts of Europe don't compare with those of the United States. Everything costs just double what it does at home. The people are nowhere as good as ours. The women are uglier—the men have fewer ideas. I intended to write a book about it all; and I thought, when I left the United States, that I would have to stretch the blanket a good deal to make out our superiority. But there is no need. The meanness, the filthy life, the stupidities of all the countries I have seen, surpassed all I expected, and all I hoped.

"Here, in Turin, which is the most beautiful city I have ever seen, I am busy learning to speak French, and studying what is popularly, but most falsely, termed the 'great world' and 'polite society.' I have dined with dukes, jabbered bad grammar to countesses, and am spunged on for seats in my opera box by counts, who smell of garlic, as does the whole country. I receive visits from other diplomates, with titles as long as a flagstaff, and heads as empty as their hearts, and find the whole concern more trashy than I had ever imagined. I must, however, keep up their miserable acquaintance, for that is the way to see the 'elephant' of European life. So I dance the dance of fools like the best of them, and return their visits sedulously, carrying about great cards, like that I inclose for your inspection.

"The pictures, the operas and ballets of Europe are good things; the people, the governments, and the society, more contemptible than can be conceived.

"I find the idea current among the European physicians, which I have often broached to you, that chemistry is not competent to extract all the essential components of natural productions."

WEARING THE BEARD.

ALTHOUGH it is not customary to wear the beard in the United States, it would undoubtedly contribute to the health of men to do so, at least if unshorn from the edge of the jaws and chin downward. Clergymen would in all cases be benefited by it. Hair is nature's protector against cold. Our beneficent Creator does nothing in vain.

Rowland says on this subject :

"It may be safely argued as a general physiological principle that whatever evinces a free and natural development of any part of the body, is, by necessity, beautiful. Deprive the lion of his mane, the cock of its comb, the peacock of the emerald plumage of its tail, the ram and deer of their horns, and they not only become displeasing to the eye, but lose much of their power and vigor. And it is easy to apply this reasoning to the hairy ornaments of a man's face. The caprice of fashion alone forces the Englishman to shave off those appendages which give to the male countenance that true masculine character, indicative of energy, bold daring, and decision. The presence or absence of the beard, as an addition to the face, is the most marked and distinctive peculiarity between the countenances of the two sexes. Who can hesitate to admire the noble countenance of the Osmanli Turk of Constantinople, with his un-Mongolian length of beard? Ask any of the fair sex whether they will not approve and admire the noble countenance of Mehemet Ali, Major Herbert Edwards, the hero of the Punjaub, Sir Charles Napier, and others, as set off by their beard? We may ask with *Beatrice*, 'What manner of man is he? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?' I have noticed the whiskers and beards of many of our most eminent physicians and merchants encroaching upon their former narrow boundaries, while it is well known that not a few of our divines have been long convinced of the folly of disobeying one of nature's fixed laws; but hitherto their unwillingness to shock the prejudice of their congregations, has prevented them from giving effect to their convictions. The beard is not merely for ornament, it is for use. Nature never does anything in vain; she is economical, and wastes nothing. She would never erect a bulwark were her domain unworthy of protection, or were there no enemy to invade it."

EYE-LASHES.

In Circassia and neighboring countries, the eye-lashes of children are clipped with scissors, at their extreme points, while asleep, every six weeks, giving them in time a beautiful gloss and curve, besides adding to their length and thickness.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY

AND doing business in town, is a "dog's life," from beginning to end, as far as New York is concerned. Instead of adding to one's comfort and quiet, it diminishes both. So far from promoting health, it undermines it; while in a business point of view, it is attended with a multitude of annoyances of every variety. We have tried it under very favorable circumstances, and speak from experience. We know that many persons think that they would like nothing better than to be able to work in town and live in the country. In some few cases it may be a comfort; it is when a man can afford to go to his place of business not sooner than ten in the morning; or if he does not go at all for any day, or two or three of any week in the year, it makes no kind of difference, having persons on the spot who will do just as well. But to be the main spoke in the wheel of any establishment, whose punctual and daily presence is indispensable, it is an unmistakable bore to live out of the city limits.

The semi-citizen is in a hurry from one year's end to another. When he goes to bed at night, among his last thoughts are—and there is an anxiety about it—that he may oversleep himself, or that the cook may be behind time with his breakfast; so going to sleep with these thoughts, the instant he wakes in the morning there is a start, and the hurry begins—he opens his eyes in a hurry, to determine by the quality of the light whether he is in time. His toilet is completed with dispatch, but instead of composedly waiting for breakfast-call, his mind, even if not on his business, will be in the kitchen. Can a man converse composedly with his family, when the fear is uppermost of his being left by the train? It is impracticable. Even with the case in a thousand, where the cook is a minute-man, he can't for the life of hime at with a feeling of leisure: may be his watch is a little slow; may be the train is a little before time, and the result is, a hurried and unsatisfactory meal, to say the least of it, under the most favorable circumstances; but suppose the cook is like the multitude of her class—never before, but always behind the time—what a fretting feeling is present, mad as fire, yet afraid to say anything; soon the wife gets the contagion, and then the play begins; stand about everybody.

You are deposited in the cars for town; accidents and delays will occur; your mind is in your office, may be a customer is waiting, or you are pressed for time to meet an engagement. As soon as mid-day is past, the solicitude begins lest circumstances should prevent your departure by a specified train; this increases as the hour draws near, and when we take into account the dilatory nature of most men, it will be a marvel if some one is not late in meeting you, or making an expected payment; or a customer does not hang on your button-hole, and you don't wish to offend him. In short, there are such a multitude of causes in operation to crowd the last moments of the business day, that we do not believe that one semi-citizen in a hundred, of any day, walks to the depot from his place of business with a feeling of quiet leisure. When you get home, you are too tired and too hungry to be agreeable until you get your last meal; even then there is a calculation about getting to bed early, so as to have your full sleep by morning. We ask, where is the "quietude" of a life like this? It does not exist. Such a man is an entire stranger to composure of mind. One beautiful morning a sprightly young gentleman entered the cars just as they were moving off. We had seen him often, always in a hurry, always in a pleasant humor. He said to a friend, as he took his seat: "I've been in a hurry from morning until night for the last two years—always on the stretch, but never left. Came very near it this time." Soon afterwards it appeared that he had been industriously engaged the whole of that time, and had accomplished a great deal; for he had, in various directions, disposed of seventy thousand dollars belonging to a public institution, of which he was the custodian. If this incessant hurry, from one year's end to another, can promote quietude of mind, can conduce to one's pecuniary advantage, can foster domestic enjoyments, it is new to us. We think, rather, that it tends to fix on the mind a stereotype impression of anxious sadness, which, in the father of any family, to be seen every day, must have a decided effect in subduing that spontaneous joyousness which should pervade the countenance of every member of a happy household.

There is one little matter which we prefer to speak of before dismissing the subject, which we consider of vital importance, and is the idea which led to the penning of this article:

A daily action of the bowels is essential to good health under all circumstances; the want of it engenders the most painful and fatal diseases. Nature prompts this action with great regularity, most generally after breakfast. Hurry or excitement will dispel that prompting, and the result is, nature is baffled. Her regular routine is interfered with, and harm is done. This is a thing which most persons do not hesitate to postpone, and in the case of riding to town, a delay of one or two hours is involved. This never can occur with impunity, in any single instance, to any person living. This very little thing—postponing nature's daily bowel actions—failing to have them with regularity—is the cause of all cases of piles and anal fistulas, to say nothing of various other forms of disease: fever, dyspepsia, headache, and the whole family of neuralgias. A man had better lose a dinner, better sacrifice the earnings of a day, than repress the call of nature; for it will inevitably lead to constipation, the attendant and aggravator of almost every disease. To arrange this thing safely, breakfast should be had at such an early time as will allow of a full half hour's leisure between the close of the meal and the time of leaving for the cars.

NEAR-SIGHTED.

PERSONS living in cities begin to wear glasses earlier than country people, from the want of opportunities of looking at things at a distance. Those who wish to put far off the evil day of "*spectacles*," should accustom themselves to long views. The eye is always relieved, and sees better, if, after reading a while, we direct the sight to some far-distant object, even for a minute. Great travellers and hunters are seldom near-sighted. Humboldt, now in his eighty-seventh year, can read unaided. Sailors discern objects at a great distance with considerable distinctness, when a common eye sees nothing at all. One is reported to have such an acute sight, that he could tell when he was going to see an object. On one occasion, when the ship was in a sinking condition, and all were exceedingly anxious for a sight of land, he reported from the look-out that he could not exactly see the shore, but he could pretty near do it.





HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

APRIL, 1857.

[NO. IV.

We aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness
comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

CONSUMPTION

Is a disease which destroys one out of every six grown persons, which invades every family in the civilized world, which carries to the grave, from New York city alone, in the space of a single year, more than three thousand persons. Such a disease ought to be understood, at least as to its general features. Every intelligent individual ought to have a general idea of its nature, its causes, and its prevention. Such a result will be of slow attainment. The thoughtful few will give it attention, which will gradually force itself on the masses, at least so far as the general principles of prevention are concerned.

We believe that, within a few years, there has been a progressive popular intelligence on the subject, and that more correct views prevail in reference to its nature, than at any previous time. Now and then a man of extraordinary intelligence and practical good sense makes his appearance, such as Moreton, of Philadelphia, Wooster, of Cincinnati, and Norcom, of Carolina; but they have passed away, and in a whole lifetime succeeded in impressing their views upon a chance individual here and there.

Two sentiments pervaded the theory and practice of these excellent men—and they were all contemporaries, but most probably wholly unknown to each other. Moreton was widely known; we never saw the amiable Wooster's name in any printed book; and we ourselves never heard of Norcom until years after his death. They believed that—

1st. No medicine known to them had any uniform appreciable good effect in common consumption of the lungs.

2d. Without a free exposure to out-door air, no case of consumption ever was cured.

These same sentiments are now taking hold of the medical minds of Great Britain, with several remarkable additions: that—

1st. Sea voyages hasten the fatal result of consumptive disease.

2d. Seeking a milder climate precipitates a like result.

3d. The maintenance of an equal artificial temperature only aggravates the disease.

These sentiments are forcibly presented, in scholarly language, by Dr. James E. Pollock, physician to the London Hospital for Consumption, as reported in *Braithewaite*, part thirty-four, for January, 1857, p. 48, in twenty closely-printed octavo pages. We have seldom seen such a large amount of truthful, practical matter, in any single transient paper. We cordially commend it to professional attention.

We take occasion here to express our high gratification in having such authority to corroborate our views, as presented in our last publication, entitled "*Consumption*," committed to press in October, 1856, while we saw Dr. Pollock's publication, for the first time, in *Braithewaite* for the following January. He agrees with us also in a view which we have taken earnest pains to press on medical attention, to wit: to date the actual commencement of consumption to a point "*higher up*"—we would say *farther back*—than a physical sign of a deposit in the lungs. He says: "There is an antecedent state of disordered health, which, as a causative agent, originates that altered state of the blood which produces tubercle. To this part of our subject, I would entreat your earnest attention. It is not only the key to the disease, but it is the hopeful period for treatment—the critical time in which we may check the inroads of the most fatal of all affections incident to the human frame. Feel no hesitation in saying that the earliest symptom of consumption is 'WASTING;' it precedes cough, and spitting of blood, and hectic, and all the physical signs; * * * hence the second symptom is *debility*." Had Dr. Pollock had our book before him he could not have more thoroughly presented our own views, stating, as

we have done, that *deficiency in breath, and strength, and flesh*, are the first far-off symptoms of consumption, coming on as they do long before cough, and spitting of blood, and pains about the chest. We believe that, in the vast majority of cases, the foundation—the first symptoms of consumption in both sexes, is laid at about the age of eighteen or twenty years, and that, if medical attention were secured at this age to children, by which a critical examination could be made as to those points, and corresponding action follow, the mortality from this disease would be largely diminished at once. To neglect these earliest symptoms of consumption, is like neglecting looseness of bowels in Asiatic cholera, which is nothing short of almost certain death.

No one seems to have the slightest fear of consumption nowadays, unless there is some cough, when the fact is, some persons have observed no cough at all until within three weeks of death, and on examination the lungs have been found a mass of rottenness. In the vast mass of cases, cough is a telegraphic signal that the train has been fired, that tubercles have been deposited, and are taking on irritative and inflammatory action, which is the stage immediately preceding actual decay of the lungs; whereas, if short breath, wasting of flesh, and general weakness, were considered, as they really are, the *avant couriers* of the disease, and corresponding action had, three fourths of those who now die of consumption could ward off the disease indefinitely. Hard-earned thousands, yes millions, often go to distant relations, as heartless as they are greedy, which else would have fallen to natural heirs, if, instead of nursing children from seventeen to twenty years, the moment they seem to become "*weakly*," by consigning them to feather beds, and furnaced rooms, and closed carriages, afraid as death of a single puff of fresh out-door air, lest it should give them a cold—we say a far different result would have followed the hard mattress, the cold sleeping-room, the frequent walk and daily horse-back ride, early and late, of from five to thirty miles a day, in spite of all obstacles of wind, and storm, and dust, and snow, and hail—of zero, or of broiling heat.

In this connection, we may not do better than reproduce an article from one of our first numbers, prepared originally for *The Home Journal*, in 1853, by its world-renowned editor, N. P. Willis, who was himself a part of the fact, and lives this

day the indisputable evidence of the enduring results of *out-door activities*, as a means of indefinitely postponing the progress of apparent actual Consumption. The whole article might well have been written in italics, for we know of no living writer who can say so much that is true in so few words, as Mr. Willis; we mean personally observed truth—a column of meaning is sometimes embodied in a dozen monosyllables. We have, however, capitalized the sentiment which excels in importance, in our estimation, at least all others:

“THERE WAS NOT A DAY OF THE SUCCEEDING WINTER, HOWEVER COLD OR WET, IN WHICH I DID NOT RIDE EIGHT OR TEN MILES ON HORSEBACK. *With five or six men, I was, for most of the remaining hours of the day, out of doors, laboring at the roads and clearings of my present home.*”

Common consumption of the lungs destroys more people than any other half dozen diseases, while a third of all adults who die in civilized society, do so from ailments connected with the air-passages; hence whatever tends to diffuse true knowledge on the subject must be a public good. Theories are good enough in their place, but the mass of society prefers to deal in facts, in well established, whole facts; these are more tangible, and the common mind can more easily grapple with them. The diseases to which the lungs and their proper appendages are liable, are Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Laryngitis or Throat ail, Croup, Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Lungs, Congestion of the Lungs, Quinsy, &c. All these diseases arise from two causes:

1. Changes of temperature.

2. The failure to keep the breathing apparatus in vigorous, full, healthful operation, by a sufficient amount daily of exertive exercise in the open air. By a wise attention to this second cause of lung diseases, the former will cease to be a cause, except in occasional cases. Not only so, threatened consumption may be effectually warded off, in the vast majority of cases, by the proper adaptation of daily out-door exertive exercise to the requirements of the system, as indicated by the condition of the pulse, the heart, the breathing organs, of which the physician ought to be the standing judge. For, when a man is an invalid, the amount of food, air, and exercise which he needs, requires as much of medical intelligence, experience, and skill, as would the judicious exhibition of medicine.

An example—HEART DISEASE.

It is well known that the symptoms of a disease of the heart, and those of the lungs, as well as those of a spinal affection, are so apparently alike in the main, that it requires large medical experience to decide safely and certainly between them; but the exercise requisite in an affection of the lungs would inevitably destroy life if advised for a disease of the heart or spine. In no form of sickness is exercise so immediately and certainly fatal as in heart affections, while the results of active exercise in spinal disease are terrible, literally terrible, not in their immediate effects as involving life, but in the certain penalty of weeks, and months, and weary years of corporeal helplessness, and agonizing, almost ceaseless pain, requiring a thousand times more endurance and a far higher degree of fortitude than marching up to the cannon's mouth in the heat of battle. An affecting instance of this kind came under my notice within a few years past, and I feel sure that a recital of it will be a public benefit, as teaching the importance of taking early competent medical advice in cases of sickness.

On the 23d of September, 1851, I was called to see a young lady on a visit to New York, who was supposed to be in a decline. She was from a neighboring city, an only daughter. She was just entering life, with all the advantages which position, and fortune, and refinement, could bestow. She had a pulse of a hundred and twenty a minute, thirty-six respirations, an incessant cough, debility, such that she could not walk without two assistants. She still lives, a noble monument of heroic endurance and mental energy and worth. Previous to applying to me she had suffered a dozen deaths, in her efforts to take air and exercise on foot, on horse, in carriage; and as often almost as she would take them, she could, on reaching her own door, scarcely prevent herself from shrieking out with an agony of pain. She was encouraged to persevere in these efforts, and, with a daughter's affection for a loving mother, whose solicitude and watchfulness never slept, she did so, until locomotion became impossible. This being a clear case of spinal disease, every step she took, every moment she sat still, aggravated the complaint. The best medical skill in the country has failed to afford her any permanent relief, and to this hour she is unable

to stand, suffering daily torture, hardly desiring to hope for even relief until she is called to go where all the good are.

With this case, given as a precaution against the danger which attends taking daily out-door exercise, without medical advice, for any of the prominent symptoms of consumption, such as cough, short breath, quick pulse, debility, pains about the chest, &c., I here give, as being highly instructive, an article from "The Home Journal" of December 10th, 1853, under the editorial head:—

(For Invalids only.)

Are you quite well, dear reader? Are all those who are dear to you quite well? If so, perhaps you will kindly pass on to another topic, allowing me, under the Idlewild caption, for this week, to answer a letter from an invalid—the information thus called for being interesting to invalids only, or to those with precious invalids for whom they feel and care. In a world where mortals walk beside Death with a face averted, the sick can talk safely of their sorrows only to the sick. I do not claim, therefore, the attention due to a general topic. Though, with pulmonary consumption for our country's most fatal liability, any experience, in eluding or defeating it, may be of interest to so many, as to be, at least, excusably tedious to the remainder. It comes appropriately from Idlewild. The Highlands around us, I fully believe, are the nearest spot to New York, where the acrid irritation of our eastern and seaboard climate is unfelt. Poke your fire, then, dear delicate reader!—(for you are an invalid, by your following me thus far)—and settle yourself comfortably in your arm-chair, while I lay before you a sad and well-written letter from an invalid:

"C*****, November 21, 1853.

"MR. WILLIS: *Dear sir*,—You will perhaps think it presumption in me, an entire stranger, to address you as I now do; but I shall be willing to abide your judgment after you have heard my story. I am a Presbyterian clergyman, in feeble health. After five years' preaching in one happy parish, my lungs gave out, and I was obliged to give up my calling. By the advice of physicians here and in New York, I spent two winters at the South, roaming from place to place, but spending most of the time in Jacksonville and St. Augustine, Florida. I was there during the winter of your tour in that region, and on the same sad errand. And I may here say, that I have taken great pleasure in reading, weekly, your record of travel in those parts.

"But I got no essential benefit from the 'Sunny South'—nothing but some disgust for it, weariness of travel and a warm-

er love for the North and for my home. Neglecting further medical advice, I bought, two years since, a pleasant site for a country residence in this, my native place, built a house, and devoted myself to tree-planting and gardening of all sorts. This has been my sole employment for two summers. In winter I warm my whole house *moderately*, not allowing the mercury to rise above sixty or sixty-two degrees, and connect with this a thorough ventilation. I remain within doors most of the time. Between romping with my two children, playing with grace-sticks, battle-door, etc., fighting imaginary foes with my cane, and the music of a piano, I manage to get regular, daily exercise and recreation. In favorable weather I also take a brisk walk of half a mile.

"This mode of life makes me quite happy, and I enjoy a tolerable degree of health; but *I don't get well*. I followed you to Idlewild with much interest, having a fellow-feeling on one point, at least, and watched to see whether you would get the mastery of disease. In your last letter you say that you are no longer to be classed among consumptives. Alas! I can't say as much for myself, I fear. And on reading your lines, I resolved to write to you, as a once fellow-invalid, and ask, *What has cured you?* The doctors advise me to go South and take cod-liver oil, but their prescriptions do me no good, and I improve most when following my own judgment. I spade, and hoe, and rake quite lustily, and ride horseback, in summer; I cough but little, and eat and sleep as well as ever—but cannot use my lungs. Now, may I trouble you to give me some plain advice—a little of your own daily regimen—if you are willing to do so, an account of what has helped you.

"I consult you, not as a doctor, but as a man of benevolence, knowing by experience the feelings of a young man arrested by disease, and laid aside from the activities of life.

"If you do not think proper, or find it convenient, to address me personally, I beg leave to suggest that you give your friends, through the *Home Journal*, some of your views and your experience relating to the treatment of pulmonary affections. A large and eagerly attentive audience would listen to your words, I assure you.

"Pardon me, sir, if I have annoyed you by this letter; and if you are willing to do so, please allow me to hear from you, and greatly oblige, yours, with true respect, A. D. G."

[To which straightforward and touching letter, the following was the bulk of my reply—not very satisfactory, I fear, though possibly there may be a point or so in which it is either suggestive or corroborative:]—

* * The politicians teach us how to treat a disease, I think. They do not try to *convert* the opposing party. They are content if they can *keep it in the minority*—sure that it will tire, in

time, of its want of power, change sides, or disappear. The patient who troubles himself least about his disease, (or leaves it entirely to his doctor,) but who perseveringly *outvotes it* by the high condition of the *other parts* of his system, is the likeliest to recover—and it is of this *high condition*, alone, that I have anything to say. Of twenty who may be sleepless with a cough and weakened with the raising of blood, no two, perhaps, are subjects for precisely the same medical treatment, or diseased in precisely the same locality, though all are called “consumptives.” Our friends, the physicians, are better geographers than we, as to where the healing is wanted, though they strangely confine themselves to the specific ailment, taking it for granted that the patient keeps the rest of his body in proper training for recovery. It is medical etiquette, I believe, to refrain from any very particular inquiry into this. But few sick men are wise or firm-minded enough to be safely trusted with their own general condition; and I, for one, came very near dying—not of my disease, but of what my doctors took for granted.

To leave generalities, however, and come to the personal experience which you ask for:

I went to the Tropics, as a last hope, to cure a chronic cough and blood-raising which had brought me to the borders of the grave. I found a climate in which it is hard to be unhappy about anything—charming to live at all—easy to die. (At least, those who were sure of dying, and did die—and in whose inseparable company I thought I was—were social and joyous to the last.) The atmosphere of that Eden-latitude, however, is but a pain-stilling opiate, while the Equator might be called a kitchen-range for a Sardanapalus, and the Antilles are but tables loaded with luxuries. The Caribbean Sea is the Kingdom of the Present Moment. The Past and the Future are its Arctic and Antarctic—unthought of, except by desperate explorers. Hither are sent invalids, with weakened resolution, to make a pilgrimage with prescription and prudence! You may see by the book I have just published, (*Health-Trip to the Tropics*), with what complete forgetfulness of care or caution I made one of an invalid company for months. Was anybody going to be shut up in a bedroom with such nights out of doors? Was anybody going to be dull and abstinent with such merry people, and a French breakfast or tempting dinner on the table?

I reached home in July, thoroughly prostrated, and, in the opinion of one or two physicians, a hopeless case. Coughing almost the whole of every night, and raising blood as fast as my system could make it, I had no rest and no strength. I lingered through the summer, and, as the autumn came on, and the winter was to be faced, I sat down and took a fair look at the probabilities. With the details of this troubled council of war, I will not detain you; but, after an unflinching self-examination,

I came to the conclusion that I was, myself, the careless and indolent neutralizer of the medicines which had failed to cure me—that one wrong morsel of food or one day's partially neglected exercise might put back a week's healing—and that, by slight omissions of attention, occasional breaking of regimen, and much too effeminate habits, I was untrue to the trust which Gray, my friend and physician, had made the ground of his prescriptions. And, to a minutely persevering change in these comparative trifles, I owe, I believe, my restoration to health. There was not a day of the succeeding winter, however cold or wet, in which I did not ride eight or ten miles on horseback. With five or six men, I was, for most of the remaining hours of the day, out of doors, laboring at the roads and clearings of my present home. The cottage of Idlewild was then unbuilt, and the neighboring farm-house, where we boarded, was, of course, indifferently warmed; but, by suffering no state of the thermometer to interrupt the morning cold bath, and the previous friction with flesh-brushes, which makes the water as agreeable as in summer, I soon became comparatively independent of the temperature *in* doors, as my horse and axe made me independent of it when *out* of doors. With proper clothing to resist cold or wet, I found (to my surprise) that there was no such thing as disagreeable weather to be felt in the saddle; and, when a drive in a wagon or carriage would have intolerably irritated my cough, I could be all day in the woods with an axe, my lungs as quiet as a child's.

With all this, and looking like the ruddiest specimen of health in the country round about, I am still (you will be comforted to hear) troubled occasionally with my sleep-robber of a cough; and in Boston, the other day, on breathing that essence of pepper and icicles which they call their "East Wind," I was seized with the old hemorrhage of the lungs, and bled myself weak again. But I rallied immediately on returning to this Highland air, and am well once more—as well, that is to say, as is consistent with desirable nervous susceptibility. The kiss of the delicious South Wind of to-day, (November 30,) would be half lost upon the cheek of perfect health.

I fear I cannot sufficiently convey to you my sense of the importance of *a horse* to an invalid. In my well-weighed opinion, ten miles a day in the saddle would cure more desperate cases, (particularly of consumption,) than all the changes of climate and all the medicines in the world. It is vigorous exercise without fatigue. The peculiar motion effectually prevents all irritation of cold air to the lungs, on the wintriest day. The torpid liver and other internal organs are more shaken up and vivified by the trot of a mile than by a week of feeble walking. The horse (and you should own and love him) is company enough, and not too much. Your spirits are irresistibly enlivened by

the change of movement and the control of the animal. Your sense of strength and activity, (in which lies half the self-confidence as to getting well, which the doctors think so important,) is plus one horse. With the difference from walking, as to pulling upon the forces of the spine and consequently upon the brain, it is recommended by the best English physicians as much the preferable exercise for men of intellectual pursuits. And, last, (I think not least,) the lungs of both body and soul are expanded by the daily consciousness of inhabiting a larger space—by having an eagle's range rather than a snail's—by living a life which occupies ten miles square of the earth's surface, rather than that "half mile" which you speak of as the extent of your daily walk. The cost is trifling. At this particular season, when horses are beginning, as they say at the livery stables, to "eat their heads off," you may buy the best you can want for fifty dollars, and his feed costs thirty cents a day. As the horse and the doctor are seldom necessities of one and the same man, you may rather find it an economy—apothecary and all.

In that "majority" I have spoken of above, there are (as in all majorities) some voters of not much consequence individually, but still worth keeping an eye upon. Briefly to name one or two:—There are so few invalids who are invariably and conscientiously *untemptable* by those deadly domestic enemies, *sweetmeats, pastry* and *gravies*, that the usual civilities at a meal are very like being politely assisted to the grave. The care and nurture of the *skin* is a matter worth some study; for it is capable not only of being negatively healthy, but positively luxurious in its action and sensations—as every well-groomed horse knows better than most men. The American *liver* has a hard struggle against the greasy cookery of our happy country. The impoverished *blood* of the invalid sometimes requires that "glass of wine for the stomach's sake" recommended by the Apostle. Just *sleep* enough and just *clothing* enough are important adjustments, requiring more thought and care than are usually given to them. For a little philosophy in your habitual *posture* as you sit in your chair, your *lungs* would be very much obliged to you. An analysis of the *air* we live and sleep in, would be well worth looking into occasionally. And there are two things that turn sour in a man, without constant and sufficient occupation upon something besides the domestic circle—the *temper* and the *ambition*. * *

Thus much, of my reply to our clerical fellow-sufferer, may interest you, dear invalid reader. Of the medicine of "Out-doors at Idlewild"—the mingled salubrity of the climate of mountain and river around us—I should have said more to one unanchored in a home and a parish. From one who writes so frankly and sensibly as he, we must hope to hear again, however, and, with another opportunity, I may again ask for invalid indulgence, and return to the theme.

While this article embraces the main principles of cure for actual consumption, we are anxious to draw attention to far earlier symptoms of the disease, when its eradication may be made a pleasure rather than a pain—a certainty rather than a mere possibility—a matter of scientific calculation rather than vague theory or opinion—a thing of absolute measurement rather than indefinite conjecture. This is done by rather a new name in medical literature, SPIROMETRY—which means, literally, “*Breath Measurement*”—which enables us to ascertain, with mathematical accuracy and certainty, down to a single cubic inch, what amount of lungs are in efficient operation in any given case; and by knowing what amount each individual should have, varying as to age, sex, &c., according to ascertained laws, we are able, in all cases, to ascertain precisely the extent of the malady. And this is of great practical importance; for if all of a man’s lungs are within him, and in free operation, the idea of actual consumption is utterly groundless. On the other hand, if a man, who should have two hundred and fifty cubic inches of air in sound health, has half of his lungs eaten away by consumption, he can no more measure over one hundred and twenty-five than he could fly; and so of any other proportion. But these are fully entered into in our book on “*Consumption*.”

ANTECEDENTS.

SELDOM has a more important lesson been taught to parents, than in the last Presidential election: lessons loud enough to ring through creation—almost loud enough to wake the slumbering dead to life.

Father! teach your son, that he may be just stepping into the first office of the nation, and fail! because of some remembered meanness of school-boy life; or some ground for charge that “*honor bright*” was wanting in some early transaction. Tell him never to do an act which, although admissible in itself, may bear the impress of fraud without distressingly nice distinctions.

Mother! teach your daughters that the acts of their youth may be brought before the scrutiny of the millions of a generation yet unborn; and that never, for any cause, should they allow themselves to be placed in a questionable position; to labor to

stand every hour of their existence right under the blaze of a noon-day sun.

All, both men and women, boys and girls, have a "*right*" to do multitudes of things which, at the same time, are not expedient. The greatest apostle of Christianity had a right to eat meat, yet he avoided it, for policy's sake. He resigned his own rights heroically, that he might make others happier thereby. That is the truest philanthropy. The person who will have his rights, suffer who may, has the first, chiefest want of a manly heart. Such an one can never attain immortal renown—can never rise above the vulgar herd.

One candidate for a high legislative honor, found the unjust act of many years ago, when he was friendless and obscure, thrown right across the door, and a more favored one entered in. A man of senatorial dignity was charged with a theft committed at school, in the days of his childhood. Another, of no mean repute, of many kindly memories, was found, shall we say "almost ages ago," helping himself in his neighbor's wine cellar. In all these cases there may have been circumstances to palliate, to warrant, to justify, if they were critically examined; but the masses despise niceties; they love to see a man's conduct stand out *alto relievo*. They want to see him right at a glance.

Do not forget that it is not always enough to act in such a way as to be right. Some actions are proper enough in themselves, but are liable to misinterpretation. A man may be seen coming out of a common grog-shop: he may have gone in there to get a glass of water, but it was an act largely capable of a vicious interpretation. Teach your children as far as possible, that their actions should be so clearly proper as to need no interpreter; that they should never do a deed, or speak a word, or write a line, which they would rather not have their parents know. One of the first steps from childhood to ruin is concealment from parents. One of the most valuable points to be gained by parents, is to secure the confidence of their children. No daughter was ever lost who confided wholly in her mother's heart. No young man ever went to ruin, who made his father his most intimate friend.

WHAT is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

WATER CURE.

ONE of the most powerful of remedial means is the use of cold water—powerful for good or ill. Much of the prejudice existing against it is unjust, having arisen from its injudicious application by incompetent men. Any valuable remedy is liable to abuse. Beyond all question, *calomel*, in the estimation of the old school, is worth all the other remedies of Allopathic materia medica; but nine tenths of those who employ it, do so injudiciously, and one of the great reasons of this injudicious use, is in the fact that inconsiderate practitioners, living in one section of the country, have taken “*reported cases*” from other and distant sections for their guide.

So with the errors of water cure. Its wise and safe application consults the varying habits, temperaments, constitutions, and modes of life of those who employ it. The truly intelligent men who practise the water cure, owe it to the reputation of a useful remedy, to impress upon their younger brethren the value of a thoughtful discrimination in every case. A lady of unusual intelligence writes:

“I was so unfortunate as to be over-treated at a water cure. I believe the Doctor did his best to cure me, but the treatment was too powerful for a person the most marked feature of whose case has always been great depression of vital power. It produced entire sleeplessness. It was more. I was preternaturally awake. For four days and nights I did not lose my consciousness for a single moment. When, at the end of this time, and life was almost extinct, I would fall asleep, and for a week sleep some, after a fashion, then another of those terrible attacks of sleeplessness would come on, and run its course, no matter what was done. In this way I suffered for more than a year, and then I began to sleep better; but I am sure my system received a great shock, and I doubt if I ever sleep as well as other people. I have been obliged to give up cold bathing altogether. A single bath will deprive me of the power of sleeping. I now use tepid sponging every other day, with soap, and think it agrees with me.”

We knew an estimable gentleman some years ago, of small vitality, and very feeble constitution. He could not keep warm. The cold water mania seized him at this time; he carried it to the greatest extremes, when chronic diarrhœa set in, and he died.

He had two small children—girls—of three and five years. His theory was, that to secure them a hardihood of constitution, they must have a cold bath every morning. They would regularly come from the bath shivering with cold, lips and fingernails blue, even in summer, and it would be a long time before they could get warm. Their mother, an unresisting Quaker woman, of great excellence of character, saw her children palling away before her daily, while her husband had become so fanatical that she saw argument and remonstrance would be alike unavailing. His death terminated these violences. The children rallied soon after, and grew up in excellent health, and for aught we know are alive and well to this day.

The idea which we wish to impress upon the minds of our readers is, cold water is a valuable and powerful remedy, but as a remedy in any decided ailment, it should never be employed except by the direction of a physician of experience and education.

Scientific Hydropathy is no more responsible for the abuse of cold water as a remedy in disease, than are the old school doctors for the abuse of calomel by ignorant or reckless persons. In the hands of experienced men, both are remedies of very great value, and both in their places are indispensable.

Our general opinion is, that all children under ten years of age, all invalids, people of thin flesh, and those who are easily chilled, should always wash their limbs and bodies in warm water, with soap and brush, in a room almost as warm as the water itself.

BODILY ENDURANCE.

AN ecclesiastic whose keenness of logic, whose thorough scholarship, whose depth of thought and breadth of view, have made his name familiar to both hemispheres, in a private letter, gives us credit for possessing a sounder theology than half the ministers in the land. May be he had not learned that we have considered it a self-evident proposition that the human heart was the seat of a depravity all-pervading. In that respect we are John Calvin, and if anything different, with a bend backwards. We do not believe that every human heart is equally bad; some are worse than others, incalculably worse,

just as of several glasses of pure water, a few drops of ink will color the whole body of water in one glass, making it totally discolored—not an atom of it that is not colored some; a few additional drops will give a more distinct coloring to the next glass, so that of each glass it may be said, as to the water within it, it is totally discolored, yet some are of a deeper black than others; but all are blackened—every particle of each glass is discolored. No atom of any glass is clear, so no one outgoing of the human heart, in its natural state, is clear, is pure, is without a stain. But the extent of that stain, the depth of its blackness, has a strong exhibition in one of the British Reviews, republished in New York, by Leonard Scott & Co. The article is entitled “*Christian Missions a Failure.*” That is to say, all the money expended by missionaries for the purpose of enabling the heathen to read the Bible, has been a bad investment, that the effort made to enlighten the nations for a century or two past, has “*cost more than it comes to*”—the good done has not been commensurate with the money expended.

We can scarcely conceive of a piece of more virulent, ill-natured malignity than that which must have pervaded the heart of the writer at the time of his penning the article. We can all appreciate the feeling which prompts the using of a dagger—deliberate, determined, vengeful, murderous! We would handle such a one in this way: Your composition shows that you are highly educated, that your associations have been of an elevated character, and that you would shrink from making yourself liable to the charge of being wanting in gentlemanly bearing or honorable dealing. But none of this money was yours, not a cent of it. The persons who made that money, appropriated it willingly in the direction of an object which you yourself admit is desirable. Do you think it altogether proper for one gentleman to dictate to another how he shall spend his own money, or when he has spent it, to inform him that it was improperly done, and hint that it would have been a great deal better, if he had appropriated it in a different direction? Intermeddling, an officious interference with the pecuniary expenditures of a neighbor, of a fellow-citizen, dictating to him as to its appropriation—what is it? What would *you* do in the premises?

Here are a number of people who are anxious that certain

persons, strangers to them, should be taught how to read the Bible, thinking that it would promote their happiness; and thus thinking, they, with a noble consistency, use their own money largely to purchase the Bibles, and to send persons to teach how to use them; and here is a man in Scotland, a cultivated scholar, raised in the bosom of the Church, engaging without fee or reward, in an effort to throw ridicule on the attempts of those benevolent men; and in order to make his shafts more efficient, falsifies history, falsifies fact. Verily, we can scarcely imagine, under all the circumstances, a greater depth of innate malignity against the Christian religion. There is one man totally depraved, and the depth of the blackness is unmistakable. The great burden of Bible teaching is love to all human kind, industry in all human callings, temperance in all human enjoyments, and unflinching justice in all human transactions; a book which encourages no wrong-doing—which winks at no vice, tolerates no crime; and here is a man who seeks to thwart the efforts of nobler hearts to make this book available to the millions of our earth, who else will die without its sight—opposing these efforts on the ground that they cost too much money, not a dollar of which was his. How deeply dark, how unfathomably mean, must that man's heart be! what a disgrace to the noble land which gave him birth! May he live to feel ashamed of all that he has written.

So far from Christian Missions being a failure, one single individual within a single lifetime has been the means of initiating instrumentalities which will do more towards breaking up the slave trade, than have the fleets of the three greatest nations on the globe for the last quarter of a century; a single individual, by shutting himself out of civilized society for eighteen years, consorting with savages, traversing deserts, swimming rivers, torn by wild beasts, famished by want, and tortured by fiercest fevers, has opened a door to the civilization of a whole continent, occupied by millions of human beings, of whose existence the world never dreamed—an interior continent, with its fruitful plains, and navigable rivers, and rich forests—the people themselves comparatively harmless, friendly, and docile; and this man is a Christian missionary, a physician—Dr. Livingston, who has “endured more anxious moments, experienced difficulties and perils, and per-

formed grander and more noble deeds, than any Crimean hero," of whom the Earl of Shaftsbury declared "his great researches and operations will be followed by great and mighty benefits to the whole human race," while Col. Sir R. H. Rawlinson, the learned oriental traveller, expressed his belief that Dr. Livingston had laid the train which would raise interior Africa, with its untutored millions, from the depths of savage degradation.

This unpretending missionary has made himself old in forty years; his face is furrowed by hardships and thirty fevers, and literally black by exposure for sixteen years to an African sun; his left arm crushed and made helpless by a ferocious lion. Having passed through all these privations, he made a journey of a thousand miles on foot, and then further on into an unknown country, stopping not until he had added to his discoveries that of a river navigation of two thousand miles. And while he has done so much for humanity, at so much personal toil and suffering, here is a Scotchman in scholastic Edinburgh, who quietly sits down in his own study and writes "*Christian Missions a Failure*"—"cost more money than the benefits attained pay for."

The life of the great missionary presents several features of physiological interest.

1st. The constitution of man adapts itself to all climates.

2d. The hardships which the human body can endure are incredible until seen, and when encountered without the use of spirituous liquors, leave the constitution as firm and as capable of new endurances, as it was at the beginning.

3d. In all great undertakings requiring persistent endurance of toil, and privation, and exposure, those are most likely to succeed who discard alcoholic drinks of every description, and make up their minds to the temperate indulgence of all the appetites.

4th. Systematic temperance in eating and drinking is capable of shielding the human body from the pestilences of all climes, and from the fatal diseases of all latitudes.

5th. That the hardships which great travellers are called to encounter, do, by their large exposure to out-door air and daily bodily activity, consolidate the constitution, and make it more healthy, while the mental powers take their share of increased vigor and activity.

PLANT A VINE.

WE may safely calculate that ten thousand persons live in their own houses in New York city, and that in the rear of each of these houses are five hundred square feet of land, used as a back yard. Eight grape vines would flourish in this space, and each vine, of the "Isabella" variety, if well attended to, will produce two thousand bunches of delightful fruit, or sixteen thousand clusters. Downing says he has seen "one Isabella vine produce, in one season, three thousand fine clusters of well-ripened fruit." But suppose each vine yielded one hundred pounds only, the yield of eight vines would retail for one hundred and twenty dollars. But single grape vines have been known to yield one thousand pounds of grapes, and eighteen cents per pound is the retail price of good grapes in New York.

The want of employment is at the foundation of the ill health of multitudes of women and youth in large cities. We have frequent occasion to feel in reference to women who apply to us for medical advice, "*the best medicine for you is the wash-tub, at fifty cents a day.*"

Any growing family might appropriate a vine to its different members, with a rivalry as to whose vine would produce the largest crop. How many hours would thus be saved from idleness, from the street and its corrupting associations, from that wearing unrest or destructive listlessness which overtakes those girls and boys who have nothing to do, and are not obliged to do anything? The healthful advantages of this interested out-door employment cannot be readily estimated. Besides all this, the minds of the young would be naturally led to study the nature of the vine in particular, and of vegetation in general—the laws of vegetable life, the nature of manures, of the ingredients of the food for plants, the elements of vegetable nutrition—leading the mind off into mineralogy and geology, to say nothing of the flowering of plants, the blossoming of trees, and the various side studies into which these investigations would lead; thus giving a practical value and a felt interest in the studies of our schools, which boys and girls seldom experience. Who does not know that the theoretical study of botany, geology, and mineralogy in our schools

is as dry to the scholars as the splinter of a fence-rail? Thus it is, and very naturally, that we seldom find a boarding-school girl, or one from a fashionable city institute, who knows anything at all of these deeply interesting sciences beyond the most general definitions. It is a disgrace and a shame to both parents and teachers, that our children, especially our daughters, so uniformly "*finish their studies*," and know nothing well. It is because nothing is done to make these studies practical, to lead the mind to take hold of them with interest and relish.

Proper attention to a single vine will employ a youth an hour a day, on an average, from May to November, with some little besides during the winter. And in the hope that some of our readers may be induced to heed our suggestions, we here give a history of what we practise ourselves.

Go at once, any time in April or early in May, to a horticultural nursery, and bespeak several *well-rooted vines*, not "cuttings;" thus you will save several years, as the vines will begin to bear the next season. Then prepare the ground, by throwing out the earth three feet deep and as much in diameter; throw in a foot and a half in depth of manure, consisting of bones, coffee grounds, egg shells, fish heads—in short, any of the offal of the kitchen, or chip manure, or old mortar; put on this half a peck of wood ashes, mixed up with as rich earth as you can get. The Concord, Diana, and Isabella varieties are best for this latitude, and it might be of interest to have different kinds. The gardener will set them in for you, charging you about a dollar and a half for a good vine and all. Lay around the vine, on the surface, some straw or leaves, in order to keep the earth moist by preventing rapid evaporation; over this throw the coffee and tea leavings, as also all the soapsuds of weekly and other washings, for the effect of soapsuds on the vine, as well as other plants, in giving them life and vigor, is surprising. Under such a treatment as this you will, in three or four years, not only have a liberal crop of delicious fruit, but a refreshing shade and a beautiful ornament to your dwellings.

After the first year, in November, the vines should be pruned—that is, when they have grown as large as you wish them to extend. To prevent their further growth, the young wood, the growth of the preceding summer, and which bore

the grapes, should be cut off, within two or three buds of its union with the parent stem; it is known by its smoother and lighter-colored bark.

As soon as the grapes are formed, nip off all the shoots that appear afterwards, so as to throw all the strength of the vine into the producing ones; this must be done every two weeks during the summer.

Never pinch off the leaves to hasten the ripening of the fruit; nature has placed them there to facilitate that ripening in her own way.

The grapes are not really good until the first of October, and every day they become more delicious until the first week in November, when, in the middle of one of the driest and most sunshiny days of our delightful autumn, the remaining grapes should be picked and placed on wooden shelves in the cellar, suspended from the ceiling, and not within two feet of the wall or floor, or anything else by which a rat could reach them. On the shelf a layer of straw, two inches deep, should be placed; paper is not so good, but is safer from fire. Place the grapes on this straw, two bunches deep, with another layer of straw over them, and with ordinary precaution, with our New York cellars, they will keep until spring, growing sweeter every day. They shrivel up a little, but all the substance is there—the only drawback being a little mustiness, but not more, we think, than is perceived in the white grapes from abroad, packed in sawdust. Our own kept this last year until February, and would have kept longer had we not used them so liberally—that is, wifey and I, and a big rat, who by the aid of a water-pipe climbed up the cellar wall, and so feasted on the pure juice of the grape all winter, making a wine-press of his paws.

It requires more cold to freeze grapes on the vine, than to freeze water; so that those designed for current use may remain on the vines, to be picked from day to day, as needed, until the first of December. Nothing, perhaps, is gained by allowing the vines to spread greatly. In regular vineyards they are allowed to grow about seven feet high, to a stake, to which arms are attached projecting three feet on either side—the vines being seven feet apart; thus an acre takes a thousand plants, yielding an average profit for wine-making purposes of three hundred dollars a year per acre.

Vines in our yards, cultivated as above, will flourish for generations. Racine planted a vine in Paris, in the *Rue des Marais*, in the last year of his life—that is, 1699—and in 1855, one hundred and fifty-six years later, it was covered with fruit. To every house owner in New York, we repeat with emphasis, **PLANT A VINE!**

TOE NAILS INVERTED.

SOME years ago we had a lady under our care. Having been raised in luxury and wealth, we found it impracticable to secure the amount of daily out-door exercise which the symptoms of her case seemed to require. By dint of cross questions, however, we ascertained that she was unable to walk much, in consequence of an inverted toe nail.

“But why did you not let me know that before?”

“I visited New York a year ago, to consult one of your celebrated men. He split the nail, and dragged a part of it out by main force. The pain was terrible, and I determined I would rather die than submit to a second operation, especially as it grew out again, and is now so painful that a large portion of my time I can scarcely walk.”

We assured her that it could most probably be cured without the slightest pain whatever. We advised her to take a piece of broken window-glass and a small bit of raw cotton, and employ them according to the usage of experienced physicians. She was utterly incredulous, but followed our directions, and in a very short time could walk well without discomfort; and, at the end of five years, her husband writes, under date of February 17th, 1857, “Her toe is perfectly well, cured entirely by your simple prescription.” Moral: *Keep nothing from your physician.*

CIVILITY

COSTS nothing, and considering it pays its way so handsomely in all companies, to say nothing of occasional chance advantages, it is a marvel that it is not more common—that it is not a universal virtue.

Within a very few years, a couple of gentlemen—one of

whom was a foreigner—visited the various locomotive workshops of Philadelphia. They called at the most prominent one first, stated their wishes to look through the establishment, and make some inquiries of a more specific character. They were shown through the premises in a very indifferent manner, and no special pains were taken to give them any information beyond what their own inquiries drew forth. The same results followed their visits to the several larger establishments. By some means, they were induced to call on one of a third or fourth rate character. The owner was himself a workman, of limited means; but on the application of the strangers, his natural urbanity of manner prompted him not only to show all that he had, but to enter into a detailed explanation of the working of his establishment, and of the very superior manner in which he could conduct his factory if additional facilities of capital were afforded him. The gentlemen left him, not only favorably impressed towards him, but with the feeling that he thoroughly understood his business.

Within a year he was surprised with an invitation to visit St. Petersburg. The result was, his locomotive establishment was removed there bodily. It was the agent of the Czar who had called on him, in company with an American citizen. He has recently returned, having accumulated a large fortune, and still receives from his Russian workshops about a hundred thousand dollars a year. He invests his money in real estate, and has already laid the foundation for the largest fortune of any private individual in Philadelphia; and all the result of civility to a couple of strangers.

IS IT A FACT?

A RELIGIOUS newspaper in Philadelphia announces in its column of *General News*, "Not more necessary for the preservation of life on the battle field is a complete armor, than is a bottle of * * * pain killer to those who are suffering from acute bodily pain."

The above is neither new nor true, and that it should be placed among items of news, when it is paid for as an advertisement, is to our mind not good morals in any paper, secular or religious.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

MAY, 1857.

[NO. V.

We aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

PONE.

WHO knows what "Pone" is? Is it Greek, Hebrew, or High Dutch? How waters the mouth at its mention, of him who knows its meaning! How longingly and lovingly does the exile from home revert to the happier days when he revelled in "Pones!"—Pones, only to be enjoyed at home, because not produced on a distant soil.

If the reader is not in a hurry, we will begin at the beginning. Some three thousand years ago, there was a nation called Roman, who spoke a language termed Latin. Among many of its beautiful words was one pronounced "*Pono*," answering to our word place or set, to set a thing away, for example; so it was used to mean "*setting*." And as the sun "*sets*," it came to be employed to designate the place where the sun sets, that is, west, and what occurred there was denominated "*western*." Milton wrote of "*ponent* winds," that is, "*western*" winds. As Americans do everything "*for short*," and lop off all redundancies, we have only to drop the last two letters from Milton's word, and thus make "*Pone*," which signifies "*western*!"

Having "come up" ourselves among the corn-stalks of Kentucky, almost under the shade of immortal "*Ashland*," made so by its peerless occupant, HENRY CLAY, we ought to know all about "*western*" things, this "*Pone*" especially. Although of Latin origin, it is more exclusively used by the African race, the "*People of Color*," as the aristocratic among them prefer to be called. They not only employ the term every day of their lives, but they luxuriate in the thing itself, dearer to them than

the dram of the drunkard. In short, "Pone," in the mind of the darkey of all ages, sexes, and cliques, symbolizes "*Bread*," the staff of life. So, when not in a hurry, he asks for a "*Pone of Bread*," meaning thereby a piece of bread as large as the extended hand, and two or three times as thick, hot as it can be, and made of "corn meal," known in the east as "*Indian meal*." So a "*Pone*" stands for half a pound of hot bread, made out of Indian corn ground coarse. In other words, a piece of "*western*" bread, as it appears in every family, every day of the world. And when you do not see it in any day on the table, you may know you are no longer in Kentucky, or in the west.

The practical point is, "How is a "*Pone of Bread*" made—the real, pure, genuine, original, identical "*Corn Dodger*"?

Not having studied that valuable science, "*Cookery*," in early life, it was among the lost arts, the manufacture of "*Pones*," when we came to New York. So we gave up the expectation of ever seeing them on our own table in this latitude. But to come as near it as possible, we keep several of these "*Pones*" in our office, made years ago on Western soil by *Phæbe*, the cook of our youth. The artistic prints of her great big black fingers are upon them in distinct bas-relief. Besides, we have a pill-box of the "*meal*" which makes them, thinking that one of these days we will go down to the *Hecker* brothers—their "*nether*" office, mind, where *flour* is made, the "*upper*" one being employed as the manufactory of Puseyite theology, "*samples*" of which are exhibited in the *New-York Churchman* hebdomidally. Whether the theology is as purely white as the flour, we will not decide here—perhaps they are both of a whiteness. Certain it is, that the *Hecker* flour is the whitest in the world; certain it is, also, that the whiter the flour, the less nutriment—substance—it has. Therefore flour may be so white as to have nothing in it. Then there are things very white which have worse than nothing in them; such as whitened sepulchres, full of raw heads and bloody bones, and things like that. It is possible, therefore, that a theology may be marvellously white and comely to look at, just like treble-refined flour, and have nothing in it valuable, but hiding up all sorts of monstrous heresies and demoralizing dogmas; white, like the flour, to look at, but when fed upon, yields no nutriment, sits heavy on the stomach, causing to the body dyspepsia, and to the mind "*chimeras dire*." Now this

is precisely the reason we never see "*Western*" Indian on our tables. The Eastern is so refined, like the transcendental theology of the fatherland, that it does not answer the purpose for which it was made, that is, of a wholesome, nutritious, healthful food. Thus too is it, that to make it swallowable, to make it at all digestible, every recipe almost that we have ever seen, requires a dose of physic to be put in the corn meal of the *East*, to prevent it from killing those who eat it habitually. Only think of the absurdity of the thing—sending to a druggist every time corn bread is wanted on our table.

Look at our miserable *cookery books*! Why, it is impossible to spread a table with ordinary provisions without having some article floating in grease, fired with spices, or saturated with salts or tartar, or other nauseating drug.

We do not go all lengths with the water cure advocates and vegetarian fanaticisms, but we do say most uncompromisingly, that only their cook-books ought to be tolerated. Half an age would be added to human life in half a century, if our food was prepared by their directions, and an animal diet in moderation, were added thereto.

At this present writing, one of the tastiest of Kentucky's daughters, and one of the tidiest of housekeepers, is with us for a "*spell*," and talking with her about *lang syne*, the leeks and onions of Egypt, we bethought us of our old time "*Pone*," how natural it would look, how home-like, with our colored servants, to see an old-fashioned *Corn Dodger* on our table. Now a real Kentucky daughter, with the blessing of an old-fashioned Kentucky mother, can put her hand to anything "in reason," from the sculling of a yawl across the Mississippi, to the trimming of a bonnet; from the fitting of a dress to the driving of a "pair;" from the waltz of a ball-room—no, not exactly that; our conscience will not allow us to sacrifice truth to any antipodism or a parallel. The ball-room is not patronized by the best Kentucky families. Well, we will let that go. A genuine Kentucky lass can make a dress or wash the dishes, and cause you to feel all the time that you must keep your distance. You take a liberty at your peril, whether at the wash-tub or the piano. The cleanliest, tidiest kitchen we ever saw, or ever expect to see, was that kept by the daughter of a Kentucky mother. Surely "*there's nothing like leather.*" Look at it! see what drafts the

great East makes on her distinguished western sister for recruits to supply the places of her own fallen magnates. An incident of May, 1856, may show our meaning, how Kentucky greatness is drifting to the metropolis of the western hemisphere. The acknowledged leader of *Young Presbytery*, the Rev. Thornton A. Mills, was a Kentuckian, since called to occupy in New York one of the most important and responsible posts of that church. The "*lion*" of the Old School party at the same time was a Kentuckian, and the "*lamb*" of the Assembly, the amiable and gifted *Humphrey*, among the next in might and mind of that congregated greatness, was a Kentuckian, by reason of long residence there, while beyond all others, and deservedly so, in professional skill in his line of *medical surgery*, is another who hails from Kentucky—Dr. Bodenhamer; and as to ourself, see how the coach-wheels fly: our Journal is pronounced "one of the most useful family periodicals we have ever seen," and its editor, "*one of the most practical men of the age. He tells us how to do almost everything that is worthy of being done at all.*" On the Atlantic shore, a great and good divine writes, "You are a blessing," and scarcely had his kindly words died away, when there comes from beyond the *Sierra Nevada*, just from the shores of the great Pacific sea, from a name not below the highest in goodness and scholarship and influence, "*In behalf of mankind I thank you for your Journal,*" while multitudes of minor minds strike the same string! Contemplate how we apples navigate!!

But, after all, what are we? If this hour we were stricken down in death, the hum of this city would not be a note the less loud; our majestic Hudson would flow as placidly on to the boundless sea, each bright particular star would twinkle as lovingly out of the great blue deep above, as silvery would the shining moon dance upon the ocean's wave, and brightly as ever would the sun beam upon the busy world, beyond our own solitary home; and even there how small, how short the change—not one smile the less would dimple the cheek of our three year old; our little Alice, to whom "*fader*" is to-day the all in all, would turn to "*mudder*" to-morrow, all oblivious that that father had ever lived; and wifey, too, with a few sad remembrances, would, in an o'er brief space, begin to woo and win as once before she wooed and won, spite of the ready vow of to-day, she "*never would—no, NEVER!*"

Really, man and all his struttings and mimicry, reminds us of a frequent sight of our childhood's summers—of two big black bugs laboring in the public road with might and main to roll together a ball of earth. No Napoleon ever struggled harder to crush a crown; no Cæsar was animated with a more absorbing desire to wear the diadem of empires, when presently a tremendous wagon-wheel rolls along and crushes bug and ball of earth to countless atoms, while time and tide, and sun and star move as they had moved before, nothing changed but the bug and his cherished ball of dust!

Said we to the handy Kentuckian aforesaid, Suppose we have a home breakfast in the morning; the pure cream and the fresh butter we will engage to supply, if you will promise to have the "*Pone*" forthcoming. And it was done. We inquired how. All was luminously explained, but sight was always more valuable to us than sound, an easier teacher by far; so we *encored* the operation, and thuswise was it performed:

A quart of Indian meal was put in a wooden bowl with as much salt as would be taken up with the thumb and fingers, that is, about a teaspoonful; then add as much sweet milk as will make it up into adherent dough, of which take up a double handful, laying it over on one hand and thus carry it to the pan or skillet for baking; turn it in with one pat of the hand, and so on, until the vessel is full, and with a good heat, let it remain until the crust is a yellowish brown; put it on the table piping hot, press it open, lay in a large lump of grass butter just made (if you can get such a thing), and it is ready for demolition.

Corn bread is best if eaten while it is hot; it becomes sodden as it cools. The milk supersedes the use of lard or butter; no water is needed, although many use butter and water instead of milk; but the true constituents of a *Pone* of bread are meal, milk, salt, nothing else. If you add eggs, it becomes Johnny cake, and is no longer a "*Pone of bread*."

A more simple, healthful, nutritious, and agreeable article of bread, is, in our opinion, never made than the one we have described. The roughness of the meal particles gives the advantages of brown bread; its natural sweetness makes sugar or molasses unnecessary; while the sweet milk answers all the purpose of soda or cream of tartar.

It is important to put it into the pan for baking, the instant it is

made, and to have it baked as rapidly as practicable without burning the crust.

The Indian meal of the East is ground so fine that the bread will be more or less sodden without soda. If it were a coarser article there is no reason why we should not have as good corn bread in New York as in the garden of the West; the bread would be "light" without medical aid.

And all these five pages about a "Pone!"

HEALTHY HOUSES.

RECENT occurrences in Washington City, prove the truth of an article we published two years ago, on "*Health and house hunting.*" It is estimated that not less than a thousand persons had their health seriously impaired while at the National Hotel, in consequence of the drainings of the immense establishment having been prevented from passing off, allowing no escape for their destructive effluvia, except upwards through the building, first saturating the meats which were eaten, and then the atmosphere which the guests were compelled to breathe every moment they were on the premises; thus, at least, reported.

There can be no doubt that millions of people die every year from similar causes, but being less concentrated, the work is done in too gradual a manner to excite suspicion. In Boston, a number of years ago, very special pains were taken to keep the city in an unexceptionable cleanly condition, to prevent the advent of cholera. Every privy, every back yard, every gutter, was scrupulously examined, and the occupant of each house was enjoined to keep the kitchen and pantry scrupulously free from dirt and dampness. Yet, after all this precaution, the cholera did appear in one street with great malignity, and a severe disappointment and discouragement was the result as to the efficacy of such sanitary measures. All was explained, however, when the visiting committee entered the cellar of an indicated house, and there, in its darkest corner, was the festering mass of corruption—the house offal of a whole winter. With its removal, the epidemic ceased.

If there is an architect in the city of New York or within a ten mile radius of the City Hall, who has three grains of common sense, let him be exhibited at the museum at a dime a head. It will pay largely.

What is the chief end of a modern Architect?

To make money.

What is his chief aim?

His chief aim is two-fold: To bring down the estimate to the lowest possible dollar, until the contract is closed, and then to pile up the "extras" by modifications and improvements to the utmost limit of endurance.

We do not believe that there is a single public building or private store or dwelling in New York, erected within ten years, that is not, in important features, a disgrace to the name of scientific architecture.

If there is in this city any public building erected within ten years, which does not leak, we would like to see it. Such would be an exception rather than the rule.

Does any observing man believe that there is in all New York and Philadelphia, a single safe house constructed to be warmed by furnace heat?

How many churches are there in the five largest cities in the Union which could be emptied of an ordinary congregation within three minutes, in case of sudden alarm of any kind? We enter ours—a type of all—through four successive doors, two of which open inwards. The large outer doors open inwards. Consequently, on a sudden alarm, there would be a jam, and no earthly power could open one of those doors; and in case of fire, multitudes would be burned to death standing in masses, as has been known to be the case at Richmond in our own country, and more recently, in one of the Russian cities. It is not safe to enter a single church or theatre or opera house in New York. The death-trap construction of the former *Tripler Hall*, built here for Jenny Lind, is fresh within the memory of all. Its destruction was the abatement of a nuisance. Had the incendiary fired it before the audience had dispersed, multitudes must have inevitably been burned to death or suffocated, notwithstanding it had been greatly altered from its original construction. But this, even, was owing to the demands of the daily press, and not to the philanthropy of the owner, or the good sense of the architect.

Look at the basement kitchens and dining-rooms of nine tenths of the dwellings of New York. Is it any wonder that our hos-

pitals are filled with sick servant girls, and our cooks die off with *pneumonias*, *typhoid fever*, and *rheumatic disease*?

And that improvement in the Dartmoor prison line, the stately dwellings which, while they decorate our city, populate Greenwood, constructed "*three rooms deep*." Yes! that is the fashionable description of a house with all the modern improvements — "*three rooms deep*," the middle one being used as a bedroom, where, literally, a ray of sunshine never enters, and no air, but must come through another room from windows thirty feet away. Without question, our houses are made to die in, not to live in—not to be enjoyed. No room is fit for a bedroom which has not at least two windows facing the sun for several hours of every day.

Our churches should have all their doors opening in the direction of the street, or made to slide easily; besides, two large doors should be put in the part of the building opposite the main entrance, or side doors, which can be seen by the whole congregation, so that in a moment of alarm, there might be four directions of escape, for mind, a modern church window is too high; its sash is made of iron, and each light is often not large enough to get a good-sized head through. Hence, the only place for escape is through the doors.

As to dwellings "*three rooms deep*," so much the fashion now, they had better be demolished, or the centre rooms removed. And we recommend that if houses are not large enough, extensions should be made in the rear, in the form of what is technically called an "*ell*," which is the prevailing fashion in Philadelphia; and a most excellent and healthful arrangement it is, too, for by this means, every room is well exposed to the sun, causing light, purity, and dryness, the great essentials in any healthy dwelling. An impressive incident in illustration of this point, has recently come to light. A mercantile house doing a large business, observed in the course of years, that their bookkeepers died of consumption one after the other, however healthy they were on entering their employ. In looking around for a cause, it was discovered in the fact, that the room occupied had but one window, which looked upon a small back yard, enclosed on every side by buildings forty feet high, thus precluding every ray of sunshine. A change was instantly made. A light, airy apartment on the second or third floor was provided, and the

trouble at once disappeared. A dog confined in a cellar will become consumptive in six weeks, according to the observation of medical men. No room without the glorious sunshine is fit for any living creature, man or beast. The glorious sunshine! The free and bounteous gift of a beneficent Creator—the source of all buoyant, healthful life. Yet in our truculence to fashion, in our greed of gold, in our infatuated indifference to the health of our wives, our children, and of ourselves, we remorselessly throw it all away, one of the loveliest gifts of a loving God, the beauteous sunshine!

As this May moving season is the time for changes, when many enter new purchased homes and all begin to “improve” more or less, we crave a mature consideration of the suggestions made, believing as we do, that it concerns the health of many families. And on all who change their habitations, we urge the bestowal of a large, a very large share of attention, first of all, to the cellar: remove every movable thing; open every door and hatchway; sweep it, yes, sweep it half a dozen times—floor, sides, ceiling; then give a plentiful coating of whitewash, made with unleached lime, and in all other respects, attend to the suggestions made a year ago, for the obvious reason, that whatever of filth is in the cellar, rises upwards and saturates the atmosphere of the whole building, not to kill you in a night not to poison your system in so short a space as a few days, as at the *National Hotel* in Washington City, but which in its more insidious workings, saps by slow degrees the health of those who are dearest to us, draining them of their vitality until none is left, and before we are aware, we find them a wreck, the mere shadow of what they were a few years before, in spite of their living in unexceptionable (outside) brown stone buildings, up town, in one of the best ventilated spots on the globe, with broad rolling rivers on either side, and an ocean at the foot, all owing to careless servants, their master setting the example, making the cellar the receptacle of all that is foul and filthy. There is more sound practical hygiene on this subject of healthy houses in the fourteenth chapter of *Leviticus*, from verse thirty-four, than in all the skulls of all the health commissioners and common councils of all the cities of Christendom. Pity it is that we don't read our Bible more—that great book, which contains the leading principles of what is indisputably good, and useful, and

true, in all that really pertains to human happiness ; and pity is it, that the Sunday newspaper, and the trashy weekly, and the enticing story book, for childhood, youth, and hoary age, on subjects pertaining to the world, and party preaching, and infidel peripatetic lecturers, with their new-fangled crudities for human amelioration, and their inane theories for elevating the masses—pity is it, we say, that all these things so attract attention from day to day, that the Bible, the best book of all, and the wisest, true in all its theories, and in all its practices safe, has become a sealed book to the many, and any other volume on the centre or side table, is opened sooner than it. Oh ! hie me to the “ old paths ” and to times of lang syne, when the Saturday afternoon Bible class was the thing talked of and prepared for during the week, its leader a William Wallace, and then a John McFarland, a pupil of the elder Mason ; and these same youthful Bible learners now, the men of their generation, where are they ? What are they doing ? Why, they are scattered through this whole land, east and west, and in other lands, leading men everywhere, as secretaries, as professors, as presidents of colleges, as influential editors, clergymen of mark, and higher still, as missionaries to the distant heathen, and the privy counsellors of kings ! Let us tell you, reader, a Bible man—a man whose principles are founded on Bible teachings—is a man everywhere, whether a shoe-black or an emperor—more, the only man who can be safely trusted, in all God’s universe.

Let us then turn back to the BIBLE, one and all. Let us require that it, and it alone, should be read in our families on the Sabbath day, and not one line from tract, or sermon, or Sunday-school book ; and we will all be the wiser, and better, and healthier, reasoning as it does of “ *temperance*,” enjoining “ *cleanliness*,” and teaching that the next virtue to “ *godliness*,” is “ *contentment*,” and in these three, contentment, cleanliness, and temperance, have we the essential elements of all practical hygiene.

INSANITY.

WE do not exactly like to write roughly, but we must inveigh against the mawkish sentimentalities of the times—that *mistaken* philanthropy of a certain class of men, who, brought up in early life without any religious training, yet possessing a

high grade of intellect and large-heartedness, strike out into the limitless sea of human amelioration, with heads full of crude theories and hypothetical impossibilities, believing themselves, and causing some of the weaker folk to believe likewise, that they are going to regenerate the world in double quick time—to take a short cut towards the millennial era, and inaugurate a heaven on earth. But having no Bible for their polar star, they soon “fetch up” on the breakers of human depravity, and, in less than a lifetime, a perfect wreck is made of all their hopes, and they conclude to wait for the coming of that more propitious age when men shall be “*less selfish*,” when, if they had read the Bible, they would have found in the outset, that the very first command in the Christian system was directed against that very principle, in the utterance of the Saviour, when he would describe the first step towards an elevation to a better and higher nature: “*Deny thyself, take up thy cross,*” then “*follow me.*”

This very class of persons, Pratt, and Fourier, and Ann Lee, with Dale Owen, and Theodore Parker, and Brisbane, and the lesser lights, such as Pearl Andrews, Hine, Garrison, Thompson, F. Wright, Nichols, and others of a kindred nature, women's rights people, Bloomerites, Radical Abolitionists, phrenologists, vegetarians, water cures, Spiritualists, table tipplers, and all that; through all these classes of people there runs a certain vein of *pseudo*-philanthropy and rank infidelity, bordering on Atheism, which shows with perfect plainness that they are radically one and the same thing—enemies of the Christian religion, rushing with reckless indifference into the plausible and untried—all careless of what ruinous consequences may follow, and will follow, should their plans fail. We may with great safety set it down as an incontrovertible fact, that the moment a man begins to improve on Bible philanthropy, that moment he becomes a fool. Turning every woman into a hermaphrodite, the reckless instantaneous freeing of millions of thriftless and improvident slaves, sweeping half the good things of this life from our tables, dismantling our dwellings, cutting the useless buttons from our coats, converting our statuary into lime for manure, covering our cattle with the canvas which records the genius of immortal artists, the dissolution of the marriage tie “made easy” as the unloosing of an old shoe,

hugging the heartless murderer to their bosom the moment he is found out, and screening scoundrels of every grade from the penalties of the law, through the tender mercies of the insane asylum—these, we say, are but a part of the attempts to improve on Bible mercy, on Bible polity. How none of them have succeeded, how all of them have miserably failed, and always will fail, present observations teach, and the true historian of future times will have nothing to do but to reiterate the lesson.

It is to one only of these pretended benevolences that we designed to draw attention when we wrote the heading of this article—the plea of insanity, which is now so rife, and which is to become the scapegoat of every infraction of law, and justice, and right. Already has it come to the pass, that if a man eats himself to death, or guzzles bad liquor until he can guzzle no more, or studies himself to a skeleton, and then jumps into the river or puts a bullet through his heart, the merciful verdict is, "*He is insane.*" If he forges his friend's name, or fires his neighbor's dwelling, or his own store, to secure the insurance, or if a young lady allows herself to be abducted by another woman's husband, or a hysterical daughter of a millionaire marries her father's coachman, the convenient cloak of "insanity" is benevolently thrown around these delinquencies and aberrations, and the next day the weak and the unprincipled alike show themselves in the streets, the "observed of all observers"—the lions of the hour.

Is heaven-born charity and her sister, true benevolence, thus to mantle over all that is dishonorable and murderous, and to cover lechery from our sight? These things ought not so to be. The true philanthropist of our day and generation should wake up to the discovery of an effectual remedy for these evils.

But, not to make our article too long, we propose, in short, that all persons be tried for the crimes fairly charged against them. Let the majority of the jury decide on the verdict as to the fact of the act; then let the plea of insanity come in. If not sustained, let the law take its course. If sustained, let the person be committed to an insane asylum for life, if the crime was a capital one, or, if cured of their insanity, to be transferred to the penitentiary for the remnant of their days.

If the act be only a penitentiary offence, let them be sent to

the asylum, to remain for life or until cured ; and when cured, let them serve the same time in the penitentiary which they would have done had they not been declared insane. For, beyond question, if insane, the asylum is the proper place for them ; if not insane, the penitentiary should not be cheated of its workmen. In other words, either have no laws, or enforce those we have enacted.

COST OF CHURCH AND THEATRE.

CALCULATIONS and estimates have been made and published as to the amount which it costs individual church members to sustain their respective churches, and in such a way as to produce the impression that it is inconsistent with the sentiment that the gospel should be free to all. A great many of our secular papers do not hesitate to give a side-strike at religion, when they can do it by an innuendo.

Cost of a Baptist, per annum,	.	.	\$3 40
“ Methodist,	3 40
“ Presbyterian,	7 00
“ Congregationalist,	10 00
“ Roman Catholic,	14 00
“ Episcopalian,	18 00
“ Reformed Dutch,	22 00
“ Unitarian,	23 00

Supposing these estimates are correct, there is one thing to be kept in view: the money thus furnished belonged to the donors, and if they saw proper to spend it in securing for themselves and families the opportunities of religious worship, we do not see exactly why it should be invidiously remarked upon, especially as the largest portion of all the charities of the land are sustained by those who habitually attend church on Sundays. Those are they who give largely while living, and as largely when they die. Aye, millions do they give every year, to teach the blind, to house the homeless, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to nurse the sick, to reclaim the abandoned, and to save the orphan from idleness, and crime, and disease—thus alleviating the burdens of to-day, and pre-

venting their occurrence on to-morrow. There is nothing in church-going to entail poverty, disease, destitution, and crime.

Suppose we make some calculations as to what it costs to support another institution—the drama, the theatre. Not less than twenty thousand dollars are expended every twenty-four hours in New York city, in connection with the various branches of theatrical performances, including tickets, carriage hire, refreshments, brandy, gin, whiskey, lager-bier, and worse things still. Seven millions of dollars a year in New York alone are expended in connection with theatrical performances. Let it be so that the money thus expended belongs legitimately to the persons who thus spend it, which nobody who knows the character of the mass of habitual theatre-goers will for a moment contend. Look at the grog shops, and drinking saloons, and gambling establishments which swarm around the theatre. A theatre without a house for drunkenness and prostitution within hailing distance, would be out of its element; it would die of inanition. We know of no theatre whose boards are guiltless of the frequent sneer, and slur, and bitter sarcasm as to religion and its ministers.

If the drama is so elevating in its tendencies, it is rather difficult accounting for the fact that not only those who patronize it do at the same time sustain the bar, the billiard-saloon, and the assignation house, but even those who dispense the drama, the actors and actresses, patronize these same things, with chance exceptions; and in dying, in vain do we look for those benevolences which build asylums, found colleges, and sustain hospitals—which provide for the aged widow, and give the orphan child a home. Moses Shepherd dies and gives half a million to secure a home and a keeper for the unfortunate lunatic and the harmless idiot. Another, who lived by the drama, and made by it a fortune, gave it to another in his own line of business, while his aged mother was left to starve, and his own brothers and sisters were cut off without a shilling.

With these divers calculations, we ask which is the best investment; which pays the largest dividend to humanity—the church or the theatre?—the church, with its quiet Sabbaths, its nights for repose, its countless academies, and colleges, and seminaries, its hospitals, its asylums, its “retreats”—or the

theatre, with its midnight saturnalia at the eating saloon, the dram shop, the billiard room, the pimp house; crowding the lock-ups, filling the jails, peopling the penitentiaries, or occupying with its patrons and its victims the very hospitals and asylums which church-goers have builded and sustain!

DRINKING AT MEALS.

Prenez garde, "take care," "look out," "wide awake," you scissoring, careless, lazy, sleepy editors! Your negligence sometimes pulls down in a night what you have been for a long time building up. A taking title or an authoritative signature often gains admittance for an article which is not merely scientific nonsense, but downright and pernicious untruth. Only think of a dozen or so of our religious newspapers recommending beer and wine at meals as a positive advantage!

We have seen an article headed *Drinking at Dinner*, and credited to "*Orr's Chemistry*," going the rounds of our exchanges, *When we told them years ago (!)* that drinking at meals was a pernicious practice—even a draught of cold water, unless in high health, and even then, all that could be said of it is, that it may be done with impunity by the robust and the strong. A sip or two now and then during a meal may be allowable, especially if it be of some mild hot tea; but cold water, to that extent, even, is positively hurtful to all persons in feeble health, of small vitalities, of little bodily vigor. But here is the article verbatim:

"Not seldom do we hear the opinion advanced, that drinking during a meal is an obnoxious habit; but quite wrongfully; for the gastric juice may be diluted with a considerable quantity of water without losing its dissolving power in the slightest degree. Only a superabundance of water (!—*Ed.*) would diminish or arrest the peculiar action of the matters contained in the digestive fluids. Large draughts of water, therefore, will be the most injurious with aliments difficult of digestion, like the fats; and hence the drinking of too much water after fat pork, for instance, is properly avoided; but in countries where soup does not constitute a regular part of the meal, drinking water is positively to be recommended. Beer and wine at dinner are also hurtful only if taken in excess; for in the latter case the

alcohol coagulates the albuminous substances, not only of the food, but also of the digestive fluids, and thus disturbs digestion. If taken in a moderate quantity, these beverages are calculated to cause the meal to hold out longer; for the fact that we are not so soon hungry again after a meal with wine than if we have taken only water with it, is to be accounted for by the slower combustion of the constituents of our body, inasmuch as the alcohol we have imbibed takes possession of the inhaled oxygen. Hence, wine with a meal is extremely useful when a long journey, or work in hand, renders it impossible to take food again at the usual time; so much the more so, as such detention from food itself usually causes an acceleration of the metamorphosis of the tissues, which beer and wine efficiently obviate."

To the above we reply, that actual looking into the stomach during the process of digestion authorizes the following observations:

1. The introduction of any cold liquid into the stomach *instantly* arrests the progress of digestion, and the suspension continues, until the liquid introduced has been there long enough to be warmed up to the natural temperature of the stomach, which is, one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit.

2. When *any* liquid is introduced into the stomach during digestion, the progress of digestion is arrested, and remains so, until the watery particles have been removed.

Now what can be the use of a man's talking against observed facts, meeting them with bare assertion?

He goes further and says that "alcoholic drinks are hurtful only if taken in excess." This sentiment is a dangerous one, even if it were true, for its latitude is boundless. *Only in excess!* What is the rule? Who is the judge?

"Wine or beer at meals are extremely useful because a person does not get hungry so soon!" Then we advise him to eat more, and let the wine and beer alone.

Another reason is, if you happen to be compelled to go longer without the next meal, "such detention from food causes an acceleration of the metamorphosis of the tissues." That sounds "*scientific*" certainly, whatever may be its sense or truth. But if you happened not to get another "horn" as soon as you expected, what is to prevent "an acceleration of the metamorphosis of the tissues"? What nonsense!

The practical meaning of the expression is, a man who drinks a glass or two of wine at dinner can work longer without another meal than his companion, who in all respects else was equal to him.

We beg leave to say that there is not a syllable of truth in any such statement. Any man of observation knows better. And yet this learned twaddle has been going the rounds of the religious press for months, one paper copying it from another. Do our religious editors do their whole duty when they admit such articles without remark, without rebuke? The article attracts attention by recommending water, and ends by recommending wine. IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—*Figs!* exclaims the itinerant street vendor of Constantinople. Really, it seems to us very much like the work of a liquor dealer, who having made some jolly editor happy with a bottle of his best, secured a promise of insertion, that, stripped of all verbiage, means "a glass of wine at dinner is good for everybody," and he has found not a few temperance and religious editors to join in the acclaim, "*just so.*"

Wake up, ye gentlemen of the press! Your work is not yet done. Our poor-houses, and prisons, and penitentiaries, are too full of the friends of free drink for you to go to sleep so early in the day.

But let us tell you a fact before we close, which, perhaps, you may have forgotten, and may be, when that next bottle of the best comes round with another oiled untruth, you may be more on your guard. It's a little fact, just. It is an observed fact that a drink of brandy taken into the stomach before eating, *paralyzes it for several hours*, and that it does not regain its natural healthful condition for *thirty-six hours* afterwards; consequently digestion is impeded; and keep it impeded on a hearty meal for a time, and it will kill any man. If alcohol in any of its forms is taken only during meals or soon after, the ill results are modified.

CONSTITUTIONS RUINED.

It is natural enough that a poor youth taken from manual labor in high health, then sent to engage in studies preparatory to professional life, should, after years of alternate eating,

sleeping, and study, fall into disease, and die of consumption, just as he is finishing his studies! A few survive a little longer, enter their profession, and in a year or two pass away in death. Among the rarest of instances is it, that professional life is attended with vigorous health.

The Boston *Puritan Recorder* says of one: "He was a young man of great promise, second to no one in his class in scholarship, and had uniformly exhibited a depth of piety and a fixedness of purpose very remarkable. Being indigent, he was assisted by the *American Education Society*, and in every respect merited its support. Cut off, just as he was about to leave college, by a pulmonary complaint." This is not a solitary case. It is one among scores, if not hundreds. There are questions of common sense and of common honesty which we wish to propose in connection with this case, and which we do not intend shall remain unanswered.

The funds of the *American Education Society* are supplied by the voluntary charitable contributions, in large part, of many who work for a living, and in good faith that they will be used judiciously, and in the best direction.

Is the Society as careful to inquire into the bodily health and constitution of the young men who are proposed for their benefactions as a recruiting officer or an insurance clerk? Have they any right to expend the money placed in their hands on young men of doubtful health, under the vague hope of their outgrowing their ailments? They have not.

But suppose the health of the applicant is unexceptionable, have they a right to support him in his studies without any scientific inquiries as to his health subsequently, and without any personal supervision as to that point? They have not. We know from long residence in Louisiana, that the health of a newly-purchased slave is an object of special solicitude on the part of the owner, and continues to be. The health of his men is the first care of a good general or of a veteran commodore. And yet we will venture to guess, that not one dollar, not one hour of attention by salaried employees is expended in the direction of the preservation and promotion of the health of a single beneficiary. No lectures given, no books or periodicals of general hygiene, no personal inquiries, injunctions and requisitions made! If this is not culpable negligence, if this is not a shirking of the spirit

of the office, the duties of which they are paid to perform, what is it?

This young man studied until he died. What were the professors of Dartmouth College doing all this time? Where was the Secretary of the American Education Society for the three, six, twelve months, of young Hardy's gradual march to the grave? Or, did he have good health until within three months of death, then fall into consumption and die apace? Such could not have been the case. It never is the case. Common consumption of the lungs is the work of years. It always is the work of years. It never is the work of weeks or months.

The *Puritan's* good-hearted correspondent ejaculates, "may the Lord raise up more such who shall be permitted to enter his vineyard with equal promise of talent and piety." Now, this, to our mind, borders on the ridiculous, only we would not treat religious things with unweening levity. Yet we must say, that we see no evidence that the Lord had any hand in preventing this young man's entering the ministry. He prevented himself. He ate as much as he wanted, he slept as much as he wanted, studied hard, and he died, as a very natural result. The faculty at Dartmouth College are salaried men. If all the students die, their salary goes on. Besides, they are not expected to be the mothers, nurses, and physicians of the young men under their charge—the business for which they are paid is to make chalk-marks on the black-board, and talk about themes, roots, derivations, the squares of the distances—*a plus b minus c equals c minus b plus a, quod erat demonstrandum*.

As to the Executive Committee of the Society, their business is to figure out the ways and means, and the Secretary is employed to collect facts, make statements, and publish money-bringing anecdotes. So, after all, these persons are not blamed by us, perhaps, for anything more than one of the grossest oversights of which sensible people can be guilty, and we close by saying that the inattention which prevails in reference to the health of the students in our seminaries, colleges, and universities, is a living disgrace to every teacher and trustee connected with them. And as far as beneficiaries are concerned, it is a gross misuse of the mite of the widow and the penny of the poor, to expend hundreds and thousands of dollars in bringing forward

indigent young men into the ministry without personal teachings addressed to each, individually, by competent medical men, from the very first day of their entrance on student life.


GETTING WORSE.

"THE world is worse than it used to was," is the expressed sentiment of many a poor, unfortunate, woe-begone, used-up fellow. His face is as long as a fence-rail—as dolefully serious as Dan Tucker without his dinner—as blue as an indigo-bag. He lives down in the cellar himself, and thinks all the world is doing the same thing. Being of no account, doing nothing, he thinks all creation is like his old shoe, "going down heel," while he is too lazy to pull it up. He is of the *Neverwas* family. Everything and everybody compares unfavorably with the things and bodies of his youth; he excepts himself, of course; and while he is the most striking illustration of going backward, he is a firm believer that he alone of all creation has made progress. Who are the people that will have it that the summers are hotter, the winters colder, the beef tougher, the turkeys smaller, the pigs poorer, the potatoes more watery? they never saw the eggs so small or corn-ears so short; the girls are uglier, the boys ruder; the ministers don't preach as much gospel, nor judges administer the same law; the sun does not shine so bright, nor do the skies look so clear; there is less color in the grass, and less bloom on the rose. In short, the whole world is getting worse, and they are tired of it—in which last the world accords its heartiest reciprocity, for the very good reason, they are of no account to anybody. But who are the persons most given to depreciate the present? Not the money-making man, not the energetic mechanic, who finds he has more than he can do; not the clergyman, whose influences for good pervade a whole community, and whose pulpit is surrounded by respectful multitudes. The fact is, the world is retrograding only to those who are themselves going down hill. When a man begins to croak about "hard times," and about everybody getting worse, the whole world included, it behoves him to inquire if it is not he himself who is thus depreciating in value, in his industry, his activity, his sterling

worth, and his high resolution. Energetic men are not croakers. The resolute and those whose motto is "upward"—whose actions show "progress"—are not the men who feel disposed to believe in coming ruin. No; there is progress everywhere—elevation in precept and in practice everywhere around us. In all callings do liberal views prevail. Take the whole question, and let a single fact decide it. Where a dollar was given in private charity a hundred years ago to found a college, endow a seminary, build a hospital, or sustain an asylum, millions are now bestowed. A hundred years ago the pence only were given to humanity; now it is the pound. Be of good courage, then, ye noble workers of good! this world is better for your life, and daily is rising into the more perfect similitude of what it shall be, when, donning its millennial garb, it shall be THE SUN of all worlds!

SOAP SUDS

AT ten dollars a gallon! A money-making business that. But is any man so verdant as to pay such a price for an article which can be made for six cents a gallon? Yes, there are ten thousand men and women in New York city alone, who are regular customers, and have been for years in succession—at least so we judge from developments made at a special term of the Supreme Court, in the city of New York, for January, 1857, Judge Duer presiding. On the hearing, the receipt for making the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*" was produced, and it appeared that it was compounded of grease, lye, sugar, and alcohol, dignified with the name of palm oil, potash, &c. We have seen it recommended in the papers, with various certificates, as the best thing in the world to make the hair grow, to keep the face and hands clean, and to perfume the whole body generally. It so happens that it is a fact, that soap suds are the best thing known to keep people clean, to shave with, or to make the hair grow, when it can be made at all, or to keep it from falling out, when it has been brought to that state by plastering the scalp and hair with hogs' lard, or any other form of fat, for months in succession—this same oil being "*good for*" making all floating dust and dirt adhere to the hair, when, in a reasonable time, a layer of grease and dirt is found spread over

the scalp, closing up the pores, destroying the vitality of the hair, causing it to fall out by the roots. Under such circumstances, the *Balm of a Thousand Flowers* is truly a useful article, for its thorough application will be followed by the growth of the hair, when it has been prevented from growing by accumulated filth, or by severe sickness. But then, soap suds will do the same thing, by adding a little spirits of hartshorn or alcohol. In our judgment, therefore, there is no *hair tonic* known more efficient and appropriate for the masses than a bottle of *Balm of a Thousand Flowers*, at one dollar, or half a pint of soap suds at one cent.  Similar percentages do patent medicines yield, with the drawback however, of their failing uniformly to meet the reasonable expectations of the purchasers.

IS IT RIGHT

FOR a religious newspaper to put under the heading of "*general news*" the following? It might be useful to inquire, was the article paid for? When religious newspapers go down to the trickeries of the secular press, and practise the same business morals, we may reasonably expect a decline in their religious influence. The publisher of the paper, and the editor too, know very well that this article has been travelling the rounds of the press for months, and all endorse the statement that it is an item of "*news*." Insidious untruth is everywhere dangerous, but coming from Christian men, from clerical editors, we may well inquire, where are we going?

The whole design of the article is to spread the name of secret medicines, and religious newspapers lend their aid in that direction. We simply inquire, "*Is it right?*"

Dr. * * *, in his travels on the Cape of Good Hope, says: I found very frequently among the Dutch Boors of the back country, * * *, which they keep hung up by a thong around the neck of the bottle to a peg over their hammocks. Indeed this seems to be their sole protection against the throat and lung disorders which are quite prevalent among them. I thought it a speaking comment on the practical genius of the American people, that they should furnish the staple, I believe the only remedy this people buy to use. Asking if they used the same manufacturer's pills, they told me that better purgatives grew all around them than anybody could prepare.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

JUNE, 1857.

[NO. VI.

We aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

DISEASE AND BENEVOLENCE.

POVERTY, disease, and crime herd together, while thrift, health, and position, are found associated in the same individual. The education of the street leads to the former, the education of the church leads to the latter; by which we mean, that as a matter of civil polity, the most certain exterminator of disease, and crime, and shiftless poverty, is securing to children the benefits of a religious training, of Sunday church-going, of ministerial visitation, and of daily parental counsel on church topics.

Of the two, a thorough collegiate education, with advantages of an European tour, and the being taught to read the Bible by a pious mother and there stop, we have no hesitation in our own mind, in choosing the latter for every child of ours, if we had the option of but one of the two, and would feel an infinitely greater confidence that those children, whether boys or girls, would grow up to be independent, useful, and solid members of society.

It is a common and strong mode of making an assertion, especially in the mouths of wicked men and superficial observers, "How is it that ministers' children are worse than other people's," or, "I have always heard it said that ministers' children are the worst in the world." The sentiment seems to be a conceded fact. But it is utterly destitute of foundation. The son of a minister becoming a derelict, will attract more attention than a thousand equal criminals from the masses; hence the saying.

So far from its being true that the children of ministers, or to have a broader foundation, the children of church members,

are worse than other children, it is the very reverse, and, as investigation will show, remarkably so.

A great many pointless sarcasms are thrown out in a certain class of newspapers against "Sunday religion," "Sunday Christians," "church goers," and "being devout on the Sabbath day." It certainly is better to be devout, to be externally religious, one day in a week, than not to be devout at all; better to manifest an external regard for the worship of the Almighty on a Sunday, than to throw off all obligation, and never exhibit anything of the kind.

But, after all, who are the charitable men and women of the times? With here and there a rare exception, they are church-going people, whose habitual practice is to worship in the house of God on the Sabbath day.

We look in vain for the erection of a hospital, the building of a college, the foundation of a professorship, and the institution of beneficiary operations from successful stage actors, play writers, gamblers, horse-racers, and circus riders. But turn to the church-going, Sabbath-abiding merchant, manufacturer, mechanic, farmer, civilian, and you will see in them the friends of good order, the patrons of the deserving, the founders of schools, the builders of churches, and the leading and patron spirits of almost every charitable institution in the land. And that we may not be lacking in facts to sustain our position, we may not do better than to give a list of benefactions made up from a very cursory glancing at our exchanges within a short time past.

1. A gentleman in Detroit proposes to endow The Fine Arts Department of the University of Michigan, and commissions Professor Bradish to proceed to Europe to fulfil this purpose.

2. Henry A. Farrell, of Philadelphia, bequeathed twenty thousand dollars to a Theological Seminary of that city.

3. Miss Elizabeth Galston, of New York, left thirty-five thousand dollars to various benevolent societies.

4. Miss Rachel Morrison, of Louisville, Ky., left two thousand dollars to two institutions of learning.

5. Miss Amelia M. Cone left four thousand five hundred dollars for charitable purposes.

6. The brothers Stuart, members of Dr. Alexander's church in this city, purchased a church which would seat eight hundred

and sixty persons, and gave it for the free use of a German Presbyterian congregation, who were too poor to raise the ten thousand dollars required.

7. E. H. Porter, of Memphis, Tennessee, has donated ten thousand acres of land, valued at fifty thousand dollars, to the Presbyterian college at Danville, Kentucky, having previously given ten thousand acres of land to a Methodist college in Tennessee.

8. George W. Johnson, of Louisiana, has directed that two hundred slaves shall be sent to Africa at his own expense, with fifty dollars in money each—equal to an estate of near a quarter of a million of dollars.

9. William Brown gives sixty thousand dollars for a town library, and in addition, appropriates a hundred and fifty thousand dollars towards erecting a free library building.

10. George Peabody gives three hundred thousand dollars in cash, and promises two hundred thousand more, towards establishing an institute in Baltimore for the moral and intellectual culture of its inhabitants.

11. Moses Shepherd left over half a million of dollars to found an insane asylum in Baltimore.

12. Josiah Bradlee sent a check for four thousand dollars, on last New Year's day, for the relief of poor old women, having previously given six thousand dollars for that purpose.

13. John Knickerbocker sent twenty-five hundred dollars, on Christmas day, for benevolent purposes.

14. David Hunt gave fifty thousand dollars to Oakland College lately, having previously given sixty thousand.

15. A New Yorker sent a New Year's present of twenty-five hundred dollars to the American Colonization Society, which will also have a credit, in a few days, for twenty-five thousand more, from Howland, Graham, and others.

16. Mrs. Abbott Lawrence gives a thousand dollars to establish a church.

17. Charles Cook has given twenty-five thousand dollars to a people's college.

18. A lady began nineteen years ago, to give a small sum of money annually to the Bible Society; the more she gives, the more does she seem able to give, until her annual donation is three thousand dollars.

19. A gentleman began, five years ago, to give a hundred dollars a year to the Bible Society, and has gradually increased it until this year it will amount to between sixty-five and seventy-five thousand dollars.

20. Not long ago, a gentleman offered to be one of four who would give twenty-five thousand dollars each, for the establishment of Furnham University.

21. A New York family has given twenty thousand dollars for a clerical school.

22. Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay (sisters) gave over thirty-three thousand dollars for various charitable objects.

23. Douglass Putnam, of Homer, Ohio, gives twenty thousand dollars to endow Marietta College.

24. W. C. Pierpont bestows thirty-one thousand dollars for the distribution of good books among the people.

25. A gentleman at Nyack, N. Y., has left ninety thousand dollars for benevolent objects, five thousand of which to a man whose whole "life is spent in the truly noble efforts to rescue from crime and elevate the characters of the children of misfortune."

26. Mr. Gray has given to the Boston Athenæum engravings worth twenty-five thousand dollars.

27. Dr. Wales has given his library, worth three thousand dollars, and forty thousand dollars besides, to endow a professorship in a college at Boston.

28. Mrs. Dudley, of Albany, has contributed a hundred thousand dollars for purposes of learning.

Indeed, space would fail to enumerate the thousands and tens of thousands which are steadily flowing into the treasuries of charitable institutions from living church-going and religion-respecting men, such as William H. Dewitt, Alansen Sumner, Robert B. Minturn, James Boorman, Henry Chauncey, John T. Agnew, Mortimer Livingston, the Grinnells, and the Stuart Brothers; while the gifts of Peter Cooper and William B. Astor amount in their life-time to hundreds of thousands of dollars each, for the diffusion of knowledge among men, and for the promotion of the health, comfort, and happiness of their fellow-citizens.

Among the names we have given, we in vain look for one of whom it can be said, He has no respect for the Sabbath; he

never enters a church; he makes a jest of religion, and sneers at its ministers. On the contrary, it will be found, with a rare exception, if any, that they and their families are regular attendants on religious worship on the Sabbath day—persons who respect their ministers, and who in all their charities act from principle.

As to the other statement—that the children of clergymen, deacons, and prominent religious professors, are worse than others, it is only necessary, to show its groundlessness, to examine almost any seminary record. Of all the members of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, two years ago, there was but one individual whose father or mother was not a church member.

Of one hundred students at Andover Theological Seminary, only two could say that both their parents were without church membership.

On a recent occasion, when seven young men entered the ministry, it was found that they all had religious parents.

Of 241 families of deacons and ministers, there were 1164 children over fifteen years of age. Of these, 814 appeared to be pious persons, and only fourteen were dissipated; and of these, seven became so after they left their parents.

But what has all this to do with a Journal of Health? Much every way, but chiefly this: the men who honor religion and its ministers, and who are habitual church-goers, are the men mainly to be relied upon in instituting and sustaining those organizations whose objects are human amelioration and human elevation above want, and *disease*, and crime; while the patronizers of the turf, the admirers of the drama, and the frequenters of the card-table, do, by practice and example, cultivate habits of drunkenness, debauchery, and gluttony, and not only ruin themselves, but perpetuate in their offspring bodily diseases and mental temperaments, which, if allowed to mature, would soon corrupt the race and depopulate the world. Therefore, the great practical lesson is, if you want your children to grow up in comparative freedom from idleness, vice, and *disease*, let their evenings be spent at home, and not at the theatre; let their Sundays be spent in religious worship, and not upon the street, or in Sunday “drives” or “excursions.” Let them be taught to prefer the school-room to the circus or the race-course,

and let their leisure hours be engaged in some instructive employment, some practical handicraft, or some refining amusement, and not at the engine-house, the street corner, the negro minstrelsy, or the ball-room.

We are anxious to be understood, and as anxious not to wound the feelings of any one. We do not mean to say that all church-goers are good men and benevolent. We mean that the natural tendency of an habitual attendance on the house of God is to elevate the character, and that it matters not how bad a man may be, and though he may be far from being a Christian, such regular hearing of a preached gospel will have a greater or less restraint over his character—more or less of a moulding influence for good.

On the other hand, while we admit that there are honorable, and high-minded, and liberal men, who, as husbands, parents, neighbors, and citizens, are worthy of high praise, and yet seldom, if ever, go to church, and look with contempt on religion and its ministers—we know of some such men personally, with whom we would trust our life and everything else with implicit confidence—and there are gamblers, and horse-racers, and stage actors, who have characteristics which we cannot but admire; at the same time, the actual tendencies, the steady results of these things are idleness, thriftlessness, profanity, drunkenness, debauchery, and almost every human degradation.

When William B. Astor gives ten thousand dollars towards enlarging the City Hospital, that there may be more room for those who are brought in with ghastly wounds, and fractured limbs, and broken heads, and follows it up with a hundred thousand dollars for an extension to a public library, where all can come, free of charge, and consult the rarest and costliest books in the world; when Peter Cooper expends three hundred thousand dollars of money, saved from the glue-pot and the iron shop, in erecting a building which fire can never harm, and which, to all appearance, will stand a thousand years, to be occupied as a lecture-room and library in part, where poor young men can come, day or night, without cost, and read and study by the hour, in well-warmed and brightly-lighted apartments, and thus be won from vicious places of amusement and idleness—and in other part, where poor women can come, and,

sitting by a comfortable fire and cheery gas-light, sew from early morning to bed-time, without expense to them, and thus be saved from the disease-engendering foul rooms, basement dwellings, and cold, damp houses, which make the early graves of so many of the industrious poor; when Robert Lenox devotes the annual income of his inherited millions, excepting what is necessary for his own personal expenses, to every well-directed benevolence which meets his sympathies (and long may he, and the Stuarts, and other *living* benefactors, live to continue their good doings!)—when men like these bestow their charities, there is no return to them but the sweet, abiding consciousness of good done. That good inures to others—to persons whom they have never seen, to save them from suffering, and to elevate them in the social scale. But the horse-racer, with his boast of improving the breed of that noble animal, how long, think you, would he continue in that occupation if he were prohibited from betting on the race, and thus all chance of pecuniary profit be cut off? And how long would the stage player walk the boards to “elevate the drama,” were he to be limited to the salary of the self-denying Methodist circuit rider, and more especially if the drinking bouts and other immoralities of the green-room were abrogated? And as to the remorseless gambler, he makes no claim to human or even animal good, outside of himself, as an apology for his occupation. He calls it a “gentlemanly amusement,” the trickeries of the trade included—the studied deceptions essential to success. As to honor among gamblers, what is it? No rascality is dishonorable to them, except that which is so vulgar as to be found out.

As to the influences which they all three exert together—the theatre, the race-course, and the gaming table—the very atmosphere of their locality is polluted. More—it is pestilential. All, both old and young, are corrupted by it; attracting to them all that is mean, and low, and vile, and driving from them in a panic whatever was quiet, orderly, and refined that happened to be included in their precincts; so that drunkenness, rioting, and obscenity, are left without a check, and all grow, and fester, and rankle, and rot together.

That we may not seem to be alone in these views, we close with a paragraph from *Harper's Weekly*, which is not a religious

but a secular paper: "The drama in America, from its inaptitude and rudeness, does not attract the taste of the refined, and from its grossness positively repels the sentiment of the moral. Its influence is confined to corrupting the inexperienced, or fixing the habits of the vicious. Entirely a foreign thing in its nature and management, the so-called American drama has never touched the national sympathy, and accordingly its bad effects are, fortunately, very restricted. It is only, after all, a kind of chiffonier or rag-picker, which fumbles in the filth of society, and gathers up the loose ends and dirty shreds of humanity. These, however, are worth the trial of purification, and it becomes social reformers to attempt it. What better proof can you have of the evil influences of the theatre than the rapid corruption which ensues in a neighborhood on the raising of one of these temples of vice? No sooner is the flaming poster stuck up, the doors opened, and the gas lighted, than decency flies it, as health would a plague-spot. The erection of a new theatre in a previously respectable quarter of one of our cities, is well known to destroy that quarter for any future decency of life. The private house is turned into the bagnio; the shop of honest trade into the faro, saloon, or bar room, and the playhouse stands a spectacle of vice, supported by its congenial aids of rowdyism, gambling, drunkenness, and prostitution. Verily, the national taste and morality do well in scorning the 'Theatre and its Friends.'"

WASTE AND WANT;

OR, THE PLAGUE OF SERVANTS.

THE rich save, and remain rich; the poor squander, and are poor to their dying day. The rich, especially those who have been so for a generation, or two, or more, are economical from principle, from inclination, from habit; it affords them satisfaction to be so. The conviction within them that it is right, safe, and politic, sustains them in their course.

But there is a class of persons who are of untold injury to society. They are not among the older and more respectable families; their names are recent; their origin nothing to speak of, nor indeed anything to be ashamed of. They are from

worthy, industrious parents, who made no pretensions, nor had desired to be considered more than among the common people. By prudent economies, long practised, they have become rich, and having money, at least in perspective, their children have an ever-present, all-absorbing, eating ambition for association with those who are socially above them—if you please the treble upper ten—there by reason of birth, wealth, and merit; and there are a good many such persons in New York. The plan of ascent devised by these children of worthy, industrious, and successful parents, and by many who, by chance speculations, have become recently rich, with their vulgar tastes still hanging about them, is through the agency of glare and glitter, and profuse expenditure. They dress in violent colors; their livery is in the extreme of fashion; their dwellings are of brown stone or marble. Swarms of servants loiter about their premises; while milkmen, butchers, green grocers, and all that, rub their hands with glee, at the fortune of getting hold of such liberal customers. Enter their dwellings of an evening, and we feel ourselves in a fairy palace. Gas-lights glitter from gorgeous chandeliers; gilded mirrors dazzle the eyes; the feet tread on the softest velvet; frescoed ceilings compel our admiration; while costly paintings, statues of Italian marble, slabs of beauteous “Sienite,” brought from distant Egypt, cover their tables, and delight us with their delicate hues. If these people sail for a season, they “water” at half a dozen places in a single summer, and at each become speedily conspicuous by the remarkable attention shown them by all the servants of the establishment, who were largely “*douceured*” on the first hour of their arrival, and who have a marvellous instinct, as instantaneous as it is certain, in aiding them to find out when they have got hold of a—fool.

The observation of all of us teaches that the end of such persons is speedy and disastrous. They succeed in nothing but in getting clear of their money, in kindling up a flame to enable the community to see them the more clearly go down into their original and more appropriate obscurity. But this is not the last of them. They themselves may be never heard of more; but they leave their slimy trail of pernicious influences behind them, to be felt by worthy people for a life-time. The servants they employed fell into wasteful habits, gormandizing

habits, habits of idleness and gossiping. Careless of fuel, careless of food; gas wasted, water wasted, ranges burnt out, crockery broken, silver battered—destruction everywhere the order of the day. Sooner or later these servants get married, and carry with them all these thriftless habits to their own home. In a few months, the hard-working husband—a mechanic, or drayman, or day laborer—opens his eyes to the unwelcome reality, becomes discouraged, idles about, takes to drink, and mutual upbraidings end in quiet desertion or midnight murder. This, we are persuaded, is the large origin of the wife-beatings and wife-murders so often recorded in the morning papers. This accounts for the hordes of neglected children which swarm our streets and besiege the charities of our citizens—for the crowds of apparent widows who drain the treasuries of our benevolent associations in winter time, whose husbands are not dead to the world, but only dead to the women whose thriftless habits were learned in the houses whose masters are in the penitentiaries and whose mistresses have found refuge in some retreat or asylum, if not in some house of infamy.

So much for the servants.

Look for a moment at the influences these servants have in the first families they enter after one of these New York come-downs. Almost the first question asked by Biddy, who has advertised in the *Herald*, is, "What wages do you give? I had eight dollars a month with the last lady—and a nice lady she was, too—but they broke up housekeeping, and have gone to Europe."

"How many have you in family, ma'am? what other help? I suppose you have the washing and baking done out? The fine lady I was with last, made the pastry herself, and we always had as much as we liked."

Then comes the inquisition as to privileges allowed.

1. There is to be an afternoon in the week, to go out and see some cousin, or brother, or other relation—the "afternoon" being from three o'clock until eleven, P. M.

2. Must go to church on Sundays, to return any time before twelve o'clock at night.

3. Privilege to have some other relation to drop in now and then of an evening; which means to have some beau, under the

name of brother, come once or twice a week, besides gallanting home on Sunday nights and *their* "evening out," to sit in your kitchen and enjoy your gas, and fire, and larder, until midnight.

4. Then, there is the occasional privilege. Who ever had a servant that did not have a cousin to die, or a cousin's child to be born, or christened, on an average of two or three times a month? There is an extension of privilege on these "occasional" occasions; Biddy does not expect to return until after breakfast next morning.

The influence which these trifling creatures exercise over weak mistresses, is amazing. They will tell you of the ways and habits of the "grand house I stopped at last," as a means of flattering you into an equal generosity as to high wages, profuse living, and little to do; and, before he knows it, the simple-minded master wakes up to a new idea.

"Husband! Biddy has been living with the * * *, and I am ashamed that anything should be set on the table a second time. It won't do to make turkey hash of the odds and ends of bread left at the several last meals, nor to make a bread pudding of it for the children."

"But, my charming wife! does not cold turkey make a good relish for tea or breakfast, and don't our children all like turkey hash?—why, I like it myself."

"Well! but it looks mean to be so saving and close. The servants will talk about it."

"My dear, delightful lamb, dove, angel, and humming-bird! it would be better to *look* mean, and owe nobody, with some cash on hand always, than to *be* mean, by squandering what we have saved these long years, for the sake of having the good opinion of a parcel of ignorant, thoughtless, thriftless servant girls."

"Husband! that's the way you always talk; but if our children's playmates get to hear that we are penurious and stinting, they will set us down as mean people, and not associate with them. I never thought we would come to this, or I would have married Charles Slasher; he always wanted me, and his father was rich, and left him a large fortune—boo! boo! boo!——"

"Wifey, dear! don't you know that reflections, and upbraidings, and tears, always move me in the opposite direction? Do

you know what has become of your old beau, Charley Slasher? One of my Southern correspondents writes me, yesterday, that he is now in the Louisiana Penitentiary, for forgery, with three years to serve. I don't want to follow. Please, say to the girls, their wages are ready, to the end of the present month; and that they are expected to leave after dinner. We will get another set, who will allow me the privilege of dictating in my own house."

Weaker husbands yield to tears and false reasonings; and hence we may see every day the red flag of the auctioneer waving at the door of the aristocrat of an hour, or over the remnant of his "household gods," in the crammed auction rooms in Nassau street, the morning paper stating suggestively, "sold peremptorily, on account of domestic affliction!"

Let all housekeepers who act maturely and from principle, reflect, that in keeping more servants about the house than is necessary for the work to be done—that in giving eight and ten dollars a month to ordinary cooks, nurses, and house girls—that in allowing late hours, and careless handling of crockery, and wastefulness of fuel, and soap, and food, they do but foster habits in their girls which are to be the thorns of their domestic life when they become the heads of families themselves. You do them this wrong without any corresponding benefit to themselves, and without even adding to your own comfort or that of your families; for it is the nature of idleness, waste, and extravagance, to increase in geometrical progression.

If the fanatical humanitarian wants to break the chains of bondage, and let the oppressed go free, let his sympathies and his corresponding personal and pecuniary aids, if he have any, find employment in rescuing our wives from the fear and despotism of the servant girls of this city. Within ten miles of the City Hall there is work enough for them all to do, day and night—a field white to the harvest to-day, and broad enough to give working room to every one of them during the term of their natural lives.

Is there a housekeeping woman in New York who is not in daily "fear," of some sort, of her servants? Rather broad, that question, reader. There is, at least, one family—our own. We have but one fear, and that is—that our "help" will take the underground railroad to Gretna Green, one of these days.

If our girls are not unbearable, we fear to "change," "lest a worse thing come upon us;" and, rather than tempt the untied, we put up, day after day, with a multitude of impositions of one sort or another. We wink at useless waste, and slighted work, and late hours, and loitering conversation at the hall door or front gate, "afraid to speak," lest "offence" should be given. Biddy offends you, deliberately neglecting your directions, wastes your property, consults her ease in preference to your comfort, and yet you live in mortal fear of giving offence; paying her to the last cent of what you agreed to do, and yet she making a systematic experiment as to how little she can do for you without absolute collision.

This plague of servants is a foul spot on our domesticities, and ought to be eradicated. Concerted action among respectable families would effect a happy riddance, as immediate as the total abolition of the Spanish currency, within ten days after the announcement of a passed "act" on the subject. The main points for observance we merely suggest:

1. That no female servant be allowed more than a dollar and a half a week, under any pretense whatever, in private families.

2. That beyond half of each Sunday, all time spent out of the house should be deducted from the weekly wages, in proportion.

3. That receiving visitors be confined to one hour each week, and that hour be from ten to eleven o'clock every Thursday morning.

4. That servants be rigidly required to be in their bed-rooms for the night when the clock strikes ten.

5. That all perquisites be abolished.

6. That nothing is to be given or received, bought or sold, at the front gate, or basement door, except for the master's use.

7. That the basement gate be always kept locked, and opened only for receiving orders for, or delivery of, family supplies.

8. That the washing of clothing and house, and spring cleaning—that all bread-baking and pastry-cooking, be required to be done by the servants in the house; or in case persons prefer baker's bread, and to make their own pastry, then a rea-

sonable deduction be made, for this diminution of requirement, from their weekly wages.

9. That servants be made to understand, that on chance occasions they are to do promptly, willingly, and as a matter of course, whatever may be requested of them, whether, it be in the particular line of their engagement or not, on the ground that their time is paid for, and that it is their duty to make themselves generally useful.

10. That all waste and brokerage be justly estimated, and deducted from their weekly wages.

11. That to every courteous and becoming requirement, prompt, and implicit, and quiet obedience be invariably given.

12. That no servant be employed who cannot furnish satisfactory reference from the last employers, which reference is to be authenticated by presentation to the person who gave it.

Here are a dozen regulations, whose rigid enforcement would deliver the wives of New York from an amount of domestic inquietude, and irritation, and worriment, absolutely beyond computation. It would replace discouragement with hope—a heart as heavy as lead with a buoyancy of spirit as light as a feather. It would give sunshine for clouds, smiles for frowns, quietude for storms, and endearments for belligerency.

What else would this revolution accomplish? It would break up habits of idleness, useless waste, and wild extravagance, and foster industry, carefulness, and economy, which would benefit the girls themselves in after life to an untold amount.

In addition, it would sweep away that horde of dirty, ragged boys, girls, and women, who, with basket in hand, go from gate to gate every day the year round, and sometimes thrice a day, for the "leavings" of the table, and which, by reckless and unprincipled servant girls, are always increased by portions of the best in the house—thus encouraging idleness and beggary, and adding daily actual theft to the same.

But then, there are obligations resting on the head of the family likewise, among the most prominent of which, are:—

1. Regular weekly pay, in United States coin.

2. A humane consideration for the prejudices, weakness, and ignorance of servants.

3. Special attention to their personal health and comfort, in whatever pertains to these.

4. The avoidance of untimely and unreasonable requisitions.
5. A benevolent forbearance as to occasional short-comings.
6. A kindly and unfamiliar courtesy in expressing every wish, and in enforcing every requirement.

None can ever understand as well as a city practitioner, the wearing, wasting effect which constant domestic irritations have on the tempers, and happiness, and health, of the wife and the mother. Drop by drop will wear away the solid rock; drop by drop will drain the ocean dry; and there is no temper however sweet—no spirit however buoyant—no health however vigorous—but will be soured, and saddened, and broken down, by the incessant annoyances which trifling servants occasion; and every husband, every father, every son, owes it to the wife, the mother, and the sister, who share so large a portion of their affection and their care, to seek the initiation of measures which shall rid us at once of the "*plague of servants*." It is a worm at the root of family quiet; it eats out a large share of the happiness of domestic life; and we recommend that every husband who does not give this subject an effective consideration, have a mark set upon him, which shall indicate that dissolution of the present marriage tie is his end and aim; and that while the servant plague is doing its fated work unhindered by him, he is unblushingly looking out for a new alliance. Shame on ye, gentlemen!

DIVINING RODS.

WITH wonder and awe in the days of our childhood have we stood gazing at a man walking over the ground with measured pace and serious countenance, holding firmly in either hand a prong of a peach-tree twig, uniting in a forked end, which was uppermost. As he passed along in a certain direction the upper end would turn downwards, fairly twisting a prong off in the fingers of some stout unbeliever. We were told that where the twig turned downwards, there was the water. There our well was dug, and there water was found. There was the fact, and off and on we have thought of it ever since, in even doubt whether it was an imposture, a coincidence, or a reality. A gentleman writes to the *Scientific American* from his southern

plantation as late as March of the present year, that his great trouble hitherto has been the scarcity of water for domestic purposes. He employed a diviner, who designated a spot within twenty feet of his old brackish, useless well, and has now an abundant supply of good water; closing by saying, "If this is a humbug, I wish most sincerely that I could be frequently humbugged in a similar way."

In a previous part of his concise communication, he says: "I have seen the divining rod point to a bunch of keys, or a purse hidden under leaves, and therefore think it very likely that it may also indicate beds of ores," and this brings us plump up to the subject of so-called "*spiritualism*" in connection with a note from a namesake of ours to whom reference was made in the March number as having invented an ugly word, if he has never done anything else—"VOLAUROLOGY;" what a mouthful to pronounce—one has to go away down his own throat to get at it. It just takes two Dutchmen to manage that one word. The idea is that *something goes out of man with power*, and that it is this power which tips tables and can make fat people turn round like tops whether they will or no—an involuntary waltz *solo*! Never having been inside of a ball-room while the "performances" were going on, we do not know at this writing whether it takes two to make a waltz, or if one is competent to the transaction; it is the turning round operation we are alluding to—perhaps it is the polka.

Mr. Hall writes: "With regard to me, you say, if I have anything *new*, print it. I believe the *agencies* may be productive of good not yet understood—that murders can be found out, crime detected, and that mental philosophy will have to undergo a change; that thoughts may be read, distances overcome, health restored, and ores, lead, tin, silver, and gold, may be discovered without instruments, many feet under ground. These metals emit a peculiar something, an '*aura*,' which is not intercepted by the soil; this meets an '*aura*' from sensitive minds, and they feel the different effects. Silver produces different sensations from gold, and gold from other metals. Electricity is known to penetrate the solid earth to the distance of ten feet. Over the graves of the newly dead, sensitives can see and *do feel* the decaying decomposition, despite the superposed earth. Baron Von Reichenbach, who has demonstrated the power of the magnet,

and made it visible so as to be produced on the daguerreotype plate, has shown clearly that every object in nature throws out an *aura* peculiar to itself, and when these *auræ* come in contact with the cultivated perceptions of the highly sensitive patient, they are seen and felt.

"Water can be felt fifty feet under ground, and by parity of reasoning, metals ought to be, as their '*aura*' is equally powerful. This is one of the new things I want to bring out of the study of the subject. How far I shall succeed, remains for the future to disclose."

If all the other statements be as wholly and as unmistakably true as the last sentence of our enthusiastic and modest correspondent, we will throw all medicines to the dogs, which, by the way, we would have been glad to have done long ago, though we are sure they would have had more sense than to have taken it. Hitherto, we have thrown it to our patients; for mind, this *aura*, when it can be "geared up" and the "reins" adjusted, is to "restore health." But there is another item we feel more interested in: it is the "golden" part, which will point as certainly to the place of deposit, as the peach-tree twig does to fountains of water. We have not the slightest doubt in the world, that this *aura* will indicate the direction where the gold is found in some localities. Can't exactly say that this is the point of difficulty. It is the getting at the gold when you have found out where it is, which has bothered us most. The *aura* in Gotham would always point to Wall street, but the more Herculean job is to get it out of Wall street when it once gets there. Millions go there every year, which practically, and to all intents and purposes, stay there.

We beg leave to suggest to our correspondent a more euphonious name as the representative of his thoughts on the subject. Call it, for example, the "AURAL THEORY." There is a silvery sound in that, while it is more philosophical. There may be volition about the "aura" of intelligent men, but there is none with inanimate objects. We know our term is the most comprehensive, sounds better, and is, critically, more accurate.

Odors go out from all things. Magnetic power goes out of some articles. The armature attracts the needle. Electrical influences go out of some objects, and enter others with great power. After all, there is some truth in all things; and as to

the "*Aural Theory*," we will wait and see, not wait and shut our eyes, for that power goes out of bodies there can be no doubt—that out of beauty's eyes, for example: we were struck dumb and blind by it ourselves once upon a time.

THE WATCHFUL MOTHER.

WE once sent a Sunday-school book by a lady patient of ours as a present to her little daughter. On inquiring afterwards how she liked it—"Indeed, doctor, I did not give it to her, as I have not yet had time to read it myself." That mother soon passed away, and doubtless to the better land, and long years have passed away also, but we have never failed to admire that mother's heart as often as the remembrance of her ceaseless vigilance has occurred to us, accompanied with the earnest wish, that all parents should emulate that mother's care. Up to the age of fifteen at least, and as long after as affection for the parent will prevent the child from doing anything contrary to the known wishes of father or mother, no book should be read by a child without the parent's permission. Impressions are made for life, for eternity, on the mind, and heart, and memory of childhood-impressions which mould the character for aye, or open up channels of thought which fix the destiny.

Untold mischief has been done to the minds and morals of the young by reading books on "*Physiology*" so-termed, causing apprehensions which have acted as a ceaseless torture to multitudes, until by consultation with honorable physicians, the groundless apprehensions have been removed, which had been excited by plausible falsities and brazen-faced untruths.

Equal care should be exercised as to the religious, moral, and miscellaneous reading of the young. Very few of our daily penny papers are fit to be read at the family fireside. Certainly not one in a dozen of all city weekly papers, not connected with a daily issue, but is chargeable justly with being made up with the veriest trash, to say nothing of their frequent obscenity, their slang, their spiteful hits at religion, its ministers, its professors, and the Bible itself.

A drop of water will ultimately wear through the solid rock, and drop by drop will empty the ocean, and so is the influence

of the repeated exhibition of bits of sarcasm, and infidelity, and profanation, which portions of the press are steadily throwing out. Not only are the minds of the young injuriously affected by these things, but persons of maturity, of intellect, of mental culture, will suffer by them.

It is not long since that the death of *Percival* the poet, recalled to many memories his early promise, his later failure.—How, with a heart, a mind, a culture capable of achieving great things for humanity, his light went down in the night of misanthropy and almost atheism! What was it that froze the heart and made desolate the whole character of that gifted man? Reading in the spring-time of life, the obscenities of *Don Juan*, the malignant diatribes, the ranting atheism of Lord Byron. Had other books been placed in the hands of this unfortunate man at that critical period of his life—books which would have cherished the better feelings of his nature, which would have invited out his sympathies towards his brother man, he might have died a Howard or a Harlan Page, about whom sweet memories will arise for ages to come, instead of dying as he is said to have done, an uncomely oddity, a misanthrope, and an infidel.

PARENTS! *Have a ceaseless eye to what your younger children read.*

AN EASY DEATH.

NOT the least of all the rewards of a life of systematic temperance, is that of an easy death. The whole machinery of the body wears out together. Its fly-wheels and its rollers, its cogs, its scapements, and its springs, lose all their power by equal and slow degrees. No one part runs on in the full vigor of its newness, while others are wholly incapacitated. "He suffered a thousand deaths in his last illness," is the familiar description of the closing scene of many. And why? Because one part of the complicated machinery had worn out before its time, from having been overtaken, or had been made a wreck of, by destructive habits or exposures. It is the being "*temperate in all things*" to which the sacred Scriptures attach the blessing of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come: to which we may allowably attach the meaning, enjoyment of to-day, ex-

emption from suffering on to-morrow. Present health and an easy death are the uniform perquisites of those who obey the Scripture injunction in the love of it.

No less a violation of the inflexible law of our being is it to wear out the throat by vociferous preaching ; or the voice-organs by injudicious singing ; or the brain by ruthless habits of mental appliances ; or the eyes by persistence in night study ; or the imagination by unlicensed delving into the "*hidden wisdom*" in order to be wise *above that which is written* ; or the stomach by taxing it daily with a labor it was never formed to accomplish ; or the hands themselves or feet by imposing a task on their capabilities which they were never made to endure ; we say these are no less infractions of physical law than are wilful violations of written moral precepts. As to the latter, we have an "Advocate" who can "clear" us ; from the former no power can deliver, short of the miraculous, and that, it is useless to expect.

It is the regular and temperate who live long. It is the very old who die without sickness or pain—whose lamp of life goes out as gently as the last flicker of an expiring candle. *Cornaro* died at ninety-six, without the illness of a day. Old *Aunt Hay* died among the nineties, without the sickness of an hour. The Rev. Mr. Davies, of England, had no disease of any kind during his life except poor sight, and died at the age of a hundred and five years.

If, then, we covet an "*easy death*" as to the body, let us obey the *Book* of books in being

TEMPERATE IN ALL THINGS.

And more, if we would "*die easy*" as to the more immortal part, the soul, let us still cling to the guardianship of that sacred volume, and be like *Cornelius*, men "*without guile,*" striving "*to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.*"

IN A HURRY.—"Doctor, mother sent me down to the shoticary pop quicker'n blazes, cos bub's sick as the dickens, with the picken chox, and she wants a thimbleful of pollygolic in this din tipper, cos we ha'nt bot a gottle, and the kint pup's got the bine witters in't. Got any?"

THROAT AIL CAUSES.

A RESPECTED correspondent writes : " I took cold three weeks ago, preaching in a draft. It affected my throat and ears also, so that in speaking I was annoyed by a jingling kind of sound. I was foolish in taking it as I did." We replied in part, " Preaching in the draft has destroyed many a valuable clergyman. You should make up your mind never to do it again. Stand in the corner of the room. Is it likely that the effect of any given sermon is worth a minister's life, when he otherwise might have lived twenty years longer, with the chances of repeating this effect thousands of times? Why don't you preachers study ecclesiastical economy more?"

We must say that clergymen many times act as if they were made out of steel, as if their health was impregnable, and that nothing could effect it injuriously. They ought to remember that they have no charmed lives, and that their only secure shield against the shafts of disease and death, which fly around all at every step, is a RATIONAL CARE.

TO BE SAFE,

BE in proper places at proper times, and mind your own business. With such restrictions, we believe human life is as safe in New York as in any other city on the globe. Nine times out of ten, the reports of persons who have fared badly, or who have fallen into the hands of the Philistines, indicate one of two things—an out-of-the-way place, or an unseasonable hour. A young man attends a private party, leaves at two o'clock in the morning, and is heard of no more. Another visits New York, and, with his pockets full of money, promenades the river streets alone, an hour or two after dark. It is at one o'clock in the morning that a man was "*knocked down, and robbed of several thousand dollars,*" with no trace of the robbers—unless you get him to tell where and what he was doing between the hours of decent bed-time and those of early morning. The fact is, a good many of the robberies fathered on large cities never took place. The assignation and the gaming table are the maelstroms of half the "lost pocket-books" of the city morning newspapers. In case of a "respectable" citi-

zen being knocked down and settled at two o'clock in the morning, the police daily report the transaction as having occurred "last evening," which, on more minute investigation, will be found to have been not long "*before day*."

From long observation of city life, we instinctively set a man down as a loafer, or rowdy, or a loose character, the moment we see his name associated with a "loss" or a "knock-down;" and we maintain the position until we have conclusive proof to the contrary. We never hear of such men losing their pocket-books, or of being clubbed or garroted, as William B. Astor, Peter Cooper, Hamilton Fish, Washington Irving, Erastus Brooks, Governor Bradish, and others of equal standing. The fact is, respectable men—men of influence and position—are domestic men; they spend their evenings at home amid their families, or in attention to the necessary duties of good citizenship. It is the man himself, and not "*the city*," that is the real father of the assaults and losses reported to have occurred from time to time. Not seldom are they men who have been intrusted with funds to pay out for other people; not always so, certainly, but this we do know, that if a man is courteous, minds his own business, and keeps good hours, he may walk the streets of every city in Christendom, and never meet a loss or receive a blow.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

To be old and to be well, to pass days, and weeks, and months without an ache, or ail, or pain, or grunt, or groan, to eat heartily every meal, to sleep soundly every night, and to enter upon every undertaking with the energy, and determination, and zest of youth, at the age of seventy-five, is a blessing beyond computation; it is a happiness worth more than millions of treasure. In fact, there is many a rich man who would cheerfully part with his wealth if he could purchase back the health of his youth. We knew a man in our childhood, who was familiarly called "Jake Allenthorpe;" he had risen to wealth by long years of laborious attention to business, but following the custom of the times, he was a daily liquor drinker, and as a consequence by no means unusual, he lost his health, and

died long before reaching a good old age. On one occasion, when under acute suffering, he said: "I would cheerfully give all I possess, if I could have the health I had when I was a young man and worked for fifty cents a day." There are thousands in this land who could make a like declaration. But it is recorded of Mr. Benton, that, "After a long and continuous tour through New England he returned to Washington on Saturday to leave in a few days for Vermont and elsewhere. (The thermometer having been below zero.) He seems invigorated by the contest with storms, snow sieges, ice barricades, and rather rejoices in the hope that the stuff in him may be put to new trial by fresh exposures. At midsummer he was in the West, traversing Missouri night and day, stumping after the most approved fashion; and now, in midwinter, with the same energy, he is defying the elements under the eternal snows which look down from the White Mountains in the East."

What made the immense difference between William Allenthorpe, the Kentucky farmer, and Thomas H. Benton, the Missouri politician—the difference of uninterrupted good health, and twenty-five years of life besides? The farmer took his glass of Bourbon whiskey every day, the old Roman never took a drop, but from principle lived a life of systematic temperance in all things, except when he made faces at General Kearney at the trial of Col. Fremont.

To live long, and well, and usefully, then, be temperate in all things, remembering that the only certain and effectual way of being temperate in reference to liquor is, NEVER TASTE A DROP.

COFFEE.—Just two hundred years ago (1657), a man was prosecuted in London for selling coffee, as a "nuisance and a prejudice in the neighborhood." There are a good many people now, who consider coffee a "nuisance and a prejudice." Are we advancing towards truth, or going back to it?

DOCTORS of almost every school are indebted to the inventive genius of MINTHORN, of this city. His portable gum elastic *syringe*, weighing half a dozen ounces, easily carried in a small pocket, is the most perfectly simple, ingenious, and handy contrivance of the kind we have ever seen; opening and shutting one hand operates it with the utmost ease. Minthorn is, however, greatly chapfallen. While medicated inhalation was all the rage, his versatility immediately fabricated the most convenient apparatus, and he found a ready and large sale for great numbers of them, to the admirers of plausible novelties and resurrected absurdities. In the winter of 1855-6, he sold privately, to persons in New-York, eleven hundred inhalers. During the past winter of 1856 and 1857, he sold but three. He says the word "*inhaler*" is a hissing and a stench wherever he goes.

"*The Scalpel*" is no doubt heartily welcomed back by its old readers to its comely quarterly octavo form. Tart, striking, vigorous, its mirth-provoking and highly instructive pages will make it a sought-for publication. It has one defect, and that so serious an one, that there are thousands of parents who would as soon see on the side-table a volume of Byron, Shelley, Tom Paine, or George Sands, as a number of the *Scalpel*, by reason of its repeated profanities, and ceaseless gibes and ill-natured sarcasms against professors of religion, and ministers especially. If its really talented editor will leave out this obnoxious element in the future "making up" of his wide-famed journal, we believe he would largely add to the number and respectability of his subscribers. If the editor has been more largely injured in any way by the professors or ministers of religion, let him direct his shafts to them individually, and not impugn the motives, sentiments, and conduct of one half of Christendom, for the malice he may owe to a score of derelicts.

REES' MEDICAL GAZETTE.—Will the learned editor of this widely-known monthly, by the large circulation of any practical article which he may think proper to write, such as those on *Tobacco* and the *Treatment of Burns*, be stimulated to a more frequent delving into the most capacious pockets of his memory and intelligence for articles alike true, useful, and practical?

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HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

JULY, 1857.

[NO. VII.

WE aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

GOING TO THE SOUTH.

“MR. EDITOR:—Having spent the past winter in Florida for the relief of pulmonary weakness, I will venture to offer to your readers some of the results of my experience and observation, as bearing on the question, whether this oft-tried experiment is likely to prove successful in the cure or the alleviation of consumptive disease. Every invalid who goes to the South to spend the winter, has quite a sufficient appreciation of the advantages to be gained; but very few have any idea of the sacrifices involved, until they actually experience them. Strange enough is it, that consumptive persons should cling to the exploded notion that a warm climate simply, without any attendant aids, will effect their cure. Yet this seems to be the practical belief of almost every invalid who visits Florida. Few comparatively abandon this fallacy, till death stares them in the face. We do not exaggerate, when we say that the life led by the great proportion of invalids whom we saw during the past winter, was a life of moping, despondent indolence. The poor victims of consumption, for the most part, do nothing but eat and sleep, and brood over every sad symptom of their decaying bodies.

“But, under the most favorable circumstances possible, it is seriously to be questioned, whether a winter's residence in Florida is likely to benefit more than one consumptive person out of ten. Let us look at the daily round of the invalid's life. If he wants any of the comforts of civilization, he must take up his abode in a hotel or large boarding-house. There is no alternative to this, but to camp out in the woods. At breakfast in the morning, one finds himself in the company of sick people. Hollow cheeks, emaciated forms, are all around him. Ten chances to one, the conversation will be taken up with the symptoms of disease. I have sometimes almost wished myself deaf, when forced to listen through a whole meal, to a de-

tailed account of some poor sufferer's maladies. One may be comparatively well; but companionship of this sort is enough almost to make him believe that he is sick.

"Breakfast done, some plan must be devised to occupy the forenoon. The best practicable thing, is a ride on horseback. You would like a companion, but think it better to go alone, than have the company of a sick man, to remind you at every step of your own infirmities. A lonely ride, then, through level pine barrens, is your only resort. There is no scenery to attract the eye, scarcely a trace of civilized life, nothing, absolutely nothing, to prevent your mind from brooding sadly over every real symptom of disease, and imagining a thousand that have no reality. *Such* exercise, submitted to *for the sake of itself*, with no ulterior object, is a poor prescription for the invalid.

"The day having worn itself tediously away, night is welcome, if one can forget his lonely exile and lose himself in quiet sleep. But often the stillness of the night is interrupted by the sound of some poor invalid's distressing cough, falling upon your wakeful ear, like an omen of the grave. Not even the night, shall release you from the dreadful consciousness that you are virtually imprisoned for long weary months in an hospital. Who, that has lived for a single month in such an atmosphere, cannot testify to its depressing influence? Add to all this, that almost every invalid in Florida is far away from all the comforts and endearments of home. No loved and familiar face is near to beguile the tedious hours of exile. How many have we known to turn their eyes wishfully back toward their distant domestic circle, and wish, but in vain, that they might only be spared to die amid its hallowed light. I must not weary the patience of your readers, though much more might be said, adverse to the experiment which so many consumptives are every winter trying, to little or no good purpose. For myself, I will say, in closing, that, after a winter's residence in Florida, under the most favorable circumstances, I have no inclination to repeat the experiment."

The above, from a professional gentleman of observation and culture, who had leisure and means to secure every possible advantage from a trip to the South, merits the mature consideration of every invalid who contemplates a journey thither, for the recovery of health. Nor should it pass unheeded by those, the multitude, whose ready advice is, "Go to the South," which to many involves not only the abandonment of their means of support, but an expenditure in addition, which is only to be met by large sacrifices and painful economies. We think the religious press, especially, would do a public good, by giving the entire communication a wide distribution.

SLEEP OF CHILDREN.

MANY a bright and beautiful child is destroyed or made idiotic for life by their nurses, in one of two ways.

By the administration of laudanum, paregoric, opium, or other form of anodyne.

By teaching self-abuse, in order that the exhaustion it produces should promote sleep.

Medical books abound in cases of this lamentable character. How to guard against them with most efficacy, is worthy of inquiry.

All children, under five years of age, will be made the better, healthier, happier, and more good natured, by an undisturbed sleep of one or two hours in the forenoon.

Children, under eighteen months, may require two day naps in summer time.

If a child is regularly put to sleep at the same time, for only three or four days in succession, the habit will so rapidly grow upon it, that with the aid of quiet, and a little darkening of the room, it will, if well, fall to sleep within a few minutes of the time, for weeks and months in succession—such is Nature's love for system and regularity.

We appeal, then, to every mother, as she values the security, the health, happiness, and sanity of her children, to adopt this inflexible rule. Never allow a child to be put to sleep by any servant, on any pretence whatever, nor permit it to go to sleep at any other than the regular time; and then put the child to sleep yourself, and, if properly managed, all that you have to do is, to take the child to a quiet, darkened room, place it in the bed, with a few affectionate words, uttered in a kindly tone, leave it, and it will be asleep in five minutes, without rocking, singing, coaxing, or anything else.

It is wonderful how soon a child learns to do a thing as a matter of course, when it is put in a proper habit by a quiet and kindly firmness.

By such a plan of operation, it will be seen that all inducement to make a child sleepy, by either of the fearful practices named, is taken away from the servant. To all mothers we say, you cannot safely trust your children out of your sight

with one servant in a million, and, least of all, to one of the plausible sort, who have a ready "O yes, ma'am," to every inquiry or request you have to make.

TROUBLE KILLS.

THE secret sorrow of the mind, a sorrow which must be kept; how it wilts away the whole man, himself all unconscious meanwhile of its murderous effect! He cannot feel that he is approaching death, because he is sensible of no pain; in fact, he has no feeling, but an indescribable sensation perceived about the physical heart. Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the British army before Sebastopol, the bosom friend of the Duke of Wellington for forty years; of whom partial friends have often said, "his character seemed without a flaw," such a man died, figuratively, of a broken heart. In a moment, almost, trouble came like a whirlwind, avalanche followed avalanche, in such quick succession, that no time was left for the torn spirit to rise above its wounds. The British government, quailing before popular clamor, left the brave old man to bear the brunt alone, because it could not afford to recall him, and yet, had not the courage to sustain him. While the tone of official communications deprived him of his sleep, weighed heavily upon him, and broke his gallant spirit, the failure at the Redan closely followed. On reaching head quarters, a letter was in waiting, which announced the death of the last surviving member of a large family of brothers and sisters; the next day, the death of a general, his old companion in arms. Next came the news, that the gallant son of Lord Lyons was sinking under his wounds. These things, coming so rapidly one after another, in the course of a few hours, as it were, caused such a change in his appearance, all unknown to himself however, that his physician had to request him to take to his bed, and within forty-eight hours, he—died, without supposing himself to be in any danger whatever.

Within a year, a worthy lady in Ohio, sickened, in consequence of some wholly groundless rumors affecting her character, in the community into which she had recently moved. She knew they were groundless, and knew the motives of the

miserable wretches who originated them; but her delicate and sensitive spirit shrunk before the shock, retreated within itself, and all torn and bleeding she died!

Within a few months, a most excellent clergyman found the feelings of his people so generally against him, that he resigned his office. The resignation was accepted; but all under such circumstances, that it was really a dismissal, and that, too, for causes which ought to have made every member of the community stand up to him like a man. Conscious of his integrity, and feeling that he had been badly dealt with—his sensibilities received a shock, which carried him to a premature grave in a few days.

"You are worse than you should be from the fever you have. Is your mind at ease?" said a quick-sighted physician, to a sleepless, wasting patient. "No, it is not," was the frank reply and the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith, whose *Vicar of Wakefield* and *The Deserted Village* will only die with the English language. Died at the age of forty six, of a malady of the mind, from blasted hopes and unkind speeches of the world around him! He was a man whose heart was large enough and kind enough to have made a whole world happy, whose troubles arose from his humanity; yet the base things said of him, so undeserved, so malignant, and untrue, "broke his heart."

In view of these facts, let parents early impress on the minds of children—It is not what they are charged with, but what they are guilty of, that should occasion trouble or remorse; that a carping world should not blanch the cheek or break the spirit, so long as there is conscious rectitude within.

And let all learn, what the commonest humanity dictates, to speak no word, write no line, do no deed, which would wound the feelings of any human creature, unless under a sense of duty, and even then, let it be wisely and long considered.

TYRANNICAL.—Don't talk about the despotism of Mayor Wood or the Great Mogul. A more inflexible tyranny prevails about our very hearth stones, the tyranny of the servant girls and the milliners of New York. If our abolition friends have any surplus of philanthropy, they would do well to expend it in "*ameliorating the condition*" of their own wives.

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.

ONE of our lady correspondents writes: "The June number of the Journal of Health is filled with articles unusually interesting. 'The Watchful Mother,' has strengthened my former resolutions. At present, I do all my own work, cook for five in family, sweep, dust, and build fires; take care of my two little ones, teach eight piano pupils, giving to each two hours a week, give three lessons a week to a class in vocal music, besides classes in the school room, several hours every day. In addition, I canvass for pupils, receive our friends, retire at half past eleven, and rise at five in the morning. But I find my eyes growing heavy, and my bones ache with servitude."

Who does not feel that a woman of such energy ought to succeed? Who does not regret that she should be called to perform labors so multifarious and so incongruous. In view of this, there are multitudes of married women not "wives," who may well hide their faces in shame, who, with no larger family, have a cook and housemaid, and yet, are ceaselessly complaining of how much trouble they have, how they are worn out with work; who can dilate indefinitely on the hardness of their lot, and who, without earning a dollar a week, complain of being tired of living in such destitution, and cry and pout by the hour, whenever a coveted silk dress, or beauty of a bonnet, or love of a point lace collar or cuff is not procured, on the slightest intimation of being wanted—we do not say "asked for." There are women who think themselves descending, to ask their husbands for anything; who want money placed where they can get it at will, without any account of its expenditure; women, who in the vacillation of business, meet the prudent suggestions of retrenchment with impatient reproaches, if not with downright epithet and rage; who never inquire, "Can we afford it?" who cannot brook the delay of a few days, until the "quarter's rent" is paid; who would not fail to be present at the "opening" of an autocratic milliner, even if it risked their husband a bank protest.

What was the manner of the rearing of such wives? As daughters, they were allowed to have their own way; every wish was gratified, every obstacle was removed from their path without any effort of their own. They were never allowed the

opportunity of a self denial, and were practically taught that the convenience and comfort of mother, father, brothers, every body, must be sacrificed to their own; hence they grew up selfish, impatient of control, and, too often, to their own undoing and that of their husbands.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

THAT the relation of marriage is the more natural condition of man, and, in the main, promotes happiness and long life, is demonstrated in the double fact, that unmarried adults do not live as long as an equal number of married people; and that there are more, insane single persons in our asylums, in proportion, than of married.

Whatever then promotes marriage, and tends to make that relation permanent, does to that extent advance the well being of the race. Hence the Scriptures hedge up the way of escaping from that relationship, when once formed, and admits of but one ground for divorce. This is one of the plainest intimations, that the causes of unhappiness between man and wife, when such exist, should be removed, not by dissevering the relation, but by the large cultivation of those virtues, the germs of which are found in every human bosom: to wit, a patient forbearance, and an affectionate sympathy as to each other's faults, errors, and weaknesses.

We commend these views to the consideration of those of our exchanges which are devoted to the revolution of our social condition, with a view to promote "*Human Progress and Well-being*," and whose "Tracts for Thinkers," as to the philosophy of Woman's Rights, Dress, Reform, Free Love, and kindred topics, are thrown broadcast over the community. We do not doubt their motives. We are willing to believe that they are sincere in their efforts for human advancement. But we are satisfied that the same intelligence, tact, and energy directed to the ordinary channels of undisputed philanthropy, would tell far more efficiently for the happiness of mankind. We do not think that we would promote public morals by a more definite requested "notice" as to the place, name, and terms of their publications.

IDIOTS.

IDIOTCY is arrested development. There is in all cases a deficiency of brain, a low physical organization, or functional disorganization.

The humane and accomplished Dr. Wilbur says, that out of a class of twenty pupils, only three could count ten. Their most universal fault was gluttony. Their great want is the power of attention. Many cannot talk; it often requires two or three years to enable them to utter a single word distinctly.

In almost all cases, home treatment only confirms the malady.

In three hundred and fifty-nine cases, all but four originated in parents who had brought on some confirmed disease by the violation of the laws of nature. In every single instance, the four excepted, either one or both parents were either very unhealthy, scrofulous, disposed to insanity, indulged in animal excesses, or had married blood relations. Let every reader commit to memory these five causes, for to have an idiotic child, how terrible the infliction!

More than one fourth of three hundred and fifty-nine idiots were the children of drunkards; one out of every twenty was the child of the marriage of near relations; in one such family five children out of eight were idiotic. If then, health, temperance, and chastity are not duties, then are we irresponsible.

EXPERIENCE OF MULTITUDES.

SOME months ago, a young lady from the country, of unusual intelligence and energy, called for medical advice. She had a pulse of a hundred and twenty, a steady bedtime cough, sticking and sore sensation in the throat, tiredness on ascents, unrefreshing sleep, daily pains and soreness about the chest, frequent attacks of sick head ache, fever and night sweats, palpitation of the heart, with other minor symptoms. She attributed her ailment to having gotten her feet wet at a peculiar season, some months before.

During the winter, when the roads in the country were too muddy for walking, and at other times the thermometer was

often as low as thirty degrees below zero, she would, rather than forego daily exercise, open both doors of her father's old-fashioned broad hall, and let the wind sweep through it, for some time, until she felt that the air was purified; then closing the doors, she would walk back and forth by the hour, and during the same season, would sleep with a window slightly open, regardless of the weather, and without any fire in the room. On one occasion, when a *city* cousin was on a visit, she allowed herself to have the window down and a fire made, especially as it was a damp, raw, windy, chilly season. The result was, she spent a restless night, and had a copious night sweat.

Seven months later, she writes, not having a single remaining symptom of all those previously named, "The prospect now seems to be, that my health will be permanently restored." The lesson of her letter is, "As I look back a few years, I can now see many things I did which were wrong, and how much I erred in not taking care of my health. Had I done so, it would have saved me much suffering. *Now*, I have learned by experience. Some will learn in that dear school only. I come under that head."

This article presents several strong points, for the mature consideration of all practical and reflecting minds.

THE LONGEST LIVERS

Are they who dwell in Palaces and Poor Houses. As contradictory, as this appears, it is not the less true. The reason of it is, in the fact, that, knowing they are provided for, the mind is at rest, and is wholly disencumbered of that eating anxiety, that care for to-morrow, which press so heavily upon the mass of mankind. The very rich and the very poor are not the healthiest; on the contrary, they are seldom entirely well; this indisposition takes away what little appetite a loafing life allows them, hence, for a short time, they eat almost nothing: this gives the stomach time to recuperate, while nature works off the surplusage, and by this double operation, they are made as well as ever in a few days. Hence, the best "Life Insurance" is to secure for yourself, at the earliest possible day, *a moderate, uniform, and CERTAIN income.*

DENTISTRY.

IN reference to the proper preservation of the teeth, J. W. Clowes, of *Abingdon Square*, offers some useful suggestions in *LIFE ILLUSTRATED*, No. 131. He claims that legitimate dentistry is a science; but that not more than one dentist in twenty brings any credit to his profession, because there are more theorists than practitioners. We desire to assure the candid Doctor, that his is not the only calling which groans and languishes under the incubus of "theorizers." And when he claims that "ignorance and laziness are two afflictions, which weigh heavily on Dental Progress," we can give him the comforting assurance that such afflictions are not peculiar to his favorite science. We are glad that Dr. Clowes speaks in such decisive terms against the literally "*dreadful*" practice of "killing the nerve." He says, with great truth, that the nerve is the life of the tooth, and that to destroy it, is the inevitable destruction of the tooth itself. We were in hopes that, all fearless of professional prejudice, he was going to abnegate the use of the "file,"—how we instinctively shudder at the idea of the harsh grating of that villanous instrument across our ivories?—but he calls it "blessed!" Only think of a "blessed file!" Now, if it were a "file" of "*Hall's Journal of Health*," there would be a literal "blessing" attending its proper use. But, Dr. Clowes may be right, after all, that the "file," in Dentistry, is a "*blessing*," in knowing hands—a curse, otherwise.

POLITENESS.

"How to Behave," is the title of a handsome thirty cent book of Fowler & Wells, which merits a very general circulation among the youth of our common country. It justly urges that the foundation of true politeness is in a kind heart and healthy body, that kindness is allied to intelligence, and that health is intimately associated with personal cleanliness, founding both propositions on the assertion, that "Cleanliness is akin to godliness." One of its sentiments, which, from its truthfulness, made a strong impression on our mind, was, "Unless children and youth are taught, by precept and example, to abhor what is

selfish, and to prefer another's pleasure and comfort to their own, their politeness will be altogether artificial, and will be used only when interest and policy dictate." We have frequently noticed persons to be crusty, haughty, and unyielding, when they believed themselves unknown, but become all smiles and deference on the instant of recognizing some acquaintance of position.

THE LAST WISH.

WE never fail to feel, when the powerless witness of the last gasp of the dying, *It is worth the effort of a life time to be able to die well.* And then, as well as in the crowded street, or the solitude of our study, we find the inquiry stealing over us, "What would you most wish, when yourself the actor in that last sad scene?" The mental answer has been so prompt, so frequent, so uniform, that it has become stereotyped on the tablet of our memory, and we read it off this beautiful day of departing May, *"That I had been kinder, more indulgent to my fellow strugglers in the great field of life."*

Reader! How is it with you? Let you and I begin this moment to practise that glorious lesson, and ravishingly sweet will be its memories when we come to die.

THE AIR WE BREATHE

Is composed of one part oxygen and four parts nitrogen. The former supports life, the latter extinguishes it. The more oxygen there is, the livelier, the healthier, and the more joyful are we; the more nitrogen, the more sleepy, and stupid, and dull do we become. But if all the air were oxygen, the first lighted match would wrap the world in instant flame; if all were nitrogen, the next instant there would not be upon the populated globe a single living creature.

When oxygen was discovered by Priestley, nearly eighty years ago, there was a universal jubilation among doctors and chemists. The argument was plausible, and seemed perfectly convincing, "If oxygen is the life and health of the atmosphere, as we have found out how to make oxygen, we have only to

increase the quantity in the air we breathe, in order to wake up new life, to give health to the diseased, and youth to the aged." But, on trial, it was found that it made a man a maniac or a fool, and, if continued, a corpse! Various other experiments have been made to improve upon the handywork of the all-wise Maker of the universe, but they have been successive failures, and thinking men have long since come to the conclusion, that as there can be no improvement upon the cold water of the first creation, in slaking thirst, so there can no addition be made to pure air, which will better answer its life-sustaining purposes. And as there is not, in all nature, a still, warm atmosphere, that does not instantly begin to generate decay, corruption, and death, so there is no chamber of the sick, graduated to a degree, that will not hasten the end desired to be averted. Nor is there an atom in nature which can add to the health and life-giving influence of the pure air of Heaven; for if it displaces the oxygen, in the same proportion does it diminish its life; and if it displaces the nitrogen, just to the same extent does it loosen the conservative power of nature, and kindles up a fever which is to burn up the body.

SYMPATHY FOR THE ERRING.

OF how much of our indignation against even a deliberate wrong would we be disarmed, if we could but know for ourselves a tithe of all the sorrow, and trouble, and disappointment the poor erring heart had passed through! What efforts were made in youth to stand up against the pressure of the world, and how, when fallen, from miscalculation, or an over confiding nature or want of tact, it bravely rose up and tried again; and when hard necessity came and drove it to the wall, how it looked around for help, and waited, still striving to stand upright, and fell while striving, and even when fallen, how it yearned for one more chance to rise and be a man, how loth at last to give up all for lost!—could we but see a thousandth part of these struggles, as they rend our brother's bosom, and almost break his heart, how should it disarm us of our vindictiveness, and incline us even to run to him, and raise him up, and stand by him, and with godlike forgiveness, bid him, in tones of encouragement, "TRY, TRY AGAIN!"

TRUE TEACHINGS.

OUR sons are taught how to make money, and our daughters how to attract attention; but little if any thing is done toward imparting to them that instruction which would enable them to preserve and maintain unexceptionable health, without which, the admiration of courts is a bare endurance, and the glitter of costliest gems as valueless as the dust of the street.

PUNNING.

OUR shoemaker is an inveterate punster. In a recent note to us, he says:

“I send the articles requested, and will take pay in journals. I hope they will *last* long, and that there will be no *end* to the wear of them; but whether so or not, I intend to stick to you and your journal like a *plaster*.”

One who can pun so well, not only on the technicalities of his own calling, but on those of one of the learned professions, and who has the intelligence to so fully appreciate HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH, must be a practical, finished, and philosophical workman, and we should judge that the boots and shoes of Mr. J. B. Miller, of three hundred and eighty-seven Canal street, New York, will keep out dampness and disease rather better than any others.

SCHOOL STUDIES.

HAD I the choice of only four things to be taught my children, they should be:

To sing well:

To read well:

To write well:

To sketch well.

Perfection in these will earn their possessor a maintenance in any country, and will enable him to amuse himself or entertain a company, whether it be under a rock in the desert, or upon a crag in the sea.

MORTALITY OF CITIES.

IN Philadelphia one person dies out of every fifty, annually.

Lowell	1 in 50	New York	1 in 27
Charleston, S. C. . .	1 in 48	Belgium (country) . .	1 in 46
London	1 in 41	" (town)	1 in 36
Baltimore	1 in 40	Sweden (country) . .	1 in 44
Boston	1 in 39	" (town)	1 in 28
Paris	1 in 33	France (country) . .	1 in 40
Savannah	1 in 33	Paris (town)	1 in 33
Berlin	1 in 32	In all England . . .	1 in 46
Liverpool	1 in 29	Surry county, near }	1 in 53
Manchester	1 in 29	London }	

The general practical fact apparent from these tables is, that the country is twenty-five feet per cent. more healthy than the city.

There is no large city in the civilized world, which has facilities of air, water and drainage equal to New York, yet more people die every year in New York, in proportion to the number of the inhabitants, than in any other city named on the list. We account for this extraordinary result in the fact of the crowded condition of the population, which most contributes to this alarming mortality. We need not be surprised at the result, when to this is added the fact that multitudes live in cellars, from one to three feet under ground, and these mainly in the lowest parts of the city, where the drainage finds its level, and where narrow streets are covered with moist filth from two to a dozen inches in depth---and in some places are encumbered with piles of corrupting rottenness three feet high, and undisturbed for months in succession.

That the crowded condition of the houses of the masses is more prominently the cause of our greater mortality, is deducible from the fact, that Philadelphia—not much cleaner than New York, with not half the advantages of air, and water, and natural drainage, having scarcely more than half our mortality,—has one house for every six and a half persons, while New York has one house for every thirteen and a half. Boston has nine, St. Louis and Cincinnati, each eight. That crowded apartments have death-dealing tendencies, more instantaneous sometimes than a plague, the incidents of the Black-hole of Calcutta

afford a terrible warning ; where, just a hundred and one years ago, a hundred and thirty-six persons were crowded into a room twenty feet square, with only one small window. In the morning, one hundred and twenty-three of these were piled up, a putrefying mass of dead men ; only twenty-three gasping, distorted living corpses staggered out of the dreadful charnel house.

With the greatest earnestness then, do we impress upon every citizen, and every head of a family, to secure for themselves and for those under them, at least proper sleeping apartments, for in these we spend the larger and more exposed portion of our daily in-door life.

At any cost within our means, the rooms we sleep in should be the largest, highest, lightest, cleanliest, dryest and most barren of furniture in the whole house.

HAPPINESS.

A PEASANT BOY once said he would be perfectly happy, if he had nothing to do all day but to swing on the gate and eat molasses.

The poet Gray is reported to have declared, that his highest conception of enjoyment, was to lie all day on a sofa and read romances.

Dr. Scudder, the great and good missionary, tells of one of his heathen pupils of seven years, that she said to her mother one day :

“ Mother, I have found out how to be happy.”

“ How, my dear child ?”

“ By trying to do all I can to make others happy.”

When a child of a dozen years we succeeded, after a long trial, in making and placing a marten-box on a building near our honored father's dwelling. The twitterings of this beautiful bird of a summer's morning, add no little life to the quiet of a country village. As vivid, as if it were but yesterday, is the recollection of the feeling that we would be perfectly happy if the martens would only come to our box. Happy for us, if our after ambitions had been as innocent as that of our childhood's summer.

The little heathen girl was nearer the truth than the peasant or the poet, for self was the god of their idolatry. But there is a still nearer approach to happiness than was embraced in her idea, a happiness sweeter (although subdued) than any that entered her mind—it is that of trying to be good, and doing good all the days of our appointed time, till our change come.

SERVANT GIRLS.

A FAIR correspondent from one of the most beautiful towns of interior Pennsylvania, writes :

“I know of no place where ladies work harder and are so much enslaved by the hirelings of the kitchen, as in this quiet town of three thousand inhabitants. Six weeks ago I hired a girl, who recommended herself as being very capable of doing work and exceedingly fond of children. I soon found that her capabilities consisted mainly in washing, starching, and ironing her own dresses, of which she never had less than three, with half a dozen collars, in the weekly wash. The second day after she came to me, she walked into my room to use my hair-brush. I looked at her with astonishment. She next went to the wash-stand. ‘Mary, there is a basin, towel, soap, and glass in your own room; these articles I do not use in common with any one.’ ‘Yes, but I like this soap of yours so much,’ replied the ‘capable’ Mary.

“The first sabbath I allowed her to attend church, leaving at noon, to return before supper-time. At ten o’clock she had not come home, so I locked up the house and retired. An hour and a half later there were voices at the door, asking admittance, but they were not heeded. Next morning, about seven, my ‘capable’ Mary came in, with many reasons for not returning at the specified time. She always came home before night, after that. But she would not get up early enough in the morning. It was necessary for me to call her, and even then, seven o’clock usually found her in bed. This was intolerable, and I dismissed her. She is now in a minister’s family, whose wife says, that ‘Mary is poor help; she does very little; we must call her two or three times every morning—but what can we do, we are so dependent on our servant girls?’ ”

From this it would seem that there is rather more trouble in being suited as to help, in the rural districts, than in the city ; but whether in city or country, it is not to be denied, that much of the worthlessness of our servants depends on the incompetency of their mistresses. The chief defects are a want of patience, firmness, and due consideration of their ignorance and infirmities. The best servants are those who are sternly held up to the fullest performance of their duty. But, while we do this, we should be considerate in our requirements, courteous in our bearing towards them, and prompt in our payments.

" FIFTEEN YEARS IN HELL!"

As, with a stamp of the foot he dashed on the table the pen which had just made him a bankrupt and a beggar, was the exclamation of a gentleman of sixty, who had been born and reared in luxury and wealth. This excellent man, in the course of business, had become involved, but was hoping and striving, as honorable men do, to "work out of his embarrassments;" and, for all that long time, he did work, and worked hard—allowed himself no indulgences, sacrificed his large property freely, whenever necessary to "meet an engagement." But all would not do ; and he closed the strife by saying, "*I am old, and poor, and have no home !*"

Not long ago, a gentleman who had failed in business, but had subsequently paid all his debts, and was now acting in a capacity which, while it involved no pecuniary responsibility, was sufficient to enable him and his family to live comfortably, said, "I am one of the happiest men in New York, and no amount of money could induce me to repeat my former career. I could not do it. The efforts to keep up the name of our firm would now eat out my mind."

Another gentleman, still in active business, who lives in his own house, and who is adding to his fortune every year, said, with the seriousness of a man who in a moment's retrospection had lived over the strifes of a quarter of a century of business, "Could I have known, the day I entered New York a poor boy, the cares and anxieties which I have had to encounter,

Manhattan Island, and all that is upon it, would not have presented the slightest inducement to undertake the task."

Within a month, a gentleman, whose "house," in a single year cleared six hundred thousand dollars in legitimate business, has been sent to the lunatic asylum, and has since died, at an age but little beyond that at which men are fairly prepared to live to purpose.

Little does the careless, and penniless, and light-hearted passer-by of the splendid palaces of Fifth Avenue, and Union Square, and Fourteenth street, imagine what storms of passion and of fear, what wrecks of heart and hope, what withering of the sweet joys and anticipations of youth, what a drying-up of the better and purer feelings of our nature these stately mansions have sometimes cost their owners.

"What did that house cost you?" is not an infrequent inquiry. "I am ashamed to tell you;" or, "More than it is worth," is a very common response. The true answer in too many instances is, "*It has cost me my soul!*"

To maintain a good name at bank, at the exchange, or on the "street," is an idolatry with many New Yorkers; and to that idol, rather than be sacrificed, men will offer heart, conscience, independence, everything. A good name certainly can never be overvalued; it is worth more than millions of money to the man in business, it is as much his duty as his interest to maintain it at any pecuniary cost, at any personal sacrifice; and it is highly creditable to our business community that so honorable a feeling generally prevails. But the error consists in men placing themselves in positions which present the strongest of all possible temptations to sacrifice independence, and heart, and conscience, in order to maintain their standing in the business world. Beyond all question the great, the most universal error of the age in this country is, the disregard of the scriptural warning against "*hasting to be rich*;" and this neglect brings with it, in multitudes of cases which we never dream of, the *premature* decay of body and mind together, and in the sweeping ruin carries with it down to death, truth, manliness, heart, conscience, all!—confirming the saying, "They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition;—which, while some coveted after, they have

erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." And again, "*He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent.*" "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."

HYDROPHOBIA.

THE gardener of A. A. A., Esq., heard his neighbor of Fifth Avenue, say, on Tuesday, May 26, that his son had been bitten on the cheek by a dog, and that he would not have had it to occur for ten thousand dollars. This statement made such a strong impression on the gardener's mind as to the fearful nature of the bite of a dog, that, on reaching home, he complained of being unwell, and went to bed; in a short time he felt darting pains running up his arm towards the shoulder; subsequently, on offering him a drink of water, Mr. A. heard him make a noise like the bark of a dog, accompanied with a shuddering. The symptoms increased apace, and he died in horrible agonies on Friday, the fourth day.

Nine months before, this man was bitten on the complaining arm, but it soon healed, and nothing more was heard of it. This shows in a striking manner, what an influence the mind may have on the body. It is possible that the gardener might have had the attack, if he had not heard the conversation, but it is not probable, because he was in his usual good health.

We should learn from this not to nurse our symptoms, nor to allow the mind to dwell on any bodily infirmity, but if we have any ailment to make every possible effort to divert the current of thought, by mixing in cheerful society, engaging in good doing, or by embarking in some occupation which, while it secures bodily activity, compels the mind away pleasurably to things which feed and engross it. Earnest industry is a necessity of our nature; there is no persistent good health without it. No man was made to be a loafer. The idler, the do-nothing, is a drone among his fellows, the curse of his kind. All have much to do. The time is short, and the night cometh, when no man can work. Be busy, then, one and all.

DESTRUCTIVE AGENCIES.

NEARLY one-fourth of all the deaths in Massachusetts during eighteen hundred and fifty-five were from consumption ;—the next greatest human destroyer was dysentery, commonly called *bloody flux*. Consumption is seated in the lungs,—dysentery is located about that portion of the bowels immediately under the stomach. Cough is the most universally observed symptom in consumption ; passing blood is the inseparable attendant of dysentery. The spark which kindles up consumptive disease is sudden changes in the temperature of the body from a heat above what is natural to one that is below. The most universal cause of dysentery is the breathing of a bad air between sunset and breakfast-time in warm weather.

The practical knowledge of these things, a possible and wise avoidance of them, would sweep from the list of human maladies the two deadliest of all diseases known to civilized life ; and yet, not one in a dozen can be induced to wisely guard against cooling-off too soon after exercise, or to avoid the breathing of an unwholesome atmosphere in warm weather, especially in August and September, with their hot days and cool nights. The result of this ignorance and inattention is, that the average of human life in the most intelligent State in the Union, and the thriftiest, does not exceed twenty-eight years, when it ought to exceed "*three score and ten !*"

SCHOOL OUTRAGES.

THIRTY years ago a schoolmistress, in a rage, caught hold of the arm of a little girl not in fault, gave it a violent jerk, and with a swing threw her to the other side of the room. To-day, that little girl is a wife, a mother, the accomplished mistress of a princely mansion, happy in her social position, happy in her husband—who is one of the best of men, but that arm hangs powerless at her side, as it has done from the days of her childhood.

Two years ago, a beautiful young girl, just budding into womanhood, was going to school in mid-winter ; she, with other

scholars, was sent out for recreation for half-an-hour, as was the daily custom. Not knowing any better, she sat on a stone step in the sun, and daily did so. Thus, coming from a warm school-room, and remaining still in the open air, until most thoroughly chilled, she acquired a permanent cough. She sleeps in the churchyard now. How many bright hopes have been blasted; how many an only child has been sent to an early grave, by ignorant, careless, and incompetent teachers, is frightful to think of.

INTUSSUSCEPTION.

TURN a stocking wrongside out part way, then turn it up with the toe downwards, any weight or force downwards only pushes the toe still further down. That is what we mean, by that speedily and terribly fatal disease, "Intussusception of the Bowels." It is an upper portion of the bowels pushing down with a kind of pocket within a lower portion. In such case nothing passes through the body, and death is inevitable. One of the most eminent and admired men of South Carolina perished with that disease; and so, most probably, within a short time, the Rev. Daniel H. Peterson, of the New York Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, a worthy clergyman of great industry and decision of character.

It is not the design of this journal ever to advise medicinal means, that is the province of the regular physician. But when ailments can be removed by any article of food, or by air, exercise, and the like, we feel free to recommend them. In a case of "*intussusception*," where quicksilver, croton oil, and other powerful means had failed, and for nine days the patient had nothing to pass through the bowels, the drinking of a pint of hot molasses, without stopping, gave immediate and permanent relief, without vomiting, nausea, or anything of the kind. *How* it acted, is worthy of investigation. The facts we know to have been as stated, and we hope our exchanges will give this a wide circulation. An attack of "*intussusception*" comes on so suddenly, we know so little of its causes, it is attended generally with such intense suffering, and relief is so seldom obtained, that physicians generally regard it with hopeless alarm. Per-

haps an equal amount of any other hot, mild liquid, by its relaxing effect, might answer as well as hot molasses,—success depending, perhaps, to some extent, on the exact locality of the ailment.

THE FRUIT SEASON.

THE berries, the peaches, the apples, and the plums—not only of these, but of all others, eat freely, as often as you can get them. There are only two restrictions.

They should not be eaten later than dinner time.

They should be eaten while fresh, ripe, perfect, and in their natural raw state, without milk, cream, sugar, spices, water, or any other liquid, within an hour afterwards.

Fruits are known to be cooling and healthful; the reason is, their acidity, like that of some other articles, stimulates the separation of bile from the blood, this causes an “open” condition of the system, the attendant of high health, an active body, and a joyous heart. Hence, if that acidity is corrected by sweets of any kind, in such proportion they fail of their natural good effects.

DIARRHŒA.

It may be well for persons travelling during the summer to know, that, in case a physician is not at hand, a safe remedy, of considerable efficacy, is found in stirring a little wheat flour in a glass of cold water, until it is of the consistency of thick cream, drink it down, and repeat it several times in the course of the day, if needed. Meanwhile, eat nothing, drink nothing, and lie down, if practicable. The flour may act mechanically, not medicinally, by plugging up the relaxed mouths through which the watery particles are poured into the intestinal canal.

Here, diarrhœas are often the result of the greater coolness of morning and evening over mid-day, and the injurious effects of bad air on an empty stomach; hence, one of the most important rules for travellers, in all seasons, climes, and countries, is, **NEVER FAIL TO BREAKFAST BEFORE YOU RIDE.**

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

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AUGUST, 1857.

[NO. VIII.

WE aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

SERVANT PLAGUE.

THE utterly trifling character of many of our cooks, nurses, and housemaids, is one of the chief ingredients of domestic inquietude. It makes more mad women, more grumpy men, and keeps up more incessant annoyance in a family, than all other causes combined. It worries the wife, saddens the husband, breaks in upon the enjoyment of the children, and keeps multitudes of houses in a state of irritation and unrest, which eats out half the enjoyment of domestic life. No wonder the disappointed husband flies to the club-house, the billiard table, the whist party, or the "saloon" of gilded guilt, where external gorgeousness pleases the eye, and delusive drinks steal away the senses—while the high priests of the faro-bank and the card-pack steal the purse; and lower down still, where painted beauty steals the virtue, leaving nothing to tell the tale but the bloated face, the bankrupt counter, and the blasted reputation. No wonder that young girls stray away to the ball-room, and young boys to the theatre or the negro opera. No wonder that the overtaxed wife fails, and fades, and pales away,—or, mounting a mettled nag, rows her husband up salt river!

Let then, all independent housekeepers make a strike for higher compensation for the monthly seven dollars paid the nurse or chamber-maid, and the eight dollar cook, who can eat "pastry" but can't make it, who expects you to get all your bread at the baker's, and "stipulates" that your washing is to be hired out; who gives you to understand that she must have loaf sugar in her tea and coffee, as "brown" gives her the head-

ache; who must have green tea for breakfast; that the front gate must not be kept locked, as it looks as if you didn't want any of her friends to come and see her; whose "perquisites" are all the "soap fat," for which she gets two cents a pound, made up of fresh lard costing sixteen cents, and butter at thirty-four cents, with an occasional slice from the sixteen cent ham, and the fourteen cent fresh pork—it being "understood" that besides the weekly afternoon out, which extends from three o'clock P. M. to midnight, she is to have a chance at church on Sunday, and the occasional christenings and funerals, averaging, as every housekeeper may conjecture, once a week, on which occurrences you need not expect to see them until next day after breakfast, stupefied with want of sleep, worn out with the all-night carousal, and far more fit for a bed in a hospital than for the duties of a house servant. We have observed these impositions literally in families, with many others as onerous; happily, for our own selves, such experiences have not been ours, having had the "help" of an excellent colored family, by birth, "Jersey," by profession, Methodist. And thus *we* navigate, not burdening the reader with too many particulars, rather designing suggestive hints. All our regulations are by "*mutual consent*,"—so there is no hardship anywhere. Washing, bread-baking, pastry cooking, every thing is done in the house. The washing of nine persons is completed by Monday noon. All our bread is made of flour or meal, not of cream of tartar, soda or saleratus; such things do not enter our dwelling, except in the stomachs of the people whom the use of such things brings to our office, so if we do not live *on* saleratus we live *by* it. Saleratus is a valued friend of ours, wherever met, except in our own daily food. Our girls visit nobody, from one year's end to another; they want nobody to visit them. Until nine at night, they read our exchanges or sew for themselves. At nine they go to bed, we setting the example, summer and winter, except on necessary occasions, for we make it an inflexible rule in our own family, to be a slave to no habit or regulation, good or bad, leaving ourselves to be governed in all cases by the circumstances of the moment—this only is rational liberty. Thus, we never require a promise from any member of our family, child or servant. We endeavor in plain, and courteous, and kindly language, to let them know our

wishes, and if not met, we never fail to notice it with the same kind courtesy, and to require a satisfactory reason. It is perfectly marvellous how soon children and servants fall into line, and scarce once in a month, we do not remember that once in a year, has it been necessary to repeat a wish a second time to one of our girls. Can't exactly say the same of our 3, 5, 7 and 9-year olds. Line upon line, and now and then the "tincture of birch" seem to be "indicated," as doctors write. Our girls do not expect to be waked up of mornings. They wake themselves regularly at day-light, and a radius of five minutes includes the meal calls of a year. In short, the faintest scintillation of upbraiding is not needed, nor remembered in a twelve-month. The "*range*" is dampered down, the moment the food is placed on the table. The coal in the cellar is taken up from the cellar floor, and the dust swept after, so at the end of a whole fall, winter and spring burning, there is not a peck of coal dust in the cellar. Not an ounce of ash or cinder is ever thrown there. Not a thing in the house is kept under lock and key. Sweetmeats, pastry, tea, coffee, sugar, every thing is open. We say to them, what you want take freely. Their faithfulness merits it. It is a pleasure thus to treat them. By a kind of instinct or natural tending, we cannot remember when we have given a positive order on any subject. They are so willing to do anything requested, that we find ourselves putting it in the form of request—"Mightn't it be well to have a turkey for dinner, to-morrow?" "Would it be much trouble to have some buckwheat cakes in the morning?" "No, sir." "But have you any rising, and it is a rainy night?" "No, sir, none in the house, but I can easily go for it." Now, my poor afflicted New York housekeeping sister, don't you fairly love our girls, "unsight, unseen?" As for ourselves, we respect them, and respect their lady-like mother, and their aged clerical father, for the wisdom and tact which they have exhibited in bringing up their houseful of children, all good, not a "black sheep" among them.

Said we to wifey one day, "I see no charges for yeast, for I can't tell when, what is the reason?"

"Oh, Hannah says the proceeds of the 'soap fat' pays for that."

Not long ago, we noticed that Saturday's turkey, as left at the

close of dinner, appeared on the table next day (for we aim to have no cooking on Sundays, except coffee, tea, and a little warming-up sometimes) undiminished; on inquiring the cause, the cook stated that it was smaller than common, and she and her sister thought they would eat something else, that there might be plenty for our dinner to-day. With such considerations and self-denial for the benefit of their employers, our esteem is compelled—while we are daily thankful, for the good fortune which has befallen us in respect to our “*help*.”

The Croton Aqueduct Department is a debtor to *Hannah's* consideration. She had read in the daily papers, that in consequence of the water faucets being allowed to run too freely, the supply in the reservoir was alarmingly low, and in case of any large fire, would be disastrous. This was in early February, and as soon as the weather became very mild, the water was shut off in the kitchen entirely. The consequence was, that next morning we had no water. She did not know that the cold had penetrated the ground, that it was frozen in some places to the depth of several feet, and that it would require at least a week or two of moderate weather to unthaw the ice beneath the surface. It may be of service to remark here, that it is a useless and reprehensible practice to let the water run during the night in a full stream, in order to prevent freezing. A continuous stream, which prevents the water breaking into drops for four inches below the nozzle of the faucet, is amply sufficient in our house to prevent freezing in the coldest weather. It will be worth the price of a year's subscription to any of our city subscribers to know, that our plumber, ENNEVER, 180 Third Avenue, thawed out our water-pipe in half an hour, by one of those simple, yet philosophical ideas, which the thoughtful mechanic so often throws off from the brain, without any tearing up of the pavement, digging frozen earth with crow-bars, and keeping fires burning in the holes for days and nights together. One of our neighbors was three days rectifying his hydrant, at an expense of fifteen or twenty dollars, to say nothing of the inconvenience of being without water, and having no cooking in the family for all that time, except with great danger or trouble. But we have digressed, and perhaps, transgressed, but as we wish to be practically useful in the way of preventing as many of the annoyances of life as possible, we

will offer no apology, but proceed to "resume the thread of our discourse."

"Once ago," as our little Bob says, when he wishes to speak of a past occurrence, Hannah wished a vacation, and "Mary" fell to our lot for a few months, when she became ill, and an opening was made for Hannah's welcome return. Now Mary was a maiden lady from the north of Ireland, who never would confess beyond forty, although really a "quarter" short. Mary was a *nondescript*. She had no visitors, and never would visit. Worked from morning until night, if there was anything to do, and yet hated work with a perfect hatred. She would talk you to death one day, if you would listen, and for the following week utter nothing but a "yes," or "no," and not even that, unless spoken to. Never behind hand in anything. Not a spoonful of dust or dirt anywhere within her range. Punctual to a minute with her meals, the year round. Honest as could be desired, careful to save every ounce of food, never to give an atom away, as she agreed with our inflexible rule, not to give or receive, purchase or sell, to the amount of a morsel or the value of a penny at gate, or basement, or hall door. This, reader, is a kink of ours, as being neither profitable nor beneficent. For what you have to give in money, food, or cast-off clothing, let it be placed in the hands of the various societies, whose members make it their business to bestow on worthy objects, and on those alone. It is the impostor, or the unworthy idler, who begs from door to door, three times out of four.

But Mary had her drawbacks,—at least one worth speaking of. She was a perfect wretch for temper and contrariness. The children hated her—absolutely hated her. She never was willing to cook anything else than what she felt like eating herself, and the very best of everything she would keep back for her own use—the sweetbread of veal, the breast of the spring chicken, the liver of the turkey. In short, she knew what was good to eat, and would have it. Mary's temper met wifey's temper, and the amalgamation resulted in "continued fever," as doctors love to speak. Wifey talked the fastest, but Mary beat her in the sound. How fast and loud it went, how the sparks flew, how the eyes snapped, how the lips quivered, and the cheeks of the respective parties colored, we cannot

pretend to describe. But, somehow or other, "Jersey" would always beat "Erin," and Mary would come up to our office in tears. "Doctor, I'm a lone woman; ye're a gentleman, so ye is, an I kid liv wid ye til I was as old as Methuzlejig, and the madam is the kindest-hearted lady iz iver I knowd, sept when she aint 'cited. Please, sir, I'ze cum to give ye warnin."

"Very well, Mary, whenever you are tired of us, your wages are ready; but mind, you go away yourself—we don't send you off."

For the next month or two, Mary would be a model. At last, sickness incapacitated her from performing her duties, and we saw she needed rest. Taking her all in all, Mary was a worthy woman; and to any lady housekeeper, who was quietly firm, and had no will of her own, she would be invaluable.

Looking over the whole subject of servants, we should consider their ignorance, and pity and bear with them; treat them courteously; keep them at a respectful distance; require system and punctuality in all things. Let them feel that your will is law, that no injunction is to be given beyond the second time, and that their whole duty to you will be exacted by you, as much as the last cent of their wages is exacted by them. Patiently instruct them, and always speak kindly, or if in reproof, even that may be mildly done; and when they leave, let certificates be given, whose literal truth shall do even-handed justice to the one who has left you, as well as to the household where she may next find employment. Such a course, would work a domestic revolution within a year.

POSITION IN READING.

It is best for the light to fall on the page from behind, a little to one side, the person sitting in an erect position.

All persons under parental control should be peremptorily forbidden to read by artificial light, except occasionally for half an hour at a time. This injunction would require no repetition, if parents could know as physicians do, in how many cases the sight is prematurely impaired, or actual disease of the eye is engendered, which, after heavy expense, and weeks and months

of starvation and dreary confinement to darkened rooms, is found to be intractable.

It ought to be known that reading by gas-light is very much more injurious to the eyes than candle-light, from the flicker caused by the unsteady jet of the gas from its fountain, and also from the particular tinge of gas-light. A candle flickers some, this is remedied by having two candles burning at the same time; they should be rather behind the person, the eyes should never be allowed to face artificial light in reading.

The habit of reading by artificial light in bed, is so reprehensible, if for no other reason than by its perilling the lives of others by burning the house up, as has been the case in multitudes of instances, that it is not worth while to address any argument to those who practice it,—whose absorbing, predominant characteristics are recklessness and selfishness.

Many read in the daytime, while reclining on a sofa, or in bed, this occasions an unnatural strain of the sight, which may very well induce organic disease, by a persistence in the abnormal tension. Our countryman, Crawford, is believed by persons most familiar with his habits, to have brought on the malady which affects his eye at this time, by the constant habit of reading in the position referred to. In seeking relief he has made repeated journeys between Paris and Rome, then to London, at which place, the eye beginning to protrude frightfully on the cheek, by a supposed cancerous formation from behind, has been entirely removed. Only think of it,—to have an eye cut clean out of the head, in the hope of saving life. Even this seems in vain, as he is on the point of returning home, to place himself under the care of some person here, who is reputed to be successful in cancerous cases.

CONSUMPTION LOCALITIES.

FROM information derived from many portions of the United States, the conclusion is clearly warranted, that all low, damp places facilitate the development of consumption of the lungs.

On the other hand, high and airy situations are largely exempted from this malady. The city of Mexico is many

thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the deaths there, from consumption, than in any city on the globe, of which we are informed.

The practical conclusion therefore is, that hilly countries, being high and dry, should be sought out by the consumptive. If this is a legitimate conclusion, then the last place in the world for a man to go, who is laboring under consumption, is Florida, Louisiana, or any other flat, wet country, north or south.—*See Hand-Book of Consumption.*

PEPPER

Is an almost universal condiment. Black pepper irritates and inflames the coatings of the stomach, red pepper does not: it excites, but does not irritate, consequently it should be used instead of black pepper. It was known to the Romans, and has been in use in the East Indies from time immemorial, as it corrects that flatulency which attends the large use of vegetable food. Persons in health do not need any pepper in their food. But to those of weak and languid stomachs, it is manifold more beneficial to use Cayenne pepper at meals than any form of wine, brandy, or beer, that can be named, because it stimulates without the reaction of sleepiness or debility.

AIR, WATER, AND EXERCISE,

THE three greatest medicines known, and the best;—for when employed in moderation and in proper proportions, they give health to the body, vigor to the mind, and lovingness to the heart. They brighten the eye, quicken the intellect, and elevate the soul. In their train follow a sharp appetite, good digestion, and sound sleep. The blood is purified, the strength is renewed, and the whole physical man is invigorated. They plant perennial roses on the cheek of beauty, add largely to the powers of endurance in mature life, and give to old age the bodily agility of younger years, with the kindliness of childhood.

CIRCLING KNOWLEDGE,

As to pecuniary condition, the movement is after the manner of the see-saw, now we go up, up, up, then we go down, down, down; but fashion delights in the circle, with most unequal radii, as erratic as those of the most incalculable comet. But knowledge is also circular. The present age knows a thing, the next succeeding forgets it; anon, a new generation springs up and claims it as a new discovery. We do not wonder that knowledge and invention and art, often died out in the night of ages, when there was no printing press to stamp it on the recorded page. But that useful knowledge should now dissolve almost from our view, and then be resuscitated with the claim made and the palm yielded for a new discovery, is at least of curious interest.

Within a year, the papers have announced it as the discovery of a Frenchman, that if a scion of a tree, or slip, has one end stuck into a potatoe, it seldom fails to grow. One of our earliest remembrances is of making the experiment with willow twigs. And even at that early day, we were familiar with the reason, that the moisture was better retained; we presume a turnip or parsnip, or beet or carrot, would answer quite as well as a potatoe.

Within a few days, another new discovery is announced as having come from France, for which high laudation is given to the ingenuity and perspicacity of M. Lundestorm, for making matches which rats cannot make go off, which cannot "go off" themselves, nor poison children, nor fill our premises with villainous smells. The wood is dipped in chlorate of potash, which, when applied to a surface covered with a preparation of phosphorus, (which having been kept at a high temperature for several days, becomes red and loses all its poisonous qualities) instantly ignites. A quarter of a century ago, before the modern match was ever heard of, we daily witnessed this striking of fire in the chemical lecture-room, by Prof. R. PETER, and now it is gravely announced, that "A paper was submitted to the Society for the Promotion of Industry, at Paris, which pointed out the evils and remedy of phosphorus matches, the

practicability of which has been tested by several scientific men." O yes, certainly!

Within a few years, hatching chickens by artificial heat, was paraded as a French discovery. The Chinese have practiced it for centuries.

There is much of this new discovery in medicine, that is no discovery at all, and instead of being new, is as old as the hills. The cures of various forms of fever, the breaking up of fever and ague, by the application of cold water, is heralded by the disciples of Preisnitz, as a new thing, as a mark of the progress of the age. All these things were told us in our youth, as the experiments of Allopathic practitioners of ages before. But considerations of humanity allowed the practice to fall into desuetude. Cold water is a too powerful, and a too dangerous remedy for ordinary use, and safer, surer, and more available means have been sought for. The ignoramus, the charlatan, the quack, the imposter—these are the people who trifle with human life. The educated practitioner acts with a steady and cautious deliberation; with him, the life of a fellow creature confidently placed in his keeping, is too holy a thing to be placed at the risk of random experiment or hap-hazard conjecture.

The regular practitioner, feeling the incompetence of his art in many instances, makes common cause with his brother, and considers it the business of his life to hunt out new and still safer, and more efficient remedies, and as soon as discovered, he throws his knowledge into the common fund, and the whole world is the wiser. But then there comes along, now and then, the mere semblance of a man, he, too, makes common cause as long as he is on the receiver's side, but the moment he discovers a gem, he secretes the treasure, and under the darkness of the night, carries it away to his own mean home, gloats over it awhile, then proclaims to the world its real, but oftener its only pretended virtues, its miraculous powers of cure. But what it is, he keeps to himself. He practically proclaims, "Come to me, or die." To place it in the hands of those who were once his brethren, that each one might aid the suffering in his own community, and thus its saving benefits be felt by myriads, who otherwise must perish, he refuses. And, with remorseless repetition, he exclaims still, "Come to me, or die." For this

reason is it, that the regular physician looks upon those who keep their remedies to themselves with unutterable loathing, and if their names are ever uttered, it is but to express a depth of scorn and contempt which ordinary phrases fail to reach. And yet there is a meaner crew still farther down; festering beneath all these, in their own appropriate rottenness—the men who claim for a remedy the virtue which they know it does not possess. And of a brotherhood are they, who profess, but do not truly give the constituents of their remedies, in order to have themselves ranked among regular practitioners, giving their fabrications some popular designation, when, in some cases, there is not an atom of the article named, in a gallon of the preparation; coming within these categories, are the two “cathartics and pills,” whose proprietors’ names meet our eyes in almost every paper we take up, secular or religious, daily or weekly, headed by some historical incident, or some startling expression altogether inconsonant with the main subject of the article. “INHALATION” includes *all* these.

BAD COLDS.

VERY many of the most hopeless forms of consumption are the indirect result of colds taken in the summer time, more perhaps, in the six weeks embracing the fourth of July, than any other three months in the year. The reason is, that a very little exercise, especially if unusual, causes large perspiration, and from that, as well as from that bodily debility which is always present in midsummer, the system has but feeble powers of resistance, and is to a great extent helpless against the onsets of disease, especially against cold. While thus debilitated and perspiring, if the person is at rest but a few minutes in a draft of air; or, if having been in a shower of rain, he is compelled to remain still, from being in a carriage, or from any other reason, a severe cold is almost inevitable. We have a long list of women, (especially at the age of about eighteen, far more liable at the critical season) whom no skill could save from the effects of causes just pointed out.

The same amount of “a wetting” in mid-winter, would not

have caused any special inconvenience, because there is something in cold weather which impels to exercise, and this keeps up a vigorous circulation of the blood, a condition in which it is impossible to take cold; and this circulation dries the clothing by the heat which it generates.

The rule, applicable universally is, whenever you get wet, especially in summer time, set yourself instantly in motion and keep it up until you can change your clothing. The best way of doing which, is to take a hearty drink of "something," or red pepper tea or other kind, the hotter the better, the moment you enter the house; and while undressing have the dry clothing made hot by the fire, lose but a single minute in wiping yourself dry. Dress rapidly, "take another drink," eat a meal, or exercise about the room until completely warmed.

To show how much out-door exposure in winter-time, may be encountered with impunity, it may be stated, that in March last, a party of Indians at Spirit Lake, Iowa, took Mrs. Marble from the residence of her husband. Her warm clothing was divided among the squaws, leaving her very thinly clad. In this condition, with a deep snow on the ground, she was compelled to march, and carry on her back a bag containing fifty pounds of shot, on which was placed an Indian child three years old. At times, when suffering from hunger, she would almost faint with fatigue, when the savages would point their guns to her head, and threaten instant death unless she proceeded. She was glad to get the bones which her captors threw away from their meals, and often ate the wing-feathers, plucked from ducks which had been shot. At the end of many days she arrived at a station in good health, and was redeemed by some traders.

The ABBE LEMMENIER, as a witness in an important trial says, that of sixty thousand pilgrims who passed the night in the snow, with their heads uncovered in a freezing fog, he did not know of a single person who took cold. Persons who are immersed, religiously, in open streams in mid-winter, even when the ice has been broken, seldom take cold; but jumping into a river to bathe, in the summer time, while a little heated, has often induced fatal diseases. Beware then, of draughts of air, wet clothing, and damp rooms in warm weather.

NEW YORK CITY MORTALITY.

	1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.
DEATHS from all causes,.....	22,702	28,568	22,787	21,658
“ “ Throat and Lungs,.....	5,648	6,174	5,770	5,382
“ “ Consumption only,.....	2,739	3,032	2,624	2,478

It was procured to be stated in a certain class of newspapers, in the early part of last year, that the number of deaths from consumption, during 1855, was twenty-five per cent., or one fourth less than during 1854, and that this diminution was owing to the efficacy of Medicated Inhalation. But on examining the figures, it will be seen that there was a difference of four hundred and eight, or about fourteen per cent. Still the statement was originated in New York, and published all over the land. But there were twenty per cent. less deaths in New York during 1855, than in the preceding year, from all causes, so that in reality, there was not as great a diminution of deaths from consumption, as there was in all diseases. This greater fatality in consumption might be attributed to Medicated Inhalation, with some show of truth.

Medicated Inhalation was in full blast, in New York, in the latter part of 1855. In comparing the consumptive mortality of the first quarters of 1854, '5 and '6, a steady diminution was observed, of ten per cent., and then of twenty-five per cent., and the statement was made at the time, that “additional skill in the application of Inhalation for lung diseases, acquired by observation and experience, would afford the most conclusive proof of its remedial power, for good.” As it would require months and years to verify these statements, time was afforded to reap a rich harvest from this false gloss, and now what does time reveal?

Consumption Deaths in N. Y.,.....	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.
For Jan., Feb., March.....	843	776	580	779.
All Diseases for 1st quarter.....	6,282	5,681	4,598	5,851.

By which it will be seen, that the deaths from consumption during the first quarter of the present year, were greater than during that of 1856, by thirty-four per cent.; so that “additional skill in the observation and practice of Inhalation,” for the

cure of consumption, has not diminished the mortality of that disease, but that mortality has increased in spite of that skill, by the large percentage just named. This presents a different view of the efficacy of Medicated Inhalation, from that given in the following item, which has appeared in many papers.

"The *New York Herald* says, that Dr. —, of that city, has been accomplishing the most extraordinary results in the treatment of consumption, by *Inhalation*, decreasing the mortality more than *one thousand* in the past two years. Deaths from consumption, in New York, for 1854, were 3,032, for '55 were 2,624, for 1856 were 2,357, showing an actual saving of life, truly miraculous, when we consider that this disease has hitherto been regarded as hopelessly fatal."

How "more than one thousand lives" were saved, during '55 and '56, by *Inhalation*, is certainly not demonstrated by the above figures; and it is a striking illustration of the blind carelessness with which many papers are made up. If the number of consumptive deaths was diminished in New York, for 1856, by 267, or ten per cent., through the agency of *Inhalation*, how can we account for the fact, that during the first quarter of the present year, the number of deaths by consumption was one hundred and ninety-nine greater than for the corresponding quarter of last year, that is thirty-four per cent.

Reflecting men will readily conclude from these statements, that the diminution of the number of deaths by consumption, was from accidental causes, that the later increase of that kind of mortality is from accidental causes, and that *Medicated Inhalation* has no appreciable agency in the changes which these figures indicate.

If we were disposed to resort to the *ad captandum* argument, we might insist that this increased mortality, of over thirty-four per cent. of the first quarter of 1857 over 1856, was owing to the large number of persons drawn to New York by the excitement of false hopes, and have only come to die by scores and hundreds, while *Inhaling*. Will the newspapers which lent their aid in exciting these groundless hopes in their confiding patrons, publish this correction, and let them see how things really stand? The real truth being, that consumption with other diseases, increases or diminishes in the main, with the increase or diminution of the deaths from all causes. To

claim a diminution from the agency of the practice of a single individual, exhibits a recklessness of truth, and an impudence of assumption, which richly merit the contempt of all reflecting men.

CLERICAL HEALTH.

HENRY MELVILL is one of the eminent clergymen of London, and an old man; he looks like a stout, burly, beef-eating Englishman, of good height, broad shouldered, erect, full cheeks, and of a good color. It has been his habit to make one sermon a week, an exclusive labor, beginning early, and excluding all callers from his study many hours every day, writing it out in full, adding, erasing, transposing, modifying, until it is ready for being transcribed by a secretary, to be studied on Saturday, and delivered on Sunday.

In six years past he has preached and published two hundred and seventy-seven Tuesday lectures, not one of which is to be repeated; his published "sermons" make quite a library. Besides the lectures above, which admit of no substitutes, he is chaplain of the Tower, chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, and principal of a college where cadets are prepared for the East India Company's service. These offices involve a large amount of labor, and yield a large income. And this is the secret of a healthy, hard-working, and enduring old age: to be employed in a work which is our meat and drink, with a handsome compensation for the same; thus the worker is relieved of all care, all solicitude, of that eating, heart-shrivelling, brain-wasting, soul-destroying anxiety, which attends a high, honorable sense of pecuniary obligation.

A minister in debt, or stinted for means to supply his daily necessities, labors with a mountain weight upon him, and no wonder that, with an average pay of three hundred dollars a year, so many of them sink, in this country, long before their prime, into invalidism, if not into an early grave. "He studied too hard," is the verdict of the people; *He died of want*, is the verdict of truth—want of that liberal and sufficient support, which would enable them to labor with a cheerful heart and a singleness of purpose, which are essential to high success in any human calling.

We have seen lately, a statement that some seventeen Methodist churches were closed in a small district in New England. Of two hundred Baptist clergymen in Massachusetts, only twenty receive salaries exceeding three hundred and fifty dollars. And when it is remembered, that nine or ten years must be spent, with several thousand dollars in money, to qualify these men for their office, it is a burning shame, a living disgrace to church members of all denominations, that such a niggardly provision is made for those learned, talented, self-denying men, who are the salt of the earth, and without whose personal labors, in introducing the people into the knowledge of social, domestic, and civil duties, duties to each other, and duties to the state, as founded on Bible principles, this Democratic government of ours would go to pieces within any five years. We repeat it, as the dishonor of every law-abiding citizen, of every true lover of our Republican institutions, that the men to whose daily lives and labors, and weekly preaching, we owe so much, are permitted, in so many instances, to eke out a painful subsistence by resorting to various kinds of labor, that they may not become bankrupt at the end of any year. The hardest toil of all, for daily bread, is the toil of the brain. But to have to endure it, under the daily influence of skimpy food and clothing, is hard indeed. Well is it, that these men have something to feed upon, of which the *world* knows nothing, the hope of immortal bliss beyond, in the bosom of their Father, who is the King of all worlds.

THE TRUE PHYSICIAN

Is sadly forgetful of his high mission, who supposes that his aim and duty end in relieving the ailments of those who seek his assistance from day to day ; that should be regarded as only the means to higher ends, the means of experience and wisdom and leisure to institute measures for the discovery and removal of causes, which, in their silent and stealthy progress, have in all past time, eaten out the vitality of families, and nations, and races, which once lived in glory, but of which, the habitable globe affords not now a single living relic.

SOME HEALTH PRINCIPLES.

No small share of disease and suffering is owing to the error of one man making another's experience a guide for himself, in matters pertaining to bodily health. Nothing can be more true, than that one may do with impunity, what would kill another. We know a lady who will instantly take cold, if she passes across a room or hall which has just been washed. The life of such a person would seem to hang on a very uncertain tenure. But, like a true philosopher, having found that passing through a recently washed room gives her a cold, she simply avoids it, and now, at the full age of three score years and ten, scarcely misses a meal from sickness, in a whole year.

When a man finds out that his constitution is a frail one, his wisest plan is to study its infirmities, to find out its weak points, and like a beleaguered general, the winner of a hundred victories, be always on his guard as to those weak points. An old hat is never made better by being banged about, while by care, it may be made to look *respectable* for years longer. A worn out horse obtains no re-invigoration by hard usage. A man's body, whether frail or strong, is made capable of greater endurance by being well watched over. And take our word for it:

The best way to harden the constitution is to take care of it.

That the popular sentiment should prevail that the human constitution is hardened by exposure, when there is nothing like it in the whole range of animated nature, must be classed among the unaccountabilities.

Some men thrive in spite of a given evil habit. This arises from two distinct causes, a vigorous constitution, or from the nature of the human body to adapt itself to the evils of life.

One man may chew tobacco largely, and live to the age of seventy years; another may survive a glass of grog at every meal, or may take a *regular spree* at certain intervals, and yet seem hale and hearty at the end of three score and ten; while a fourth may live equally long, who sits up late and never rises before noon. But it is the utmost of folly to conclude that these are healthy practices, or that they are even innocu-

ous. Multitudes adopt certain habits of life, on the ground that they *are healthy*, because others are healthy who have adopted them, not taking into account the difference of constitution, and least of all, the difference of habits of life. A weakly youth of Fifth Avenue, who *never did a hand's turn in his life*, is placed to feed on pure, rich milk, fresh eggs, and newly-made butter, on the ground that farming people have robust health who eat such things habitually, if indeed, such diet be not a myth in these latitudes. But to have a farmer's health, it is not sufficient that we eat what farmers eat, we must in addition, dress and work as farmers do, otherwise an ordinary farmer's diet will kill off these *halfimitators* in double quick time.

These sentiments will strike the common observer as being justly true, and by taking *the principle of the thing* as our guide, we shall be saved from many dangerous errors in reference to human health. We have of late, seen several pernicious practices inculcated in the newspapers, made pernicious by this glaring want of consideration.

Cotton stockings are recommended to be worn in winter, in a recent medical journal, as being more healthful, comfortable, and safe than woolen. The reason the author gives for his advice is, the benefit he derived from the change, corroborated, as he thinks, by the fact that a clergyman who made the change by his counsel, was relieved of a troublesome throat-affection. It would seem incredible that any one of experience should hazard such a rule of health, on such a trifling foundation. The reader has only to try the experiment. Now and then, there may be a person who will be benefitted by the change, but there will be a thousand to be injured by it. We all know that the feet of some are habitually cold, of others dry, of others damp, of others hot, and to recommend cotton stockings in winter, as best for all, or even for a majority, is unpardonable recklessness, or it is the result of inexcusable inexperience. So critical a thing is the change of a covering for the feet, at times, that we never advise any specific change in that respect; we uniformly say, *try both, and adopt that which is most comfortable to yourself*. In our practice as a physician, we strive, at least to give no killing advice, even if we do no good.

To make the illustration more impressive, we give the fact that JOHN FORD, of Auburn, New York, has gone barefooted for

two winters. His feet become warmer as colder weather is setting in. He wears shoes in summer, but cannot be induced to do so in winter time. One of the most estimable citizens of our native village, now living, approaching his eightieth year, WILLIAM S. BRYAN, Esq., used to get up on the coldest nights, and walk barefoot over the snow, to cool his feet. The celebrated weatherologist, E. M., writes to the *Journal of Commerce* of the "cold Sunday" night, January 18th, 1857: "Notwithstanding the great refrigerating power of the wind on Brooklyn Heights, when the thermometer was at zero, I continued my observations hourly, throughout the night, clad in my thin, cotton night-dress, with bare feet, except loose slippers, and was at times, five minutes in the open air, without feeling the least sensation of cold."

Mr. Merriam is an old man, in apparent good health; but who does not know that such an exposure would kill half the people in the land? To conclude that such a practice was *healthy*, because it was his habit, and he maintains good health, would be just as wise as to commence drinking liquor habitually, or chewing tobacco, or taking snuff, or any other filthy habit, simply because persons who have persisted in these things have grown old.

This same gentleman writes from Albany, N. Y., a few days later, with the thermometer at thirty degrees below zero.

"I walked three miles this morning in the open air, before sunrise, without any overcoat, and with the same dress I wore in July and August, without feeling cold.

"In the early part of next week, if the roads are passable, I proceed to the Adirondack and other mountains, clad in my Summer costume, and anticipate no difficulty as to cold."

The ability to do such things with impunity, is the result of what is termed an "*Idiosyncrasy*," that is, *something peculiar*, or as Dr. Reese expresses it, with greater scientific accuracy, in his *Medical Lexicon*, now among our standard works, a "*morbid singularity of constitution*."

It is well known that some crazy people can endure a degree of cold which would destroy healthy life in an hour.

Some persons survive a cold shower-bath of a winter's morning: the same would send multitudes to their grave in a

week, and make other multitudes invalids for life. In summing up the whole matter, our advice is,

1st. If you are well, let yourself alone.

2d. If you are not well, make no change in any of your habits without consulting an educated physician.

3d. Do not take it for granted that any habit or practice is advisable for *you*, simply because *others* have health in their observance. But if you want to make the experiment, *first place yourself in all their conditions.*

OUR SUNSHINE.

A WORTHY dominie, whose heart flows over with lovingness towards all his kind, writes, "I send my subscription to keep the machinery in operation for 1857. Ever since I got a little of your sunshine, I have desired its continuance. Whether in *propria personæ*, or through the medium of the press, it always does me good. I hope ere long to hold the veritable luminary by the hand, and would be glad to see your face in my study, as of yore."

RUST

Is best removed from knives, &c., by rotten-stone and oil; it is prevented as to stoves and grates, when put away in damp places for the summer time, by painting them with a mixture of three parts of lard and one part of rosin, melted together; but the best way to keep men from rusting, is to give them steady employment of an active, pleasurable, and profitable character; without this, the health declines, the mind is enervated, and life itself is eaten out before its time.

Better far, to wear out in moderate and useful activities, than to rust out in inglorious ease. Sun, moon and stars; air, earth and ocean; rill and river; cascade and cataract; all, by their ceaseless motion, live. There is not an atom wholly idle in the wide universe. Nor should man be. They are for time. He for eternity. Their destiny is fixed for them. Man makes his own, according to the work of his hands.

THE PATRIARCH'S LETTER.

DOCTOR HALL:—I received your June Journal yesterday. Thanks for your kind attention. How old are you? where did your father live sixty years ago? Where were you born? With my soul, body and spirit, I subscribe to every letter in your first article in this number, *Disease and Benevolence*. I was intimate with the Misses Jay and Gelston, fifty-five years ago. John Jay and family prayed to God in old Trinity. David Gelston and family, Robert Lenox, Senior, and family, prayed to God in the old Wall Street Church, Dr. Rodgers, Pastor; while Dr. John M. Mason prayed, and I read, line by line, and set the tune to the old Scottish version of David's Psalms, as sung by the Covenanters, in sixteen hundred and sixty-six. Dr. Mason's church was in Cedar Street, between Nassau and Broadway.

I landed in New York in June, in seventeen hundred and ninety-four; Dutch laws, Dutch language, Dutch customs, and Dutch preaching reigned paramount. I was much annoyed by the tooth-ache. The Dutch vrows advised me to smoke the pipe. It eased the pain. So I have continued to smoke five pipes every twenty-four hours, to the present day. Dr. Branbread says that tobacco is a slow poison; in my case he is correct.

I never was drunk in my life. Having cleared my dinner-plate of one-half its contents, I walk in the yard, smoke ten minutes, and cut wood with a buck and saw, fifteen. In long days and warm weather, sleep from two to three, P. M. Retire at nine, and rise at six. I have been only ten days confined to bed by indisposition, during the sixty-four years just passed.

I drink one pint of coffee with sugar, no milk, at breakfast, one pint without milk or sugar at dinner, and one pint through the afternoon and evening. I never drink cold water, and seldom swallow anything hotter than blood. I walk without a staff. I sleep without rocking, and eat my food without brandy, or bitters. I know what kills one man, may cure another, but such has been my manner of life during twenty years, just past.

All the hospitals and institutions for mitigating the miseries of man, are the fruits of Christianity. Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and Fanny Wright, never gave a dollar to any useful purpose, as far as I know.

N. B.—When you see my young friends, Doctors Francis and Mott, tell them I am well, and prefer beefsteak to Brandreth's pills.

I am now living with my third wife, a buxom Yankee lass, of forty-two summers, thus meeting me half way. She is a

daughter of the Puritans, a lady by birth, education, and refinement. She reads Shakespeare, as I think, better than Fanny Kemble. This day, twelfth June, we are four years married, with the honeymoon still in the ascendant.

GRANT THORBURN.

New Haven, Conn., June, 1857.

Thus writes the hero of "*Laurie Todd*," in his eighty-fifth year, in a bold, clear hand, every letter fully formed, every word correctly spelled, and every punctuation well placed. With a heart so joyous, on good foundation, and a spirit so buoyant, may we enter the frosty years, a full half-century hence.

FELON MANUFACTORY.

WHOSE children people our Penitentiaries? They are those of parents who were too indulgent, or too proud, or too indifferent, to bring up their children to some honest trade. Of the six hundred crushed and blasted creatures in the Ohio Penitentiary, whose days are spent in bootless and ignominious toil, and whose narrow night-dungeon is the mute witness of demoniac defiance, or unavailing remorse; of vain curses, fierce and deep, or of feeding on the fires of sharp pointed memories—two-thirds never knew a trade, five-sixths are unable to read or write. How much of truth is there in Franklin's reputed saying, "He who fails to teach his child a trade, teaches him to become a scoundrel!"

BENEDICTINE.

WE propose to "Lord" Alexander, of Kentucky, the Lenox, the Stuart, the Douglass, and other millionaire bachelors, to Howardize themselves, by founding an institution for qualifying American born girls to be cooks, nurses and housemaids, and thus, in some slight measure, atone for their celibate dereliction, and the wives of New York will rear a monument to their memories, more immortal than the pyramids

REVIEWS, NOTICES, &c.

HOW TO WRITE—HOW TO TALK—HOW TO BEHAVE—HOW TO DO BUSINESS.—Four volumes, thirty cents each, or the four for one dollar. By Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, New York. These are useful books, and well worthy of a place in the library of every young man and woman in the land.

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We commend to our subscribers, scattered throughout the wide West, that excellent Agricultural Weekly, *The Ohio Farmer*, published at Cleveland, O., at two dollars a year. American Agriculturist does not reach us.

We are indebted to our indefatigable City Inspector, G. W. MORTON, Esq., for Mortality Reports for 1855, bound in muslin; and also, to Mr. Geo. T. Falls, his Secretary, for an accurate and neatly-prepared abstract of items for 1857—from all of which, we are selecting some suggestive facts for a future number. Will the proper authorities hurry up the "Reports" for 1856.

THE MESSRS. WOOD, of 389 Broadway, have issued the second edition, revised and improved, of *Brown's Grammar of English Grammar*, 1070 pages, 8vo, with a beautifully-executed engraving of the Author, lately deceased. It is sent, p. p., for Five Dollars, and is believed, by many of the first scholars in the land, to be the most complete and elaborate English Grammar ever published. It should be in the library of every professional man in the country, of every scholar, and of every teacher, who can at all afford it. We will notice it again.

DINSMORE'S RAILWAY GUIDE, 9 Spruce street, arranged monthly, gives every desired information as to all the lines of travel in the Union. An indispensable vade mecum, in the travelling season especially.

SEWING MACHINES, at \$75 each, are for the rich only, and they do not want them, unless it be some notable matron, like *Jessie Fremont*, who has been learning how to use them. We are glad to learn that WATSON has invented a sewing machine, for ten dollars, which a child can easily work. E. Sampson, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, supplies them for that region. Mr. Watson should make known his whereabouts.



HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

[NO. IX.

WE aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness
comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL DISEASE.

HAVING been strongly and repeatedly urged by a lady sufferer at the National Hotel about the middle of March, and who came under my care during a relapse in New York, about the first of May, to publish my views of the malady, I have thought it might be of some service possibly to do so, as I have been in a position to obtain information not only from facts coming under my own observation, but from scientific men on the spot, who were personally familiar with the whole history of things from the beginning up to the present time.

Having lived in the midst of those malarial districts of the South, for a great portion of my life, opportunities have been afforded for becoming familiar with diseases of that nature and their various symptoms. My opinion is, that bad air, malaria will account for all the phenomena observed, and that no other supposition can.

Some five or six years since, diarrhoea was very prevalent at that hotel.

One gentleman was seized at the National last October.

An eminent physician at Washington says: "The first case of the diarrhoea I met with at the National was in the latter part of January."

It cannot be denied that several persons who never ate anything at that house were attacked by the disease. There were many who took all their meals there through the whole season, and remained well.

It is not in proof that there were any cases in the neighborhood. A wide street bounds the house on three sides.

Ladies who spent all their time in the building, suffered less than men who were absent a good part of the time, thus eating at the house less often than the women.

There was every grade of intensity in the symptoms in different persons.

The symptoms themselves were much varied. The attacks usually came on early in the morning and suddenly, with a copious and repeated discharge from the bowels of a light, colored, frothy, sourish fluid, of custard consistency, without pain, griping, straining, tenderness, chilliness, or fever.

In most cases, the stomach was not affected at all in the beginning, and the appetite would remain good.

If the disease went on for a few days, the stomach became irritated, and the food only was thrown up, especially if the bowels had been checked by opiates and astringents.

Sometimes very violent pains would be felt in the bowels, seemingly due to spasm and flatulence.

At a later period, inflammation, soreness, tenderness, and fever, would manifest themselves, with loss of appetite, great thirst, and in a very few cases, cramps.

A copious rash appeared in a gouty patient.

There were few, if any, cases of bloody or mucous stools.

The best results generally followed the use of absorbents and antacids, such as charcoal and magnesia.

The best diet seemed to be rice, farina, starch, and the like.

Quiet and confinement were less beneficial than courageously keeping out and about.

Relapses most frequently occurred from imprudence in eating, especially meat.

The stomach was only secondarily affected, and sometimes not at all.

One man would eat a single meal in the house, leave it, be taken sick, and remain so for weeks; another would eat and live in the house for days and weeks, and escape altogether.

Several persons who remained in the house and procured their own food and water, did not escape an attack.

Many parts of the house were filled with a most offensive odor, some parts were comparatively exempt.

No practical chemist has critically examined a body dead from the National Hotel disease, and declared under his own name that there was any trace of a mineral poison. Examinations of the dead body have been critically made, without the discovery of arsenic or of any other mineral poison, as in the case of Mr. Petriken, of Harrisburg, Pa. In epidemics from bad air, this bad air including miasma, that is, decaying vegetation, as well as malaria in general, such as chills and fever, fever and ague, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, yellow fever, and the like, half the people escape altogether. If mineral poison is in the food on the table in sufficient quantities to affect a single person decidedly, such effects will be observed within a very few hours, and not one in ten can possibly escape altogether.

In large doses, arsenic kills in five or six hours, before inflammation takes place.

In moderate doses, there is inflammation and irritation, of the bowels, and death occurs in three or four days.

In a third class of cases, there is a nervous irritation causing a kind of palsy or lockjaw, hysterics, mania, and the like. If death does not take place in a few hours from arsenic, there is inflammation of the stomach, as well when it is applied to a fresh wound as when in the stomach.

For a hundred persons to sit down to a table and partake of food poisoned with arsenic, causing death in some instances or severe sickness within a few hours, and yet the greater number to escape, is a chemical and physiological impossibility.

Heat destroys the effects of malaria as to the human body by rarifying it, and carrying it above the breathing point. Cold brings it nearer the floor or earth, and in a more condensed and virulent form. Hence women sitting in warmer rooms with the larger supplies of air from without through window crevices, suffered less than men who were in colder rooms with a supply of new air from frequently opening doors from the passages in the hotel, the outer doors being kept closed.

Mineral poisons affect the stomach almost instantly, if in large doses, causing fearful vomitings or excessive burning or pains in throat, stomach, or bowels.

A person entering a house in a tired and wearied condition, and breathing a concentrated malaria while eating a single meal,

and then leaving the house, may very easily imbibe a fatal disease in that short time, from the operation of two causes—his debilitated state, and the empty stomach drinking in the poison from every swallow of saliva, until he eats, and then the vigor of the system being expended on the digestion of the food in the stomach, leaves other parts of the system proportionably weak and unprotected against disease-engendering agencies.

Anomalous secondary symptoms and phenomena would attend the disease, from the fact of the extraordinary combination of simple miasma, with the more general malaria, and the extraordinary concentration of these gases, from sewers, cesspools, kitchen offal, noisome cellars, and the heat of cooking, washing, and ironing in the lower rooms of the building, not very accessible to the outdoor air.

It is believed that not a single statement has been made in the preceding article that cannot be literally substantiated in a court of justice by the testimony of personal observation of the facts of the case—the testimony of scientific men, favorably known to fame. The aim has been to write a reliable paper, hoping that competent minds abroad, as well as at home, may be able to deduce therefrom conclusions which will shield the National from a warrantable suspicion that there could exist, in its whole extent, a heart so base as to attempt the death of the President elect, all regardless, too, of the certain fatal consequences to hundreds of helpless women and innocent children, and unoffending fellow citizens.

The above was written by us for the *New York Herald*, about the first of June last, and copied from that paper by the "States" of Washington, at a time when our most learned city contemporary wrote: "The attempt to ascribe its origin to Miasm is everywhere justly ignored. We have never doubted that poison in food or drink was the source of all the disease and death which has resulted." Two months later, after a fuller investigation of authenticated facts, this writer declares his "belief that the source of the epidemic at the National Hotel at Washington, was solely a poisonous atmosphere. This foul air we regard as the *one common cause* which exposed (?) all who inhaled it to a predisposition to the malady, which itself was modified in individual cases by previous health, and developed

with greater or less promptness and severity, by excesses or indiscretions in diet, drinks, exposure," &c.

Our Fifth Avenue Dissector, in his fearless, slap-dash style, says: "We have been amused at the solemn announcement of the medical committee appointed to pronounce this awful event—the secret of miasm. That this epidemic should have produced the set of symptoms it did without a specific or *material* poison acting on the stomach and its appendages, is *absurd*. Arsenic *mechanically diffused* from the decayed rats, and slowly acting on the stomach, is sufficient to account for all the symptoms."

Dr. Dixon is not afraid to do anything, not unbecoming—even to make an acknowledgment that he was mistaken. By the way, let every untidy housekeeper in the land send twenty-five cents to Sherman & Co., No. 1 Vesey street, New York, for the Scalpel of *July*, and read with wholesome fear, the effects of filthy housekeeping, page 116.

A medical writer in Cincinnati dogmatizes thus: "We have no doubt that every one was poisoned with arsenic. Any one either in or out of the medical profession, who will deny these facts, will at once prove to the world that he knows nothing of the action of this poison upon the human structure."

The New York Academy of Medicine, after a patient collection of evidence from the most reliable sources at Washington and elsewhere, declares, "that no known poisonous article from either kingdom of nature, would have produced all the group of symptoms which so uniformly characterize all the cases, and certainly not without involving the stomach itself in more serious mischief than is alleged to have been present in any case."

Dr. J. C. Hall, of Washington, who had a larger number of cases in his care than any other, himself one of the ablest physicians in the country, and one of the brightest ornaments of the medical profession, expresses himself in the most decided terms, that bad air was the cause, and the sufficient cause, of the National Hotel endemic.

On the other hand, a correspondent of so staid a paper as the *New York Observer*, writes, May 9, from Washington: "The exhalation theory is full of absurdities." The only reason given is, "One of my own family is certain he was poisoned."

These conflicting opinions are presented, not because we have any doubt that bad air was the sole cause, but to show that bad air alone can have an effect on the system sufficiently violent to induce unintelligent persons to believe them to be of arsenical origin. The practical point is this, let every reader hate dirt of every description, in atoms, as well as in tons, with a perfect hatred. The National Hotel disease is one of the most impressive lessons ever given as to the deadly nature of foul air—of filthy housekeeping. There was death in the pot, in the olden time, and death in it now every day; but foul cellars, back yards, kitchens, and dormitories, are the unsuspected causes of many a childless household.

COAL.

WE very much wish that poor people would patronize our Journal. We had rather have ten thousand poor subscribers than as many rich ones, because our object is to abate disease, and poverty is the principal cause of vice and crime, and sickness and death. Thus it is that we have so often directed the attention of our readers to the economics of life, and to the practice of those things which prevent thriftlessness and waste, and their consequent destitution. Besides, the poor need all the aid that can be given them in their hard struggle for bread; and we consider that we do a greater favor to humanity by teaching them how to avoid want, and thus helping them to stand upright, than in supplying those wants in the most princely manner, after they have fallen, for *having fallen, few ever rise again!* as every observant keeper of our city prisons will any day tell you. The poor are victimized at almost every step they take in our large cities: the penny swindle is a crying example, practised hourly in every block in New York. Cheated are they in the quantity and quality of every pound of meat they purchase, of every peck of vegetables. Thus it is that they who hardest earn their money, get the least value for it on its expenditure. Quite as cruel as any of these are the impositions practised on the poor in their purchases of coal. In the first place, there is that of short weight, which very few have the means of detecting. New York coal dealers, in purchasing

coal, get twenty-two hundred and forty pounds for a ton; in retailing it, they never pretend to give more than two thousand pounds: how many of them fail to give even that, we do not pretend to say. A very effectual stop may be put to this shameful fraud, by the adoption of *Martin's self-weighing cart*, as sold by Mr. Olwine, of 377 Water street, New York. It would be a humanity, for every citizen to refuse taking coal from any other kind of cart, or to adopt some other equally efficient mode of securing full weight.

But there is a class of retail coal dealers, like advertising doctors, and patent medicine men, who would never become known for their virtues through ordinary channels, but call the newspapers to their aid, and, with a great show of honesty, guarantee full weight, or forfeit the coal. If coal were coal always, that would be fair enough, but advantage is taken of the unwary purchaser as follows: Of two carts of coal, standing side by side, an ordinary housekeeper would have no choice, while a practised coal dealer would gladly take a cargo of one while he would not be hired to admit the other into his yard, if compelled to send it to his best customers. How a poor man may tell one from the other with absolute certainty and instantly, is the object of this article, because one kind will burn almost entirely up, leaving but little residue except a few ashes, while in a single day's burning, the other will leave the grate nearly, if not quite full of rocks. One kind has only fifteen per cent. waste, the other has fifty or sixty. So one ton of coal, at one dollar a ton, may be dearer than another at four dollars, and yet, not one man in fifty could tell the difference. We have never seen that difference described in print. And much of the information contained in our pages is of this sort, as far as intended for popular enlightenment.

A shiny square fracture is what an honest coal dealer loves to see. He considers the article good in proportion as it breaks at right angles firmly. If it shatters in breaking, or breaks unsquarely, he will not look at it. If the coal has among it flat pieces, with a dull, coal-dust look, it is "bony." Such a piece gives no more heat than a bone: it is a black rock, nothing more; it is hard to kindle, and goes out directly. So, to give in a few words, the best idea of a good or bad load of coal, we say, the more square the lumps of coal are, the better it is. A

good quality of Red Ash coal, such as is almost universally burned in New York grates, has not a dozen pieces of flat coal in a whole load; the pieces are "*as broad as they are long.*" On the other hand, the more flat pieces there are, the more worthless is the article as fuel.

We have been speaking of what is called Anthracite coal, the kind that the generality of the people in New York use to burn in the grate.

The coal most highly prized to burn in New York, for common use, is called "*Red Ash*" coal, because the ashes it leaves in the grate are of a reddish color; and observation has shown that such a coal gives out the most heat, and leaves the least waste. Our range coal is called "*White Ash*," because the ashes it leaves are very much the color of wood ashes. It is used in stoves and in ranges for cooking purposes, because, being subject to a greater draft than in a common grate, it "*clinkers*" less than the Red Ash would, and, at the same time, gives out a more intense heat. By clinkering less is meant, that the *White Ash* coal leaves behind it less of that hard, molten-looking refuse, than the Red Ash would, if exposed to the same draft.

But there is a kind of coal called "*Red Ash*," and sold as such, between which and the real *Red Ash*, there is as much difference as there is between the same article of goods in Broadway and the Bowery. It is really a pink ash, not gray, like wood ashes, nor decidedly red as the real Red Ash. The Pink Ash is scarcely distinguishable from a wood ash at a casual glance. The Red Ash is more of the color of the cover of the June number of our journal, or of the cover of the first six numbers in one, of this year. It is not much redder than the palm of the hand—than common sand-paper. Some might say it approximates to the color of iron rust, having only here and there a flake of white ash, when spread out on the hand as we do flour, when we look at it.

As there is full fifty per cent. difference in the coal we burn, and as it costs an ordinary family nearly a hundred dollars a year to supply it with coal, we have thought the space we have given to the subject will well repay our readers, especially as this is about the time for laying in the winter's supply of fuel.

If any of our readers were to ask us how to insure them the

cheapest and best coal for their money, we would say to them, go to such men as Randolph and Skidmore, Henry Reeves, the brothers Truslow, Thurston, and men of that character, who got a good custom and wealth by selling a good article of coal, and kept that custom by continuing to do the same thing, and tell them to send you *from their yard* a certain quantity of *Red Ash coal*. You will then pay the highest price, but then you will get full weight, the cleanest article, and the best of its kind. You may in rare cases, get it for seventy cents less a ton, by taking it from the boats of another class of dealers, but by neglect of screening, by its bony nature, and its grayish instead of reddish ash, you lose in the end, at least double what you supposed you were saving. We mention a few names, not because there are not others just as good, not because of any partiality to the men named, or even because we know them by sight, but simply because we wanted to be definite, and had private means of knowing the qualities of coal in which these men have been in the habit of dealing.

While speaking of coal, which is a particularly black subject to us, it may be farther interesting to state, especially for the comfort of our other half, (and those like her,) who are afraid all the coal will be burned, and the world will one of these days freeze up, that although the steam frigate *Niagara*, when moving ten miles an hour, consumes in that hour very nearly two tons of coal, that is, in exact numbers, four thousand four hundred and eighty pounds, there is in England alone enough coal to last seventeen hundred years, at the rate she is now consuming it.

Not many families in New York consume more than twenty tons of coal in a year, but a single ocean steamer consumes twice that much in twenty-four hours. To carry a Collins steamer from New York to Liverpool, requires eight hundred tons of coal—enough to keep an ordinary family forty years, and a thousand steamers leave the port of New York alone every year.

Coal beds are measured like anything else, by their length, breadth, and thickness. A bed of coal, measuring three feet every way, yields a ton of coal: thus it is found that while England has enough to last her seventeen hundred years—or eight thousand one hundred and thirty-nine square miles, the

United States alone has one hundred and thirty-three thousand square miles. Missouri alone can furnish a hundred million tons of coal a year, for the next thirteen hundred years, so we are safe from freezing for the next two thousand years, and by that time Mr. Payne, or some other genius, will have set the river on fire, and commenced burning up the Atlantic.

Coal is supposed to be the product of vegetation kept under an immense pressure for countless ages. Anthracite coal (such as the eastern part of Pennsylvania yields,) is Bituminous coal (such as comes from Pittsburgh, Cumberland, and Liverpool) without the gas—gas light of cities being made from Bituminous coal, obtained from the places just named, the Anthracite being by a longer pressure, with perhaps other agencies not yet known, deprived of the gas. The supply of Red Ash coal is less than that of any other, confined, as far as we yet know, to a limited territory, about a hundred miles from Philadelphia; and yet the Philadelphians seldom use it—they prefer the harder kind of Anthracite, because it gives a greater heat. New Yorkers prefer the Red Ash coal from the Schuylkill, because, having some flame, it makes a more cheerful fire, because it kindles easier, and does not make such a dry heat.

GOING TO THE SOUTH.

MR. EDITOR:—I was glad to observe in a late number of your Journal, some suggestions to invalids respecting a winter's residence at the South. The season is now approaching when many of those who are afflicted with consumptive disease, or are threatened with its premonitory symptoms, will begin to dread the chill autumn winds, and prepare to emigrate to a warmer climate. I shall say little or nothing in this letter about the fallacy of the idea that such a change of climate will cure or tend to cure consumption. Having spent the whole of the past winter in Florida, I wish to give to your readers some intelligence respecting matters interesting to every invalid contemplating such a journey.

It is a very significant fact that there were not, during the past winter, as many invalids in Florida, *by more than one half*,

as there were the previous year. Why such a marked diminution? Some say that invalids were afraid of the Indians who infested the Everglades in the extreme south of the peninsula. Billy Bowlegs would think himself and his crew of some consequence if they should be informed of this. Others have thought that the political estrangement existing between the two sections of our country is almost enough to account for the fact. One can hardly repress a smile at such reasons as these. Undoubtedly multitudes of invalids have become convinced, both by medical advice and by the testimony of those who have tried the experiment, that "going south" is *not* the sovereign panacea which it was once supposed to be.

Nevertheless, many will yet resort to this means in the hope of curing, or at least alleviating, consumptive disease. To such, the communication of a few facts respecting the expenses and mode of living in Florida may be useful. It is a fact well known to every observer, that the great majority of those who go to the South for health, are persons of scanty or moderate means. Many of them are ministers of the Gospel, who have worn themselves out on half pay, and are turned off by their ungrateful people, who borrow or beg as they find it most convenient. To most invalids, the expenses of a winter's residence in the South are a serious burden. *Sixty dollars a month* is the very lowest figure for a single person, and with incidentals and the few luxuries which are added, this amount will be considerably exceeded.

The invalid who goes to Florida, almost invariably deprives himself of many things absolutely indispensable to comfort. The hotels and boarding-houses are mostly supported by invalids, but on very few tables will be found some of the articles of diet most essential to persons of weakly constitution. If one endeavors to economize at all in the matter of board, he must put up with the poorest possible fare. I did not find a good cut of beef in the whole State, and a good joint of mutton is a rare dish. Venison and fowl are plenty, but even upon a vegetable diet one can hardly secure variety.

If the invalid wants a hair mattress, he must bring his own with him; for the luxury is not to be obtained in Florida. Whether the moss which is universally used there for beds is a suitable substitute, I am unable to say. I rarely slept in a room

with plastered walls and ceiling. Men have little or nothing to do with masons in building their houses. For amusement, one finds almost nothing. The rivers, it is true, have fishes, and the woods have game; but few invalids that I met were rugged enough for such sport. One must seek his society among sick people; there is scarcely any other to be had. Once or twice a week is as often as one can get letters from home, under the most favorable circumstances.

I went to Florida in the fall of '56, intending to remain six months; but three months had not passed before I was worn out with the dull monotony of such a life, and often almost frantic for want of something—*anything*, to divert and occupy the mind.

Procuring a hard trotting horse about the first of March, I travelled over two months in the saddle, towards the North. Such a journey has its advantages for an invalid; but it has also its serious objections. In the first part of our route we camped out in the woods, and found a bed upon the ground more welcome than such lodgings as were afforded in wild and almost uninhabited pine barrens. Through a journey of a thousand miles, from Florida to Virginia, we stopped for the most part in log houses, with wide crevices as the only media of light and ventilation. In some respects the journey was beneficial; but if we could have persuaded ourselves to take half the amount of exercise at home, or in a colder latitude, we doubt not that we should have reaped double the advantage.

L. F. C.

THE PATRIARCH'S LETTER.

MY manner of life, from my youth up, I think, has been dictated by the laws of Nature. From my earliest recollection I never could swallow any food or drink hotter or colder than the blood, without a painful sensation, nor drink spirits, as it burnt my mouth and throat. Some seventy years ago, by the help of a powerful microscope, I saw scores of living things swimming in a tumbler of water. Thinks I to myself, if we must swallow whole fish, we had better boil them first. I think every thing that goes into the stomach ought to pass through the fire.

I love all kinds of fruit, after a fiery trial in a pie dish, pudding-bag, or dumpling; but I can't recollect that I have eaten a raw apple or peach in seven years. The good fruit and vegetables I delighted to honor at my table fifty years ago, are as much my favorites now as they were then. The reason is obvious. In that long period I never ate enough. My young unsatisfied appetite continued to say, "Give, give!" In 1802 I kept a retail grocery in New York. Often in the middle of my dinner I was called to wait on customers; being detained fifteen or twenty minutes, on going back to the table my appetite was gone; I returned to the store and ate no more until tea time. Observe, had I not been called off, I would have eaten the whole plateful, before rising from the table. This thing often occurring, I noticed that I always felt more comfortable through the afternoon, and never wished for my tea until the usual hour. So I put myself on short allowance, on which I continue to live, move, and have my being, at the present day.

When I see people at table heap their plates with fish, flesh, and fowl, potatoes, cabbage, cucumber, and sour kroust, apple, mince, and custard pies, says I to myself, "They are digging their graves with their teeth."

GRANT THORBURN, SR.,

"NEW HAVEN, 18th July, 1857.

Aged 84 years, 5 months.

GOING WEST.

THAT is the rage now. Everybody is going west, or wants to go—except the wise ones. The "West" is a glorious country. It was the home of our childhood, and youth, and maturer years, and we love every foot of it; at the same time, it is not a "heaven" to everybody. Our personal experience capacitates us for making a safe judgment. While we have had every comfort and every convenience that many thousands could procure, we have known the exceeding comfort of a drink of spring water in a boundless waste, and the convenience of a saddle blanket for a covering, and a log for a pillow, the hardships "between times."

No married person, who can by close economy and steady industry make a moderate living, ought to think of emigrating after the age of forty years, except in very rare cases, for the following chief reasons:

1st. In a great many instances, you forego the advantages of good schools and a convenient attendance on Sunday worship.

2d. You abandon the old associations, and acquaintances, and friendships of earlier life, and go to form new ones in your old age, among people you never knew, and *never can know*, like those you left behind you : hence your attachments must be as uncertain as they are hazardous, and in both cases frail.

3d. You go "to get land for your children." If you want to pursue a course which shall most certainly insure them "success in life," teach them the efficiency of honorable industry, and, with your blessings on them, bid them go out and work for themselves as you did, and it will be a more enduring and a more elevating "fortune" to them, than if you could leave each child a thousand acres of the best land in the Mississippi valley.

4th. If you go "west" you will have more land, but you will have to work harder, and as long as you live. That harder work will never secure you the same domestic comforts and conveniences which you left behind you, to say nothing of your strugglings against *inevitable* sickness. Everybody will tell you that *his* neighborhood is healthy, but we do not believe that there is, to one born in the East, a single healthy spot, one yard square, between the *Alleghanies* and the *Sierra Nevada*. Any part of the "West" may become healthy to you in a few years, if you do not go to your grave in the mean time. As a private observer and a physician, we don't believe that any farm in the Mississippi valley is worth a "shake" of three years, *probably* seven.

An *Ignis Fatuus*, a kind of Jack-o'-Lantern delusion, possesses a man the moment the Western Mania seizes him. *His* acre here is worth two hundred dollars, and this value he transfers to his western farm. He soliloquizes thus: "My fifty acres here, will bring ten thousand dollars; that will purchase five hundred acres there, to be worth in a few years fifty thousand dollars," and at once he sees himself a millionaire. *In a few years?*—within that time a "farm" of six feet by two will be all that he can use.

Then again, there is a rating of the product of the soil there, at the retail price it brings here, leaving out of sight the ninety per cent. of profit that is swallowed up between the producing

place and the market-house. Where we were "born and raised," the plenteous vision passes this moment before memory's eye, with associations mournfully pleasing. Eggs were brought to our father's bounteous table, by the peck, at "tuppence" a dozen; the largest turkeys at twenty-five cents a-piece; the best hams at three cents a pound, and prime beef-steak at four cents, the highest; the most splendid apples at fifty cents a barrel, and potatoes at twenty cents a bushel. Solid hickory wood cost, delivered, a dollar a cord; the best flour, two dollars a barrel, and others of the good things of life in the same proportion. Fresh grass butter went a-begging at ten cents a pound, and milk such as New York never sees, was fed to the pigs.

Things were cheap there for want of purchasers. Everybody had enough of his own. There were no beggars, and no loafers. All worked, and all had a plenty, as would be the case now under the same conditions. This blessed moment do we almost wish that we could be transported back again to those *good old times*, and to those plenteous places, a thousand miles from any railroad, and a week's wagon journey from any river in winter time.

We used to make many inquiries as to the clear gains of fine western farms and splendid southern plantations, for we have lived on and among both, and counting everything at a reasonable cash value, it was a rare occurrence, and it is *a rare occurrence still*, that any mere farmer or planter clears, above all expenses, over six per cent. on his entire capital and labor. Multitudes there are who have waited a lifetime to get rich by the "rise of property," and died poor at last, or the thriftless possessors of unproductive acres.

What tens of thousands of hearts have yearned their lives away for their eastern homes, but had not the means to return them there! These things are said of persons who have families, and are over forty years of age. To young persons, who have strong hands and willing hearts to work, and have nothing, we say, "*Go to the West.*"

But one of the greatest curses of the "West" is the mania for possessing land. The absorbing ambition is to possess the largest number of acres possible, and the next insanity is to have the widest extent of land under cultivation with the least

labor. We have seen many a twenty acre field, which had scattered over it the labor due to one acre, with a less yield than the single acre well manured and thoroughly cultivated.

There are farmers in the very garden spot of Kentucky, embracing Bourbon, Scott, Clark, Fayette, Montgomery, and Woodford counties, who owned hundreds of acres of land that would produce, without manuring, a hundred bushels of corn to the acre, and yet, when they got to be sixty years of age, were only worth the land they lived upon.

Compare this with many a Dutch gardener around Cincinnati, who has grown rich in less than twenty years, by cultivating a few acres of side hill; or with a farmer in "Jersey," with its flat, sandy soil, which would not produce a mullein stalk or a jimson weed, without manure, who in eighteen hundred and fifty six "*cleared*," from twelve acres of land, on which he put two thousand dollars' worth of manure, yes *cleared*, above all expenses, seven thousand dollars! Such is his own statement.

Depend upon it, what we want in the East, as well as in the West, in order to make this country many times greater, more powerful, more productive, is,

First—Bring up more young men to the expectation of making a living by the cultivation of the soil.

Second—Let their expectation be to make a fortune by the product of the land, irrespective of any change in value.

Third—Teach them that one acre thoroughly cultivated, is more profitable than the same amount of labor spent on twenty acres.

Fourth—That to till the soil to the greatest advantage, the money which will yield the highest dividend by a hundred fold, is that expended in well-conducted agricultural periodicals. In short, that the requisites of successful farming are, *intelligence, liberal manuring, and thorough cultivation.*

HEALTH OF CITIES.

	Population.	Size in Acres.	Park Reserves.	To each House.	Mortality.
London,	2 $\frac{1}{4}$ millions,	76,000,	1537,	seven,	1 in 41.
New York,	$\frac{3}{4}$ million,	14,000,	950,	thirteen,	1 in 34.
Philadelphia,	$\frac{1}{2}$ million,	70,000,		six,	1 in 50.

London includes five times as much space as New York, with

only one-third more park room. "CENTRAL PARK," containing seven hundred and seventy-six acres, is just double the size of *Hyde Park*, the boast of England. Leaving out *Hyde Park*, the Central Park is larger than any other two parks in London. The Croton water is the purest supplied to any large city in the world. Yet, with the purest airage and the finest water, more persons die every year in New York than in any other large city on the surface of the globe, whose statistics are known. What is the reason? It is found in our dwellings. Too many people live in the same house. Too many sleep in small, dismal, ill-ventilated rooms, cellars, attics, and the middle one of *three* rooms deep.

We wish that the Editors of the *Scalpel* and *Medical Gazette*, whose heads are larger and whose experience has run through more years than ours, would lend their minds to the practical inquiry, why is New York the highest of all large cities in its mortality, notwithstanding its superior advantages as to drainage, park room and sea air, to say nothing of the six miles of running water area on its eastern and western boundaries? It will not do to say that our city is filthier as to its streets than other cities, nor to attribute the increased mortality to the larger number of persons who land here from abroad, because the foreign mortality at all the public institutions for eighteen hundred and fifty-five was fourteen hundred and seventy, of which number thirteen hundred and five were from the Emigration Hospital at Ward's Island, where poor sick immigrants are sent on arriving here. That is, of the 136,000 immigrants during 1855, there were 1305 passenger deaths, out of the entire foreign death 6103, and an entire mortality of 23,042. This is a great practical question, and we wonder that it has not engaged the attention of medical pens to a greater extent than it has done. If, on examination, it is found that crowded houses, tenement dwellings, and confined dormitories, are the demonstrable causes, then let corresponding efforts be made to remedy the evil.

Night itself predisposes to disease, and sleep adds largely to that predisposition, by reason of its slow breathing and languid circulation; and if in that highly predisposed state, we, for a third of our existence, breathe a vitiated atmosphere, vitiated by that heavy dampness which characterizes the night time, to

say nothing of the most disagreeable closeness which is perceptible on entering the sleeping apartment of even one person, in the morning, we cannot wonder that so many are sent to the grave every year, where this state of things prevails. The subject certainly commends itself to the mature reflection of the humane, for it is a higher humanity by far to prevent disease, than to build hospitals and found asylums. No one should sleep in a room smaller than twelve feet square, nor lower than the second floor, and even then, a fireplace, and a door or window, should be open, even in the country.

TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

ON the fifth of February, 1854, two ladies of New York were conversing about the great suffering among the poor. One of them, *Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmett*, who had long been a manager of the *Marion Street Lying-in Asylum*, spoke of the miseries of infants, of their neglect, and the suffering of mothers whose poverty forced them to give the nourishment intended for their own infants, to the children of the rich. She told the following story: "A well-known sick-nurse, *Miss Sarah Richards*, called the evening before to see a lady whom she had attended, and while looking at the infant, she observed its wet-nurse was in tears. Miss Richards expressed her surprise that she should manifest such unhappiness while surrounded with every comfort. The poor nurse replied: 'It's just that makes me cry; for see what a nice bed, and good meals, and comfortable fire I have, while my own dear child may be starving or freezing, for I have promised the lady whose child I am nursing, never to nurse my own while I am nursing hers, and mine must be nursed by some one else.' On hearing this, Miss Richards, with a true woman's heart, sought out the child, and at night time, in a dirty basement room, found a sick woman lying on a miserable bed, who on being asked for the 'baby,' said, 'my baby died yesterday of the small-pox.'

"'But where is the nurse's baby?'"

"'Oh! if that's what you want, here it is,' as she leaned over and drew from under her bed, a basket of soiled clothes, among which lay the child, whose mother might well weep for its utter

wretchedness, neglect, and danger. The visitor stripped every rag from its little body, wrapped it in her shawl, took it to her own home, bathed and dressed it, sent for a physician, had it vaccinated that same night, and it was saved.*

Within a month from that night, ten thousand dollars were subscribed by generous citizens, a charter was obtained, and a society was organized for the purpose of taking care of the children of poor women; a home was procured; the whole thing went into immediate operation, and now, within three years, a building is in the course of erection, which alone will cost twenty-five thousand dollars. Since that memorable night, 553 persons have been taken in and cared for,—of these only thirty-six were American born. Of 160 children received, all but twenty were in a diseased state from pure neglect, such as burns, bruises, falls, or drugging. Some of these poor little creatures were frost-bitten. Yet, all but forty were saved, while in some of the European institutions of a similar character, according to the usual mortality, a hundred and twenty-eight would have died, instead of twenty; only thirty-two would have been saved instead of one hundred and forty.

Such are the ameliorations of disease, and such the life-saving results which spring up from sound medical views as to the best method of aiding the poor, the friendless, and forsaken of our race; such the results of woman's heart and the true physician's head, working together, thus preventing disease, and suffering, and death, rearing roses on the thorn bush, and planting flowers in the desert. To be co-workers with such, let every good citizen have a high ambition, and make a prompt, liberal, and cheerful donation to the NURSERY AND CHILD'S HOSPITAL of New York, conceived in woman's kindness, founded by woman's fair hands, and advocated by the eloquence of one of our own noblest senators.

Sunday School Scholar. Are all them old fellows living yet?

Teacher. Who, my child?

Scholar. Why, Abram, and Moses, and Deuteronomy, and all them.

* See Address of Hon ERASTUS BROOKS, at the laying of the corner stone of the *Nursery and Child's Hospital*, in New York, Lexington Avenue, June 22d, 1857, by Mrs Cornelius Dubois.

OUR COUNTRY.

THE mechanics and farmers are the pillars of any nation of enduring greatness. Of the two classes, the farmer is the most important. Taking out now and then the brightest intellect and the best heart for doctors and clergymen, it would be a grand thing for our country, if every young man, at the completion of his twenty-first year, was required to be a practical farmer or a finished mechanic, and this to continue for fifty years, and thus allow all politicians, lawyers, gamblers, drunkards, dandies, go-betweens, gentlemen-loafers, bachelors, and all such dispensable characters, to die off. A plan like this would give a stability to our nation beyond all that whig or democrat ever dreamed of.

We have a territory large enough, north of the Missouri and west of the Mississippi rivers, large enough to give a good-sized farm to every competent agriculturist that can be prepared for it, in the next half century, while the mechanics will build their houses, erect their mills, dig their canals, and stretch out their railroads; a territory as large in extent as that of the twenty-four States, east of the Mississippi river—vast plains of territory teeming with vegetation, and swarming with animal life—plains which pasture twenty millions of buffalo, and provide shelter for fifty millions more of wild animals of every description.

On these magnificent plains, a thousand miles broad, "without a single abrupt mountain, timbered space, desert, or lake, running smoothly out to the navigable waters of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Missouri rivers, and the Texan coast," with scarce a rock, or stone, or tree within the circuit of many miles on these great plains—now swarming with millions of buffalo, the Yankee of another century will make his mark, the mark of the church and the school-house, the plantation and the city.

But without wood or yet discovered coal, how would the teeming millions of a score of States live? The great God is always wise and always good. His benevolence precedes the need of man, his child, by untold ages. There is wood enough growing under all these plains to last for uncounted generations, to be had anywhere for the digging; for the dry atmosphere

stunts the vegetation above ground, and all the strength goes to the roots, which spread out in all directions as large as a man's arm.

By a late-discovered document, it is ascertained that a census of the Chinese empire was taken in 1852, and that it amounted to three hundred and ninety-six millions of souls. We have an uninhabited country beyond the Mississippi, equally large and quite as capable of sustaining an equal population, and it will be peopled by our own race, speaking our own language, and maintaining, we trust, our own religion, the religion of the Bible. What work! how boundless the field for the clergyman, the schoolmaster, the physician, to give them morals, learning, and health!

These things are worth the matured thoughts of all the good, of the philanthropist, the sage, and the Christian. May the church, the school-house, the manufactory, and the farm, all do their meet and just share in founding well that great nation yet to come.

MIASM AND MALARIA

ARE the great death agents throughout the largest portion of the habitable globe.

Miasm is Malaria, but Malaria is not Miasm.

Miasm is an emanation from decaying vegetation. Malaria is bad air, whatever may be its source. All impure air is Malaria.

Miasm is so rarified by a sun of ninety degrees, that it rises rapidly above us, and is innocuous. The cool of the morning and evening of summer time condenses it, and causes it to fall to the surface of the earth, where it is breathed by man, and is the fruitful cause of pestilence, plague, and epidemic fevers. Thus the higher persons sleep above the surface of the earth, the healthier is the atmosphere.

While as a general rule it is better to sleep in apartments having a window and the fireplace open in all seasons, yet, where miasm abounds, evidencing its presence by chills and fever, fever and ague, diarrhœas, and the like, it is better to sleep with closed windows than to have them open, because men are known to fatten in jails and small prison cells, while the breathing of malaria a single night has originated diseases

which, from the violence of their action, are scarcely distinguishable from the effects of swallowing corrosive poisons, as witness the National Hotel disease.

But although the air inside of a house is supplied from the outside, yet, if the windows and outside doors are closed, it is supplied in such small quantities, through the crevices, that it is at once heated by the indoor air, and carried to the ceiling, where it is above reach. The difference between the thermometer in our hall and the one outdoors, about five o'clock of a summer's morning, is ten degrees. Hence, during the prevalence of miasm, at least in August and September, it is better to close the chamber windows, but let an inner door and the fireplace be kept open.

NEW YORK MORTUARY STATISTICS.

Year.	Population.	Total Deaths.	Foreign Deaths.	Immigrants.
1847	400,000	15,788	5,224	
1848		15,919	4,490	189,176
1849	Cholera.	23,773	8,381	220,790
1850	515,394	16,978	5,060	212,796
1851		22,024	6,351	289,601
1852		21,601	6,492	300,992
1853		22,702	7,104	284,945
1854	Cholera.	28,568	9,948	319,223
1855	629,810	23,042	6,103	136,233
1856	700,000	21,658		141,672

During 1855, the fewest deaths occurred in November and December, being 2918; the highest mortality was in July and August, being 5121.

The fewest colored persons died in June, while three times as many died in February, indicating that a warm climate suits colored persons the best.

Most consumptive persons died in March—287; the fewest in May—141.

The most births occurred in February—1402; the fewest in November—944.

The most marriages were in April—459; the fewest in August—279.

Of the five chief destroyers, scarlet fever was 1035; cholera infantum, 1135; wasting, 1563; convulsions, 1895; consumption, 2635.

REVIEWS, NOTICES, &c.

THE *Evening Post* says, that "J. H. Higginson, 71 Maiden Lane, has just published a highly-finished NEW RAILROAD MAP, which he claims with justice to be the largest and best ever prepared in this country. Its greatest merit, probably, is its accuracy; every route having been compiled from maps furnished by railroad companies—a feature never before attempted in works of its class, and one which will be duly appreciated by travellers. There is not a route finished, commenced, or projected, between Maine and Texas, which is not here given, and as the information is the latest, so is the map the best and most intelligible to consult. The engraving and coloring are excellent."

We fully accord with the above, and add, that the map is beautifully colored, is about six and a half feet long, on rollers, with linen underground, making it as durable as it is convenient for reference. It will be sent, free of cost, to any part of the United States, for eight dollars.

It is also put up in Atlas form, twelve by fifteen inches, in sections, so as to be portable in a common travelling trunk, and is furnished at the same price. To persons who contemplate moving to the West, or desire to make investments there, this valuable map imparts information at a single glance, of the very highest importance, while to every intelligent traveller, the map in portable form, as a means of reference, reliable and satisfactory, is indispensable.

Mr. H. is preparing a map of the United States, intended to be the largest and best ever published. But it is of higher interest to New Yorkers that a map of the City of New York is in progress, to be completed within a year, which will be of great value to every property holder on the island, as it will give, in addition to ordinary maps, the original farm lines, showing at a glance, to each lot owner, the first proprietors' names, thus affording a key to title highly satisfactory to every purchaser. It will be after the manner of the *Brooklyn Farm Line Map*, prepared by Mr. H., and which the authorities have adopted.

BROWN'S GRAMMAR OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR. "Noah Webster has heretofore been claimed as indisputably the greatest of American authors; but we confess to a large degree of sympathy with those who claim for the author of the *Grammar of English Grammar*, the high distinction of being 'the greatest author of the nineteenth century.'"—*Illinois Teacher*. "We know of no work on this subject which equals this in merit."—*Advertiser*. Published by S. S. & W. Wood, 389 Broadway, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Boston, weekly, 8vo., \$6 a year. Single numbers twelve cents. Edited with uniform ability, interest, and sound judgment.

BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL, weekly, \$2 a year, is the favorite medical publication of New England, and the oldest.

RANKING'S ABSTRACT of Medical Progress, for the past six months, No. 25, vol. 13, published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, semi-annually, pp. 384, at \$2.00, is not inferior to any of its predecessors, containing no less than 215 different articles.

BRAITHWAITE'S HALF-YEARLY RETROSPECT has been published seventeen years, in thirty-four parts, bound in 15 vols., sheep, library style, \$2 a volume. The whole set, *delivered free of charge*, for thirty dollars. Stringer & Townsend, of New York, with characteristic enterprise, have published a complete alphabetical index of all the contents, from Part 1 to 34 inclusive, embracing the whole term of republication. With this *general index*, BRAITHWAITE'S HALF-YEARLY RETROSPECT forms for the young graduate, as well as for the old practitioner, the most desirable, complete and available medical library, for constant, convenient, and reliable reference, ever published. It gives a complete view of medical progress up to July of the present year, and to medical men is invaluable.

THE PACIFIC, a Weekly Journal, devoted to Religion, Education, and Useful Intelligence, is edited with an ability and consistency, which, with its mechanical comeliness, and taking into account the local history and character of San Francisco, which, within a decade, was almost unknown to the civilized world—all these things make "The Pacific" the most remarkable "fact" of modern times. We trust it meets the success which it so largely merits.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL REVIEW, or Quarterly Journal of Medicine and Surgery, republished at three dollars a year, *free of postage*, IF PAID IN ADVANCE, continues to be "one of the cheapest, as well as best, of medical journals."

HOW TO WRITE—HOW TO TALK—HOW TO BEHAVE—HOW TO DO BUSINESS.—4 vols., sent by Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, New York, for one dollar; 30 cts. single. They are truly useful books—true, practical, and of permanent value.

THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF THE SOUTH: How to Meet it. By Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina. "Fourth thousand." 420 pp., 8vo. Published in good style by Burdick Brothers, 8 Spruce street, New York. This book is permanently valuable for the large amount of reliable statistical matter which it contains, which has been collected at great expense by its industrious and indiscreet author. The South will add to its prosperity by studying the statistics of this volume, for by so doing a spirit of inquiry will be aroused, which must lead to good results. We believe that the publishers, who are excellent men, will do the country a service by abridging the book, and leaving out all that Mr. Helper says himself, retaining only the statistics. He has failed to write with the courtesy which belongs to a Southern gentleman, irritating all, convincing none.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE. Lake George, Mendelssohn and his Music, Witching Times, Pistol Philosophy, Notes, Gossip, Humor, Little Joker, Glimpse at my Hotel, are amusingly instructive.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for August, is of unusual interest.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

OCTOBER, 1857.

[NO. X.

SPI-ROM-E-TRY,

PRONOUNCED with the accent on the ante-penult, or second syllable, teaches the measurement of the breath, and, by a little license, the lungs themselves, as the breath is contained in the lungs. If a man has all his lungs within him, in full operation, it is impossible for him to have consumption, whatever may be his symptoms, because consumption is a destruction of a portion of the lungs, and when that is the case they can no more have the full amount of breath or air than a gallon measure can hold a gallon after its size has been diminished by having a portion of the top off or removed.

It becomes, then, of great importance to accomplish two things:—

First, to measure accurately, and with as much certainty as you would measure wheat by a standard and authentic bushel measure, the amount of air contained in the lungs.

Second, to ascertain what amount of air the lungs ought to contain in full and perfect health.

The chemist has no difficulty in measuring out to you a cubic foot of gas. The gas which lights our dwellings and which burns in the streets of cities, when the moon don't shine, is *capable* of being accurately measured, and so is the air we breathe, with equal simplicity and certainty, even to the fraction of a cubic inch.

Take a common tub or barrel, of any height, say two feet, and fill it with water; get a tin cup of equal length, and of such a circumference that each inch in length should contain ten cubic inches of air or water, turn this tin cup bottom upward in the barrel of water, make a hole in the bottom of the tin cup, insert a quill or other tube into this hole, take a full breath, and then blow out all the breath you can at a single

expiration through this quill ; the air thus expired gets between the surface of the water and the bottom of the tin cup, and causes the tin cup to rise ; if it rises an inch then you have emptied from your lungs into the cup ten cubic inches of air ; if you cause the cup to rise twenty inches, then your lungs have measured out two hundred cubic inches of air, and by dividing the cup into tenths of inches, you will be able to ascertain the contents of the lungs to a single cubic inch.

This is a lung measure of the simplest form ; it must be so arranged with a pulley on each side of the cup, each pulley having a weight of half the weight of the cup, so as to steady the cup when it rises, and keep it at any point, as lamps are sometimes suspended in public buildings.

Being able then to measure the amount of air the lungs do hold, down to an inch or even a fraction of an inch if desired, the next point to know is how much air ought a man's lungs contain when he is in perfect health ; for if a man in sound health can expire or measure out two hundred cubic inches of air, it is easy to see that if his lungs are half gone he can give out but one hundred cubic inches, and so of any other proportion large or small, and the grand practical conclusion is that when a man can breathe out the full quantity, all his lungs must be within him, and the presence of consumption is an utter impossibility in that man ; and even if this was the only point to be learned, what a glorious truth it must be to the man who was apprehensive of his being consumptive, that such a thing is simply an impossibility, demonstrably so by figures and by sight. He can see it for himself without the necessity of leaning doubtfully, so *doubtfully*, sometimes, on the judgment, or expressed opinion of his physician.

To find out how much air a healthy man's lungs should hold, we must act precisely as we would in determining the quantity of anything else ; we must experiment, observe, and judge. We have decided long ago on the average weight of men, their average amount of blood, the average weight of the brain ; and surely there ought to be some method of determining the average amount of a man's lungs. But this last would not be sufficiently accurate, to make it safely practical, we must be able to say to this man, your lungs, if sound and well, will hold so much ; and to another, so much, for the amount of breath is as

various as the amount of brain. A large head has a large amount of brain of some kind or other, and so a large chest must have a large quantity of lungs to fill it; these are general truths only. If a man six foot high, and known to be in perfect health, will give out from his lungs at one expiration two hundred and sixty-two cubic inches of air, that is a fact to begin with.

If a thousand healthy six-footers, or ten thousand, do not fail in one single instance to give out as much, then we may conclude that any other man as tall, who gives out as much, is also healthy *as to his lungs*, and at length the facts become so cumulative that we feel safe in saying that any man, six feet high, who can breathe out at one single effort two hundred and sixty-two cubic inches of air, that man must have all his lungs within him, and that they are working fully and well.

But if in pursuing these investigations, in the same manner, as to healthful men five feet high, we observe that in any number of thousands, not one single one ever fails to give one less than one hundred and sixty-six inches, and that any other number of thousands, five feet seven inches high, and in acknowledged perfect health, never fail in one solitary instance to give out two hundred and twenty-two cubic inches of air, then a thinking man begins to surmise that the amount of lungs a man in health has, bears some proportion to his height; this is found to be the actual fact of the case. And without being tedious I will give the result, that for every inch that a man is taller, above a certain height, he gives out eight more cubic inches of air, if he is in sound health, as to his lungs.

Let the reader bear in mind that these are the general principles—circumstances modify them. But I do not want to complicate the subject by stating those modifications at present. I wish the reader first to make one clear simple truth his own, by thinking of it, and talking about it, when occasion offers, for a month—then I may say more.

But, for the sake of making a clear, distinct impression, let us recapitulate:—

1. The amount of air which a man's lungs can expire at one effort can be accurately and uniformly measured, down to the fraction of a cubic inch.
2. The amount of air which a healthy man's lungs hold is ascertained by cumulative observations.

3. That the amount thus contained is proportioned to the man's height.
4. That that proportion is eight cubic inches of air for every additional inch of height above a certain standard.

With these four facts, now admitted as such, inferences may be drawn of great interest in connection with other observations, which any reader who takes the trouble may verify.

Observation 1st.—I have never known a man who was in admitted consumption, and whose subsequent death and *post-mortem* confirmed the fact, capable of measuring his full standard.

Observation 2d.—In numerous repeated instances, persons have been pronounced to have undisputed consumption, and as such were abandoned to die, but on measurement they have reached their full standard, enabling me to say that they had not consumption, and their return to good health, and their continuance in it for years after, and to this day, is an abiding proof of the correctness of my decision.

Observation 3d.—No persons have come under my care, who died of consumption within a year, who, at the time of examination reached their full lung measurement.

Observation 4th.—Therefore, any man who reaches his standard, has reason to believe that he cannot die of consumption within a year, an assurance which, in many cases, may be of exceeding value.

Observation 5th.—As a man with healthy lungs always reaches his full standard, and as it is impossible for a consumptive man to measure his full standard, then it may be safely concluded that a man cannot die of consumption while he gives his healthy measure, and also that he who cannot measure full, is in danger, and should not rest a single day, until he can measure to the full.

When persons are under medical treatment for deficient lung measurement, accompanied with the ordinary symptoms of common consumption, they improve from week to week in proportion as they measure out more and more air from the lungs: on the other hand, when they measure less and less from time to time, they inevitably die. With this view of the case, the reader will perceive that as a general rule a man can tell for himself, as well as his physician, whether he is getting well or not, and, as an illustration, an article is copied verbatim from the eighth

edition of "Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases," Redfield publisher, page 361, on

"THE MATHEMATICAL MEASUREMENT OF THE LUNGS AS A
SIGN OF CONSUMPTION.

"The lungs contain air; and their object is to receive, hold, and expel air; a certain amount of this air is necessary to the health of any individual, but that amount must vary in proportion to the size and age of a person, as much as the healthful amount of blood is proportionate to the size and age.

"It is known how much air a man's lungs, in perfect and full healthful operation, should hold, by measuring it as we would measure water, by transferring it from a vessel whose capacity was not known into one whose capacity was known. If, then, I find that every man of thousands, who is in perfect health, emits a certain amount of air from his lungs, I conclude that any other man, *under similar circumstances*, who gives from his lungs an equal amount of air, must be in good health, as far as his lungs are concerned, and every year accumulates its additional proofs of the same great fact, and when it is known that the lungs work *fully* and well, an immense burthen is at once removed from the mind of the physician, as well as patient, for he has less to do—the patient has less to dread.

"All that the *Spirometer* does, (or *Breath-Measurer*, which is its literal signification,) is to measure the amount of air contained in any man's lungs with mathematical certainty and precision, down to the fraction of a single cubic inch. Thus far the patient can see, as well as the physician, what is his actual measure; and by comparing it with what it ought to be in health, he can have some idea of what he has to do, and of his present condition.

"We all must know that if a man's lungs in health should hold three hundred cubic inches, they would, if half gone, certainly not measure over one hundred and fifty, *and so of any other proportion*, down to an inch.

"The two important uses to be made of this most invaluable principal are—

First. If a man can only expire his full healthful quota of air, he most assuredly cannot have actual consumption, what-

ever else may be the matter with him, and the knowledge of this one fact alone, arrived at by such unmistakable evidence, is of incomputable worth to any invalid, not only relieving him of the weight of a million mill-stones, but in affording him an important means of restoration—*hopefulness*, for we almost all instinctively feel, if it is not consumption there is at least a chance of life; but if it is consumption there is no hope.

“*Second.* The next important practical deduction is of a two-fold character.

“If the lungs do not give out their full healthful amount of air, it is because they are actually affected or are threatened. The instrument does not tell this, it must be determined by the mature judgment of the experienced physician.

“If the lungs be in a consumptive decay, the pulse and auscultation, with the data already afforded by measurement, will detect this state of things, with a degree of certainty which is most admirable; and this certainty is made doubly sure, if being under treatment a short time, his lungs measure *less* week after week, for then he is certainly dying by inches.

“But it does not follow, because a man does not measure to his full standard, that he is consumptive; it only shows the one thing—that he is defective as to the action and capacity of his lungs; that deficiency may be the result of decay, or debility, or from the lungs being crowded with phlegm or other fluids; if the deficiency is not from decay, proper treatment will diminish that deficiency from week to week, because the treatment invites back the action of the lungs. Thus it is that the gradual *increase* in the capacity of the lungs to hold air, when that capacity, by any cause, has been diminished, is demonstrative of a return towards health.

“On the other hand, as persons are declining, the measurement decreases week by week, until there is scarce breath enough to enable them to cross the room, and soon they step into the grave.

“A WEIGHTY CONSIDERATION.

“Common consumption comes on by slow degrees, and I have never known a case that was not preceded, for months, by an

inability of the lungs to measure their full standard. I consider it wholly impossible for a man to have actual consumption, until he has not been able for months to measure the full amount of air. This deficit in the measurement of the lungs *never fails* to exist in any case of clearly defined consumption, and inasmuch as it *always* precedes consumption, its existence for some months in succession ought to be considered a symptom of consumption in its early stages, and a course of treatment should be adopted which would annihilate that deficit at the earliest possible moment.

"To show how certainly this deficit of lung capacity, or lung action, is removed, when it exists not as an effect of a decay of the lungs, but as an effect of imperfect action, I give here a few cases.

"C. W. F., aged 17, an only son of a wealthy family, was placed under my care May 26, 1852. Thin in flesh, pain in side, sore throat, tightness across the breast, short breath, difficult to fetch a long breath, troublesome running and sniffing of the nose, a weak back, with other indications of a weakly constitution. The measurement of his lungs should have been two hundred and twenty-five cubic inches; their actual capacity was two hundred.

	Date.	Pulse.	Weight.	Breathing.	Lung Measure.
" May, 1852,	26,	. 72	. 103	. . 16	. . 200
June	2,	. 72	. 103	. . 16	. . 206
	9,	. 72	. 103½	. . 16	. . 216
	24,	. 72	. 107	. . 16	. . 238
July	19,	. 88	. 104	. . 20	. . 216
	23,	. 82	. 103	. . 18	. . 216
August	7,	. 78	. 105	. . 15	. . 230
	24,	. 76	. 107½	. . 16	. . 238
Sept.	29,	. 72	. 111½	. . 16	. . 250
Nov., 1853,	8,	. 72	. 121½	. . 16	. . 252

"The parents of this case, particularly the mother, visited me at different times, expressing the deepest solicitude, and exhibiting an abiding impression that their child, upon whom so many hopes were hung, was certainly going into a decline, especially as he had grown up rapidly, and was a slim, narrow-breasted child.

"The reader will perceive with what admirable promptness the lungs answered to the means used for their development, in the very first fortnight, and with that increase of action a corresponding increase in flesh, so that in four months, and they embracing the hottest of the year, when most persons lose both flesh and strength, he had gained eight and a half pounds, while the capacity of his lungs for receiving air had increased one fifth, that is, fifty cubic inches, and at the end of a year, when he called as a friend, was still gaining in flesh, and strength, and vigor, with no indication, apparent or covert, of any disease whatever.

"What untold treasure would these parents have given, when their child was first brought to me for examination, to have known that the very next year their son would have been one of the most hearty, healthy, manly-looking young men of his age in New York; and yet there can be no doubt that he would have dwindled away, like a flower prematurely withered, had his case been neglected, in the vain hope of his '*growing out of it!*'

"The reader will notice, that on the 13th of July, every symptom became unfavorable; his weight diminished, his breathing was more rapid, and his lung-measurement declined largely. The reason is, that he left the city in June, and spent some weeks at Newport and Saratoga, with his parents, intermitting all remedial means; but, as soon as he returned to New York, and gave diligent attention to what was required of him, his symptoms began at once to abate, and he steadily improved to his recovery. '*The Springs*' have proved the grave of many young people with consumptive symptoms, and older consumptives generally get worse there. The high feeding, or *get what you can* system of diet at watering-places, fashionable hotels, and boarding-houses, their Lilliputian, one-windowed rooms, from one to 'five pair back,' the midnight clatter along interminable passages, the tardy, or no answer, to bell-call, the look-out from your chamber window over some stable, side-alley, or neighbor's back yard; these, with the coldness, and utter want of sympathy at such places, would soon make a well man sick, and will kill instead of cure the consumptive. They want, instead of these, the free, fresh mountain air, the plain substantial food of the country farm house, the gallop along the

highways, the climbing over the hills by day, and the nightly reunions with family and kindred and friends. And yet the *million stereotype this mistake* against all reason and common sense. Only now and then one is found to choose the better way against troops of remonstrants and opposers, who never had experience, who never think for themselves,—and that is the brave man who gets well, especially when he is determined to do so.

“Some years ago I published a compact octavo of a hundred pages, on ‘Throat Ail, Bronchitis and Consumption, their Causes, Symptoms and Cure,’ giving various illustrations in both cases, with the treatment adopted, but like pretty much all who publish on their own account, copies enough were not sold to pay for the paper, consequently they are yet to be had, mailed *post-paid* to any part of the United States, for one dollar, sent to the Editor’s address.”

CLERICAL LETTER.

THE following communication from a former patient is well worthy of lay perusal, and is full of instruction to clergymen. It is a beacon hung out as a warning and a guide to theological students, and happy they who read it early and well. The writer has labored long and hard in the cause to which he has devoted himself, and his name is widely known in this and foreign lands.

One subject is touched, whose importance none but a physician can fully estimate, as a cause of clerical disease; it has so often forced itself upon my attention in seeing its bearing on the health and convalescence of clergymen that I have many times earnestly desired to have the ears of the whole Christian Church for an hour, in order to wake up their attention to

ADEQUATE MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.

There are unavoidable troubles in the ministerial calling, sufficient of themselves to keep a conscientious clergyman almost always in a state of painful anxiety. I need not tell them what these troubles are, both within themselves and without; but when to all these is added the unnecessary trouble of a scanty salary, irregularly paid, seldom fully so, with wife and children at home as dear to them as life itself, whose wants must

be met, and yet every source of meeting them cut off, except by the one channel, often compelled to meet these wants by credit, and then the subsequent torture to a sensitive mind of possible failure to meet the engagement, the weakening of his influence among those to whom he preaches, if "*the preacher promised to pay, and didn't do it,*" considered almost in the light of a crime, when, if the same thing were done by a man in ordinary business, it would be thought nothing of, and if done by a rich man, would not even be mentioned, for fear of giving offence—these are things hard, hard to bear, and yet it is a burden which Christian men and tender-hearted women in every section of the Church are daily imposing by the simple sin of inattention. They, in multitudes of instances, take it for granted that their minister is well cared for, and would gladly pay a fourth or a fifth of his salary themselves rather than allow them to labor under such burdens. Church-member, make it your duty this hour to see how it is with your minister.

"Feb. 15, 1854.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In consequence of my absence from home, the first number of your "*Journal of Health*" was not received until to-day. I had before had no intimations of its existence. Immediately upon its reception, I sat down to read it, and read it through with interest and profit. It will give me much pleasure to receive and read it regularly, from month to month, and also to embrace every suitable opportunity for recommending it to others. If it can be the means of promoting a practical acquaintance with the philosophy of living, I shall rejoice. It seems to me there is a deplorable, and almost universal ignorance on this subject. And as I look back upon the past, and consider my own deficiency in this respect, I am tempted to wish that I might live my life over again. I commenced my professional career fifteen years ago, under the most flattering circumstances. Several very eligible situations were open to me, and I had a bright prospect of extensive usefulness. But all those prospects were soon clouded, and disease seemed to put, one after another, my expectations and resolutions to flight.

"It was not, however, *wholly* owing to my ignorance of the laws of living, that I was prostrated. I am sorry to add—what a great multitude of my profession could also do—that

not a little of the sad work of physical ruin was done by the people to whom I ministered. I had no personal enemies; but the ceaseless troubles among themselves, and *still more*, the entirely inadequate pecuniary support they gave me, and the consequent excitement and anxiety of mind, were enough, when long continued, to break down the strongest. It seems to me, my dear sir, that if you can effectually rouse the public mind, in your Journal or elsewhere, upon this most fruitful source of the numerous break-downs among ministers, you will accomplish a very great and a very important work. An extensive acquaintance with ministers throughout New England enables me to speak *what I know* on this subject. I speak here of *country* ministers; in the cities there are, so far as I know, more correct and adequate notions on the subject. We ministers open our hearts to each other about it in secret, but it is very seldom that one can be induced, especially if he *loves* his people, and earnestly desires to do them good, to disclose, even to a physician, *all* that bears upon his case as an invalid. While I fully assent to what you say of the laws of health, and know that ignorance of them is the cause of untold suffering among ministers, I also know that the treatment they receive, in the matter of worldly support, and steadfast, considerate, sympathizing *moral* aid, from those they seek to benefit and save, is doing more to cut short their usefulness, happiness, and life, than all other agencies combined. Would not your Journal be the appropriate medium of an occasional communication on this subject?

"Excuse my prolixity. When I commenced writing, I had not the slightest intention of saying anything in this strain. I designed merely to express my interest in the Journal, and to ask that a copy may be sent me.

"I am happy to say that I am still better, though tried by the inclemency and frequent changes of the weather. My little boy also continues better. I enclose one dollar for the Journal, to be directed to this place. Yours, truly."

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—In a country grave-yard in New Jersey there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a beautiful young lady, with only this inscription upon it:

"Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1839, aged 19."

INHALATION AND CONSUMPTION.

MEDICATED INHALATION began to attract attention in New York about the close of 1854, in consequence of a certificate of its curative power given by the Mayor of Brooklyn, in reference to his wife, who is still an invalid. During the following year of 1855, and the beginning of 1856, newspaper aid was brought into requisition for the purpose of presenting this mode of treatment to the public. During that time, six of the leading daily papers are represented to us, on substantial authority, to have received twenty-one thousand dollars, from one practitioner of inhalation, for advertising its virtues. For days and weeks and months together, whole columns of the newspapers were devoted to the glorification of Inhalation, in separate advertisements and special editorials.

As evidence of its value in diseases of the throat and lungs, it was published, in February, 1856, that the deaths from *consumption* had diminished largely, and that this diminution was owing to the curative agency of Medicated Inhalation. It was further stated, that, by increased skill in its application, more favorable results might be confidently anticipated. And now that the increased skill, tact, and experience of two years are in full exercise, what are the results, as exhibited in the official reports of our courteous and indefatigable City Inspector, G. W. Morton, Esq. ? During the *first half* of the last four years, the number of deaths from consumption in the City of New York is as follows :

	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.
Deaths by consumption,	1,592	1,453	1,224	1,405
Total deaths,	11,940	11,563	9,507	10,834
Total whole year's deaths,	28,568	23,042	21,658	21,500 estimated.

1st. By these tables, it will be seen that the diminution of deaths by consumption for 1854, '5, and '6, were *less* in proportion than the diminution of deaths from all causes.

2d. That instead of increased experience and skill in Medicated Inhalation operating to diminish the consumptive mortality still further, that mortality, for the first half of 1857, is largely greater than during the first half of 1856.

Nothing that we could say could more strongly exhibit the utter worthlessness of this treatment in the cure of consumptive disease. Our great regret is, that the newspaper press should have so hastily lent itself to the propagation of the imposition upon its patrons; and our mortification is, that so many young physicians, from all parts of the country, made such a disgraceful exhibition of their ignorance of their profession, as to write letters of inquiry as to whether it was an efficacious treatment or not. For had they known anything of medical history, they would have at once seen that it was an exploded theory, revived and rejected, time after time. Revived by ignorant or knavish men, and rejected by the educated of all nations, on precisely the same principle that a finished mechanician rejects the idea of perpetual motion, simply because, in the very nature of things, it is an impossibility.

ECONOMICAL EATING.

As a dog grows faster and fatter on a diet of two-fifths bread and three-fifths fish, than when fed on bread altogether, it is concluded that fish is more nutritive than bread, as to men as well as to dogs.

When the best beef steak is selling at twenty cents a pound, the butchers are glad to sell the "rein" piece at 8 or 10 cents a pound. It has no bone nor fat. Three pounds of this for twenty-five cents will make soup enough for a family of eight or ten persons two days, besides the meat for one dinner; it is a hundred per cent. cheaper than the purchase of a knee joint, at forty cents, for soup.

Of all the parts of corned beef, that is the most nutritious and cheapest which is called the round, which has neither bone nor gristle, nor waste fat worth naming.

Both in the purchase of meat and fish, persons are generally falsely economical in choosing an article with bone in it, at two, or three, or more cents a pound less than a piece which has none.

We purchase porgies, blue-fish, flounders, and the like, at six or eight cents a pound, instead of halibut, at twelve

cents. But the halibut is cheapest, and also the safest for a family where there are children, as it has none but the back bone; with that exception, it has solid flesh, whereas, in purchasing the smaller fishes named, they are weighed out with heads, entrails, fins, bones, and all.

The halibut is caught on the banks of Newfoundland, weighs from one hundred to six hundred pounds, and is widely prized. It is a flat fish, like the flounder, swims at the bottom of the sea, has both eyes on one side of the head, and is very voracious; will swallow a sounding lead in a moment.

Immense quantities of knotty apples are brought to the New York market. They are dear at any price, beyond the cost of carriage to market, both from their great waste and unhealthfulness. A clear apple is a hundred per cent cheaper, at double the price of the same sized knotty ones, which we see here every day.

TEA DRINKING.

IF the question be narrowed down to "Tea, or no Tea," we advocate the weed. The world will be the happier and healthier by the moderate use of any of the China teas, in their purity, than without them. The immoderate use of cold water is prejudicial to health, whether as a drink or a lavement, and so is the immoderate use of bread and butter. It is the argument of a fanatic to say, that because the excessive use of anything is injurious, it should, therefore, be discarded altogether.

Chemistry decides that the essential elements of coffee and tea are identical, and are nutritious.

Tea is a stimulant, and so is any other nutritive article. That which imparts no stimulus is not fit for food. An ordinary meal stimulates the pulse to a greater activity by 5 or 10 per cent.

Tea, being used warm, and at meal time, promotes digestion by its warmth, as any other warm drink would do.

Any cold drink, even water, taken at meal time, arrests the progress of digestion, until it is raised to a heat of about a hundred degrees, and if that arrest be too long protracted, convulsions follow, and sometimes death—as has happened to children

many times by eating a couple of hard-boiled eggs hastily, or upon an empty stomach, or, indeed, eating much of any indigestible article.

Thus it is that, as far as the use of tea at our meals banishes the use of cold water at meals, it is a safeguard.

Late and hearty suppers destroy multitudes, either outright in a night, or in the insidious progress of months and years. It is almost the universal custom to take tea for supper. It is a stimulant. It aids the stomach in digesting more than it would have done, just in proportion to its stimulating qualities. And as all eat too much at supper time, the general use of warm tea as a drink at the last meal of the day is beneficial in the direction just named.

True wisdom lies in the moderate use of all the good things of this life.

It is stated, that at a tea party of sixty old women in England, it was ascertained that they were the mothers of eight hundred and sixty-nine children.

The presumption is, that these women were tea drinkers habitually, and it is equally inferrible that they did not drink it very "weak;" yet they were healthy enough to be old, and healthy enough to be the mothers of large families. An isolated fact proves nothing, but this one is suggestive.

It is then safer and healthier to take a cup of warm tea for supper than a glass of cold water.

With our habits of hearty suppers, it is better to take a cup of warm tea than to take no drink at all.

By the extravagant use of tea, many persons pass their nights in restlessness and dreams, without being aware of the cause of it. We advise such to experiment on themselves, and omit the tea altogether at supper, for a few times, and notice the result.

If you sleep better, it is clear that you have been using too much tea, in quantity or strength.

In order to be definite, we consider the following to be a moderate use of tea: a single cup at each meal as to quantity; as to strength, measure it thus: put a teaspoonful in a hot teapot; pour on a quart of boiling water; two-thirds of a tea-cup of this, adding a third of cream, or boiling milk, or hot water, with sugar or not: this is strong enough.

We believe that such use of China teas, by excluding cold drinks at our meals, and by their nutritious and pleasantly stimulating character, may be practiced for a lifetime, to very great advantage, without any drawback whatever; coffee also.

We believe that the world, and all that is created upon it, is for man, and that the rational use of its good things will promote the health and happiness of all mankind.

LOCAL.

IN a previous number of our Journal, we suggested to our country exchanges the propriety and profit of making their columns more original, by industriously gathering items from the oldest inhabitants as to occurrences and places of bygone times. *The New York Observer*, of July 23, embodies the same idea in its application to Fourth of July Orations, its importance and utility, thus:

"On the Fourth of July last, the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, of Rockaway, N. Y., delivered an oration at Madison, to which we now refer, for the purpose of suggesting a hint to future orators for such occasions. Mr. T. had gathered, from written history and personal conversation with the oldest inhabitants, all the facts that could be collected respecting the incidents of the American Revolution, as they occurred on that ground and in its vicinity. Morris County is, indeed, specially rich in such materials; and Mr. T. had, therefore, great facilities for making an oration of interest to the descendants of those whose names and deeds he commemorated. But almost every part of our country, within the thirteen original States, would furnish incidents of value that ought to be preserved in the written records of American literature; and thousands of these incidents being as yet unwritten, will lose their authority when the survivors of revolutionary times shall have passed away. It is, therefore, greatly to be desired, that gentlemen, in preparing orations for the Fourth of July, should interest themselves and their hearers in collecting and reciting those local historical facts, which make so many of our valleys and hill tops classic and sacred. By such efforts, a vast amount of valuable material for future history would be rescued from oblivion."

HUB ME.

PASSING along Broadway some time ago, the vehicle was arrested by some slight obstruction, and the horses were not quite able to start it; the driver saw at once that but a very little aid was needed, and, turning to another Jehu who was coming behind him, said, "*Hub me, shipmate.*" The other saw as instantly what was required, and without a moment's hesitation or stop, so guided his own horses as to make the hub of his own carriage strike lightly against that of the other, and each giving his own animals a touch of the whip, both carriages moved on almost as easily as if nothing had happened.

How many times in the great Broadway of life might men "hub" one another without incommoding themselves! A friendly act done, an obligation incurred, some future act of kindness provoked, at the expense of a word, or only a single moment's time.

The most of us regard omnibus drivers as rather rough specimens of humanity; but ever since the incident just related, we have seen a moral beauty in the odd expression, "*Hub me, shipmate.*"

When a man takes a newspaper or a periodical, he usually becomes attached to it, begins to feel that its editor is his friend; and as often as the publication comes, he derives from the work of its editor some interesting item of news, some amusing statement, or some profitable idea or suggestion. This is repeated a dozen, fifty, or hundreds of times a year, for which the dollar or two, or five of subscription price is not the shadow of a compensation singly. Under the circumstances, then, we appeal to each reader of this article, in behalf of any publication which he receives, to help it to a new subscriber, as often as an opportunity is afforded, by a single word of approbation or solicitation. There are many persons who have so much of the milk of human kindness in them, that they would take a paper rather than refuse; and for that courtesy you have chances of doing them a service, just in proportion to the real worth of the publication commended. To each present subscriber of our Journal we venture the appeal, with some confidence:

"HUB ME, SHIPMATE!"

MENTAL POWER.

REV. T. A. MILLS, one of the most practical, clear-headed, and efficient workers of our time, in his first annual report, as secretary of a permanent committee for the promotion of ministerial education, says :

“A few years ago, on a wintry morning, a boy in the habiliments of poverty entered an old school-house among our western mountains, and avowed to the master his desire for an education. There was poverty laying one of her richest gifts on the altar of religion ; for that boy was JONAS KING. On his humble shoemaker's bench, CAREY laid the foundation of British Baptist Missions. John Newton found in his congregation an unfriended Scotch boy, whose soul was then glowing with newborn love to Christ. He took him to John Thornton, one of those noble merchants whose wealth, whose piety, and whose beneficence, increase together. They educated him ; and that boy became CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, whose name India will bless, when the names of Clive and Hastings are forgotten. JOHN BUNYAN was a gift of poverty to the Church. ZWINGLE came forth from an Alpine shepherd's cabin ; MELANCTHON from an armorer's workshop ; LUTHER from a miner's cottage ; the Apostles, some of them, from fishermen's huts. These are the gifts of poverty to the Church.”

Poverty compels temperance by making dietetic delicacies impossible, and allowing a very moderate supply of the necessities of life, and even these are to be secured at the expense of physical exertion and homely work—the best tonic, the most efficient purifier of the blood ever known ; hence comes a healthy body and a vigorous mind. Temperance alone does not evolve the highest grades of mental superiority ; it must, in the earlier part of life, be conjoined with proportionate physical exercise. Very few of the great minds of this country have come from the city, or the cradle of the rich. The farm and the workshop have supplied by far the largest number of our eminent men. Perhaps, after all, we have never yet arrived at the true system of education. Higher results, more truth, less error, and progress without fanaticism, may result from an education conducted up to twenty-five years of age, as follows : When the child begins the tenth year, let him be impressed with the duty and necessity of “doing something for a living.” Let nine o'clock be the hour for bed-time, winter and summer ; leave bed

at the end of eight hours, study until eleven o'clock, then dress for work during the balance of the day.

We believe that any literary man would be wiser, better, healthier, at the end of a year, by the systematic prosecution of a plan similar to the above. To rise by daylight, the year round; by the time he is dressed it will be light enough to read. Then, in the cool and quiet of the morning, when the brain is most vigorous, let him study with all the energy he can master for four or five hours; then dress for labor, take his breakfast, and go to work, pursuing it with a steady moderation until the close of the day, that is, until sundown, then take his supper, after which, until bed-time of nine o'clock, let him employ himself in social intercourse with family and friends, and in acquainting himself with the progress of things through the newspapers and periodical press—for without this last, any man of this age will soon become a mere cypher as to influence, and an ignoramus as to acquirements. True progress *now* consists in unlearning much that is old, and in acquainting one's self with the new, in order to be able to determine its worth

AN EDITOR

MUST be an industrious man.

He must have enlarged and liberal ideas.

He must be a man of general intelligence.

He must be a scholar.

He must possess great forbearance.

He must have a genial heart.

He must have clear, concise views.

He must be fearless as Cæsar, and firm as Gibraltar.

He must have no pride of consistency, but a perfect devotion to what is true.

He must have a steady aim to do right.

He must wage a ceaseless war against oppression and wrongdoing, in high places and low.

He must be endowed with great equanimity of temper.

He must have a vigorous digestion.

To be a useful editor, in the highest sense of the term, a man must possess all these traits. Such an one is a diamond of the first water

BREAD.

It is said that one of the most wholesome kinds of bread that can be used is made thus, without salt, saleratus, yeast, or rising of any sort.

Take bolted or unbolted flour or meal, thoroughly moisten the whole with pure soft water, scalding hot, that is, about one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, make it up firm, not sticky, then roll and cut into strips, or any other form, not over a quarter of an inch thick, and half an inch broad. Bake quickly in a hot oven until the dough has acquired a soft, fine, brown color, or until the water has nearly all evaporated.

Hydropathists say that a sweeter bread than this was never tasted. It certainly is pure bread, cannot sour, will keep almost indefinitely; and, if made of unbolted flour, must be the most healthful and nutritious bread that can be prepared. But people wont use it, because they have not been accustomed to it—just as Hans would never use an iron tire to his cart wheel, because he had never seen one used. Besides, most persons have an unconquerable prejudice against using or doing anything that has unmixed good in it.

HEALTH OF SOLDIERS AND CLERGYMEN.

THE British nation has ordered a commission to determine the best means of securing the health of soldiers, in all situations and in every particular; and scientific men have been dispatched to different countries, for the purpose of collecting information on the subject. The English have found that it costs too much to fit a soldier for his place, unless he can live for some years afterwards. If it is of national importance to secure the health of soldiers, whose office is to kill men, and if it is a matter of economy with the Southern planter to study the health of his slaves, ought not these facts to suggest to the Church, as a matter of dollars and cents, if from no other motive, the propriety of devising means to preserve and promote the health of theological students, especially as the foundation next in importance to the Bible for a true orthodoxy is, a sound head and a healthy body.

CITY MILK.

A MERCHANT took his family seventy miles from the city for the purpose of securing for an infant child the advantages of a pure milk diet, and was at great pains to obtain his supplies from a thrifty farmer. In a few weeks, the entire scalp of the child became an ugly scab. On personal and minute inquiry, he ascertained that the milk he had been using was supplied by a cow fed on the swill of a distillery; on changing the milk, the disgusting scab disappeared, and the general health of the child became good, and by no other means than a change of milk.

"Milk from John Smith's Dairy," or some other man's, meets the eye in large letters, on freshly-painted milk-wagons, and on attractive sign-boards, about New York and Brooklyn; and the minds of the unsophisticated pass from the tidy-looking cart and glistening tin-cans to the cool "*spring-house*" of other years, where pans of luscious milk, covered with the thick yellow cream, set about on the cold, damp, and clean stone floor; and, for a moment, we feel young again!

But, take the Third Avenue cars or the Fulton Ferry-boat, and visit one of those "*dairies*" on Long Island or Manhattan. In long, low sheds, divided into stalls three feet wide and seven feet long, cows, from scores to hundreds, are standing, tied by the head, and stay there till they die, which averages six or eight months; or, they are taken out a few days before death, butchered, and sent to feed the unfortunate poor of New York. But the keepers sometimes miscalculate; the cow dies a day earlier than expected—milked in the morning, and at night the dead carcass lies in the yard! an almost daily occurrence. Open that cow; she has died of consumption, and the lungs are a "putrid black mass." As cows are almost daily dying, fresh, healthy ones are put in to supply their places, but they would die in a short time from the disease engendered there; so to moderate it, as in small-pox, the first thing done to a healthy cow is to cut a gash in her several inches long, and introduce into it some of the yellow, putrid matter of those already there, then tie up the wound with a rag; sometimes the part to which this virulent matter is applied rots off, in consequence of its more rabidly poisonous nature. Each cow drinks about twenty-five gallons of the swill on which they subsist, every twenty-four hours, and yields from one to six gallons of milk, such as it is: this milk is carted to New York, and sold at six cents a quart; and the people living within five miles of our City Hall pay for such milk, every year, over three millions of dollars. This swill is the refuse flowing from distilleries, causing the cows' teeth to fall out in a short time, so that they cannot eat hay or any solid

food, even if they could get it: their tails sometimes rot off, disease falls into their hoofs, which prevents their standing; and when once down, they are often unable to rise; and in this condition, wallowing in their filth, they are continued to be milked until life is extinct! These facts, with others as revolting, were elicited in a trial before one of our city courts. Two-thirds of all the milk consumed in New York city is the yield of cows fed on distillery swill—of cows living and dying in their rottenness in those long, low sheds, divided into stalls three feet by seven, standing, lying down, and sleeping in the atmosphere of their foul excretions—never taking one breath of pure fresh air from the moment of their entrance until the day of their death! Fed on milk from such a source, it is no wonder that three hundred children die in a week, in summer-time, in this city. After this, can any thinking man use milk from the carts without most uncomfortable misgivings? About a third of the milk used in New York is out of healthy cows, and is consumed with no other admixture than cold water.

A grand achievement would it be, if some philanthropic man would go a hundred or two miles in the country, purchase the milk from the farmers in the neighborhood, require it to be delivered to him, before it is cold, from the cows, and furnish it to us daily, as pure, and fresh, and sweet, and rich, as any milk on any farmer's table. This can be done, and is done now for us; and the arrangement is as admirable as it is scientific. Three teaspoonsful color a cup of tea to the whiteness of half a cupful of the common milk; and in the hottest days of summer, there is not an atom of sourness observed on the top as large as a pin's point. It makes the very best rice pudding without eggs. Dilute it with three times its amount of pure water, stir it well, and thick, luscious cream will soon cover its surface, without the least sediment of any description. If put in air-tight cans and kept cool, it will keep as perfectly sweet for months as it was at the first moment of its milking. It is done thus:

Within an hour or two of milking, it is put into a vessel without air, and rapidly evaporated, until a gallon is reduced to a quart; this is put into air-tight vessels, and sent to various parts of the world. One pint of this concentrated milk, mixed with two pints of water, equals three pints of cream. One quart, mixed with five quarts of water, gives six quarts of milk, as rich as the best milk from common milk-carts: thus allowing the buyer to dilute his own milk—a privilege hitherto most tyrannically withheld.

The *saving* is one quart in six. Persons interested can make the experiment for themselves, by purchasing some at one hundred and seventy-three Canal street, of Gail Borden, Jr. & Co.—the gentlemen whose prepared meats kept Dr. Kane and all his company from perishing in their Arctic travels. The mo-

ment milk leaves the body, it begins to die, like the blood. It is the living milk that gives the highest life to the young; hence nature has ordered that all sucklings should receive the milk warm from the parent's bosom, while it possesses *all* its life. The moment it leaves its natural fountain, it begins to part with its life—and with it, its highest virtues. But to place milk in a *statu quo* condition, immediately after milking, in a locality where there are no distilleries, is an achievement of the highest importance in an alimentary and physiological point of view. This, Mr. Borden does.

The CONDENSED MILK keeps perfectly sweet for several days in mid-summer, if placed in an open vessel, in an ice-chest, or very cool cellar; hence, supplies can be had for two days at a time, and thus give to New York Sabbaths of rest and quiet—rest to our citizens from the clattering of hundreds of carts and the unearthly yells of as many milkmen—rest to the jaded horses and rest to their drivers, with the inestimable advantage of a perfectly pure milk, costing no more than that generally used. Hence we consider its general introduction a humanity.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST—New-York, weekly, \$1 a year—gives a larger amount of seasonable, reliable agricultural information than any similar publication in the country.

FAMILY GYMNASIUM for the cure of diseases and deformities by certain forms of muscular exercise—by R. T. Trall, M.D., illustrated, by Fowler & Wells, New York—contains a large amount of practically useful information: but this is such a physic-taking age, it is not likely that the sentiments advocated will meet present attention.

THE series of biographical articles of eminent men in LITTELL'S *LIVING AGE* are of the highest interest to literary men at home and abroad.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE—Charles G. Leland, editor—has a steel engraving by Cassell & Kimwell, of New York, called *The Jewels*, which any parent might gaze upon by the hour with a pure delight. *Brazil and the Brazilians*, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, is of high and permanent interest.

ARTHUR' HOME MAGAZINE.—*Old Maid*, by Virginia F. Townsend, and *No. 3. Bayard Taylor*, are well worthy of perusal.

GODEY, liberal and courteous always, has not come to hand for months, until now. The frontispiece for October, *The Sisters*, is a lovely picture. It has upwards of fifty illustrations, with a most interesting article on the *Manufacture of Silk—Trials of a Housekeeper, Servant Question. Memories*, by J. W. McJilton, is beautiful.

THE first pages of the *Poughkeepsie Eagle*, and the *American Whig* of Taunton, Mass., are among the best edited of all the secular weeklies we receive. The *Eagle* ought to prize this notice, as we do not remember ever to have seen a "hubbing" of us in its columns.

THE MOTHER'S JOURNAL, \$1 a year, New-York, now in its twenty-second vol., has more than one or two truths in the following statement :

"Some of our exchanges we receive with great regularity, and some with great irregularity. *Arthur's Lady's Home Magazine*, *Lutheran Home Journal*, *Schoolyellow*, *Mother's Magazine*, all look well, and are well sustained. *Merry's Museum and Youth's Cabinet* united, forms a most excellent and attractive magazine for the young. *The Inventor* is an admirably conducted scientific paper, of peculiar interest to those who care for the mechanic arts. *The Home*, *The Lady's Pearl*, *Mother's Assistant*, reach us sometimes. *The Ladies' Repository* and the *National Magazine* are conducted with marked ability. But nothing pleases us better than HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. It is full of valuable matter.

THE WEST FOURTEENTH STREET COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, now in its thirty-eighth year of successful operation, opens its sessions with high promise, under G. P. Quackenboss, Rector, one of the most thorough instructors in New York ; pupils are advanced only as far as their *health will allow*—pity is it that our theological seminaries and other institutions of learning were not conducted on a consideration so politic, so wise, and so humane.

TRAVELLING BY RAIL.

IN repeated journeyings to the West and back, *via* the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, of which J. Edgar Thompson, Esq., is now the efficient President, we have not, in a single instance, failed to make good time, nor have we missed the connection once since its completion. The "night car" is an admirable arrangement, as it allows the wearied traveller to sleep with considerable comfort. We noticed a disposition of the windows in one car, in our last journey, which amounts to a humanity. The arrangement is such, that neither head, arm, nor elbow can be protruded, without a most uncomfortable bodily strain. Another praiseworthy item is, very full time is allowed at Altoona, for breakfast, in going West ; and at returning, a breakfast, bountiful, tidy, and well prepared. We commend the Pennsylvania Central, also, for its rigid exclusion of all men from the ladies' night-car, unless they have ladies with them. We write this notice, and of other lines previously, as they merited, never having ridden a mile in a rail-car free of charge.

MARRIED, in Sacramento, Cal., Thursday, May 28, 1857, by Rev. Mr. Baker, Dr. THOMAS J. HALL, of Kentucky, to Miss MARY M., only daughter of R. L. Robertson, Esq.

DIED, on Tuesday, August 18th, 1857, in Kittanning, Pa., at the residence of his son, Rev. J. H. Hall, Principal of the Minnesota Point Seminary, STEPHEN HALL, aged 70 years, a native of Pennsylvania ; but from early childhood a resident of Paris, Kentucky, and one of its three oldest citizens. Some years ago, he became a member of the Presbyterian Church, and died in that faith, tearfully praying for pardon, and for "a happy exit into the rest prepared for the people of God." His wife, whom he married forty-eight years ago, survives him, and with his eldest son, the editor of the JOURNAL OF HEALTH, closed his eyes. He was the father, also, of the late S. W. Hall, M. D., of Philadelphia, and of Dr. T. J. Hall, California. Firm in purpose, kindly, and confiding in his nature, he met death with a calm, intelligent courage, retaining a perfect and clear consciousness, almost to the minute of his ceasing to breathe.

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HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

NOVEMBER, 1857.

[NO. XI.

WE aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness
comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

CELIBACY

Is the ruin of any nation; it is a greater moral curse than drunkenness ever has been; and the parent who countenances it is, to that extent, his child's worst enemy, whether that child be son or daughter. As nations and communities prosper and grow older, the lines between wealth and poverty become more distinct; and, with equal pace, the strife for riches becomes a passion and a desperation, with a declining morality: and with all this, fewer persons marry, and they, at a later age in life—the unmarried setting up private establishments; while the more successful inaugurate a style of living largely beyond the profits of their business; when on any financial jar their rickety plans are deranged, and they are the first to go into bankruptcy. But, besides these two classes, there is a third, far outnumbering both, whose profligacy is of the more common sort, spreading its demoralizing and corrupting influences far and wide. Look at Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, once the fear of nations, when Charles the Fifth led her armies! But now, enervated by her demoralizations, she exists only by sufferance. In Stockholm, very near *half* of the registered births are illegitimate. In Paris, one child in every three is born out of wedlock. It is very easy to see that the cause of this is largely owing to deferred marriage. In our own country, especially in our large cities, the fact is everywhere observed, that young men are putting off marriage till a later and later period of life. Very many do not entertain the thought of it until past thirty; in the mean time, as a matter of course, do

worse—and they begin to complain of rheumatisms, the patent indicator of their immoralities.

But why do young men put off marriage until thirty and over? The reasons are twofold. Poverty and pride. They cannot afford to live in the style which their ambition aspires to. Young people want to begin at too high a round in the social ladder. Formerly, a young man was respected who married, and lived in the rear of his house, while the front was his office, or shop, or store; and when he got a little farther on, he occupied the first floor as his place of business, while his wife and children lived up stairs, *and it ought to be so still*, by three-fourths of the business men of our large cities. It is capable of demonstration, that it is healthier to do so, and a great economizer of time and money. To live “*up town*,” for example, in New York, three or four miles away from a man's place of business, is neither as good for himself or family, soul, body, or estate, *in the long run*, as if he did business on the first floor, and his family lived on the second or third of the same building.

A business man is always anxious when away from his place of business. He has a peace of mind when on the spot which is of itself a treasure. Bear us witness of this ye business men, who live in streets above the thirties, or “*out of town*.”

By the old plan, men enjoyed their families, lived with their wives and children, ate at home always, always slept at home; and in the end, lived longer, happier, and died richer, and more honored, than do the same class of persons now-a-days, with their empty store-lofts down town, and their dwellings miles away, at an extra rent of from one to three thousand dollars a year.

Compare the hasty and unmasticated dinner, or the late repast of five P. M., all jaded, exhausted, depressed with ten hours' labor, with the cozy dinner at decent old-fashioned noon—just hungry enough to enjoy, just tired enough to make a half-hours' sitting grateful, and just exhilarated enough with the profits of the morning to make it a matter of pleasureable converse while eating.

We have our eye now on two Dutch shoemakers and a native grocer, who have been living in this old-fashioned style within a block of us, in another street, for several years, and every

month or two, we notice some new indication of thrift, in a cleaner side-walk, a more showy window, a larger stock, or newly-painted front, and they are already able to own the houses they live in!—are saving something every year.

The above was written some three months ago; and what a confirmation of its truth is now found in the commercial panic of the middle of October, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven! Just look at it! Within a week, there appeared, in the same day's paper, an item, that one merchant, who stood up in the crisis of "*thirty-seven*," failed for the want of seven thousand dollars; another, whose house was deemed impregnable, and who could have raised in the street, in any business hour, a hundred thousand dollars on his own name, sixty days ago, *failed* for the want of six thousand dollars! Deduct the price of an up-town house, say twenty-five thousand dollars, and how many a man would most triumphantly have weathered this financial tornado! Deduct twenty-five hundred dollars rent, with its accumulated interest for ten years past, and how many a young merchant of New York would have to day walked the street with a firmer tread and a prouder look, who now, with an overdrawn bank-account, a bowed head, and broken ambition, has but one absorbing wish—to be shut out from the sight and memory of men for a season; or, that they could be so happy, as to be able to begin the world again without a dollar of capital, and without a dollar of debt.

Young men, you who are to be our merchant princes twenty years hence, think of this! *Marry early*, LIVE UNOSTENTATIOUSLY, AND RETIRE WITH A MODERATE FORTUNE.

STRANGE!

A YOUNG lady crossing over from Jersey the other day, is stated, on good authority, to have courteously thanked a gentleman who gave her his seat!

TRUE.

THE man who drew a conclusion, has since died of the effort.

STILL THEY COME.

Now that "Inhalation," for the cure of Consumption, has gone to the dogs, while its patronizers went to the grave, and when people have grown tired of guzzling villainous cod-liver oil by the tub-full; while *Naptha* and its "inventor" laid down in the grave together, after "a most brief" existence; and phosphate of lime, with its beautiful philosophic and microscopic theory, has long since hid its diminished head; and the great favorite of all, dram-drinking, has failed of its promised regeneration—*Cannabis Indica*, which, in vulgar English, is the hemp-plant boiled to a paste, then thinned with whisky, and sweetened with liquorice—it, too, has followed in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessors, notwithstanding its champion, "whose sands of life were almost run," had two barrels of that abundant article forwarded to him by "*express*," from New Orleans, for fear they might run out entirely, and prevent him from sending a "large bottle for two dollars" of the wonderful medicament to some afflicted son or daughter of Adam, who would have perished nineteen minutes and a quarter sooner than otherwise—said "*large bottle for two dollars*" costing, as we have ascertained by actual experiment, just thirty-one cents, bottle and all, even when the materials were of the freshest and purest that our next-door neighbor, *Tilden*, makes at his mammoth, celebrated laboratory; now that *Cannabis* has also failed of its promised wonder-workings, and is found to be most fitted for its old time use of going to seed and lint, and throttling the knaves who would divert it from its most legitimate use; a new aspirant for Consumptive celebrity has shot up into the British sky, and lays high claim to a deserved distinction above all that has gone before it—

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND IRON.

The philosophy of it is, that it absorbs oxygen largely, and that its action is to dissolve tubercles, and get them speedily out of the system. How doctors and divines revel in magniloquence!

"Consumption is the oxydation of the exudation corpuscle," says the doctor.

"Anthropomorphism is theopneustic," responds the divine, in a New-York pulpit, in our hearing. The first means, in effect, that consumption is the gradual destruction of the lungs, which, perhaps, is known to most persons outside of an asylum; but as to Theopneusticability of Anthropomorphism, we beg leave to decline to define, for fear we might illustrate it into obscurity, and thus make it a *lucus a non lucendo*, distinguished only by the blackness of its darkness!

But let us retrograde to the beginning, take the back track to where we started from, and fetch up in plain, home-spun English.

The theory above admits that a consumptive person needs water, lime, phosphorus, and iron, and a plenty of oxygen in the largest quantities that Nature can take and convert to her uses. But there are two things which contain all these elements, combined by the greatest Chemist ever known—the Maker of all things—Beef and Pure Air.

The out-door air has all the oxygen in it that can possibly be used to advantage; for if one more proportion of oxygen is added to it, it becomes *aquafortis*. On the other hand, Beef, including all fish, flesh, and fowl, has full as much lime, and water, and phosphorus, and iron, as the system can appropriate; and this brings us back to the great truth, which we have not ceased to advocate these many years, that it is in vain we look to the prevention, arrest, and cure of consumptive disease, except in a vigorous digestion, and large, continuous, and moderate out-door activities.

Last month we quietly republished, without note or comment, an article which first appeared from our pen, *verbatim*, some years ago, one word only being changed, *Spirometry*, accented on the *second* syllable—it being easier of pronunciation than the original, which accented the fourth syllable. A writer in a British periodical advises the use of a spirometer, as curative of consumption—on the same principle precisely that we have recommended women patients especially, to use an india-rubber life-preserver, or to practice running up stairs with the mouth shut, or singing aloud while walking across the floor; and to male patients, to practice running with the mouth shut, with daily increasing distances; the effect of all being the same to induce instinctive efforts of deep inspirations in a natural way; while the same inspirations made artificially, if in too

quick succession, induce vertigo, dizziness, and, possibly, apoplexy, or the rupture of a blood-vessel. This simple suggestion is worth millions of money to professional men, and whole ship-loads of physic to the common people, if it were applied with an intelligent discrimination.

The result of all these forms of exercise is one and the same; it lengthens the breath, makes way for a larger in-drawing and consequent use of the air we breathe, and the more we can take in, the more we can consume—the measure of one's radical improvement being an ability to run faster, and farther, and longer, with less fatigue, or to fully distend a life-preserver with fewer breaths.

Simple as these things are, they should be followed out, under the supervision of an intelligent physician, who must decide whether there be not some heart complication, making these exercises dangerous, or whether the strain put upon the lungs might not endanger the rupture of a blood-vessel—as the blindly-followed gymnastic exercises are known to occasion sometimes.

In addition to this, the physician must decide in each case how much exercise can be profitably taken; for if it go beyond a certain point—the actual fatigue line—that exercise has been destructive, instead of inuring to the building up of the system; which most important point, having been overlooked, has allowed many to exercise themselves to death.

Another point which imperatively requires an intelligent supervision, is the regulation of the food to its proper quantity and quality, and keeping the digestive function at the very highest point of healthful activity.

We are glad to have the names of quite a number of educated medical men on our subscription list—some of whom have added largely to that list, having the intelligence to perceive that the aim of our Journal is to throw the entire administration of medicine into the hands of educated men, and to banish self-medication from the land: and yet we could name a religious newspaper in this city, one of the largest of its class, which refused, without a reason, to advertise the “contents” of one of our numbers, and yet does not hesitate to notify its readers, for pay, where they can loan money for twenty-five per cent a year, where lottery book-stores may be found, and a common

book may be had for a dollar, with, possibly, a ten-dollar note inside. Broad as creation is that phylactery!

On the other hand, a clergyman writes us, within a month: "You are aiming in the right direction, and cannot fail to make an impression for good; and the world will be the better for your having lived in it." Another, who does not live in a corner, says: "Every number of your Journal is an angel of mercy to divers households; and if I were rich, I would order five hundred copies a month for theological students."

But we digressed, while intending to say to our medical subscribers especially, that the suggestions in this article, in reference to the main principles of treatment of Consumption, are not exceeded in importance by anything that has been proposed in ancient or modern times; to wit, that the control of consumption is found only in the promotion of a vigorous digestion of food, and the large consumption of out-door air, in the employment of judicious muscular activities.

COLD BATHING

IN summer or winter we detest, except it be to jump into a river, splurge about for two or three minutes, and then dress, and walk home as hastily as possible. All animate nature, except the hydric, instinctively shrinks from the application of cold water, if in health. Every body knows that cold water cannot wash the hands clean, and yet whole tomes are scribbled about the purifying effects of cold water. Cold water kills more than it cures. Hundreds of children are killed every year by fanatical mothers sousing them, head and ears, in cold water every day.

We never saw a modern bath-tub until we werè thirty years of age, and ever since the sight, we have not ceased to hate it with great cordiality, on account of the mischief which it constantly occasions.

The ordinary use of a bath-tub is an indecency. A great deal of stuff is printed about the bathing habits of the ancients, about the Eastern nations, and their love of the bath. What if they did love it? the ancients have all gone to grass long ago,

and "Eastern nations" are going to pot as fast as possible, individually and collectively! The average of human life is shorter, by many years, among the Eastern peoples than among the Western. Of three hundred inhabitants in the United States, only four persons die every year, while six die in England, and eight in France, and the farther we go "East" the greater is the mortality. As to the United States, it is the healthiest country on the globe, as a whole: according to the last statistics, Virginia, the very embodiment of the "*Great Unwashed*," is the healthiest of her healthy sisters, and next comes North Carolina, all smoked with pine knots, and begrimed with coal dust and tar: and it is doubtful if one in ten thousand of its families ever saw a modern bath-tub.

How many of our grandsires, now hale and hearty at three-score-and-ten, ever felt a shower-bath, or jumped into a tub of cold water to wash themselves? Who are they, amongst the beautiful women of present or past time, whose cheeks are the softest, and remain the longest free from the wrinkles of age? They are those who never washed their faces in cold water; and if indeed they were washed at all, it was done with warm water or spirits of wine, as practiced in the times of Louis *Quatorze*. Soft as velvet is the cheek of infancy; and it only grows harsh, and hard, and rough, as the practice gains of washing them with cold water.

A pig gets no cleaner by wallowing in a puddle; yet men and women wallow in a bath-tub, diluting the excretions from nameless parts of the person, to come in contact with the cleaner hands and face, and even lips, it may be!

People talk glibly about the bathing habits of *Eastern Nations* and the cleanliness of the Houris, who grace the Turkish Harem, and then we essay an imitation in this fashion. A Turk takes a hot bath, we take a cold one; we jump into a bath-tub, a thing which no decent Turk ever does. We question if there is a single bath-tub in all the dominions of the Sultan, unless it be the pet property of some water-mad Yankee. A Turk washes himself under a *stream of running water*, after a vigorous first-scrubbing; so that no impure particle, loosened from one part of the body, can, by possibility, come in contact with the body again. We wash ourselves in bath-rooms as cold as Greenland: the Turk cleanses himself in an apartment almost

as hot as an oven. We really cannot see how a man can make himself clean in a bath-tub, after the usual fashion.

The sum of the whole matter is this: If we want to cultivate habits of personal cleanliness and health, let us, at rational intervals, say once a week, have a room, *in fire-time*, which shows seventy degrees of Fahrenheit, and with strong soap-suds and a *hog's hair* brush, let the whole body be most thoroughly scrubbed, almost as effectually as if we were rubbing a grease-spot out of a plank-floor, then let the whole surface be rinsed with warm water, *running from the spigot*. When that is done, an instantaneous souse in a bath-tub, or better still, a bucket of cold water dashed on the head, falling all over the naked person, and then to be wiped dry and dress in two minutes—that indeed is a glorious luxury to any grown person, not an invalid. That “taking a bath” requires the exercise of a sound judgment, and that without this, it is not unattended with fatal consequences, New Yorkers especially have recently had some sad lessons. The lovely young wife of our national representative at Rome went from the dinner-table to a warm bath, and died in a few hours. One of our most distinguished lawyers, the State's Attorney, we believe, was, within a year, found dead in his bath-room. *Mortimer Livingston*, one of New York's noblest merchants, “took a bath one morning, remaining in the water a long time. On coming out, he complained of cold over his entire person, and all the means made use of to restore warmth failed, he lingered awhile, and died in a few days, aged fifty years,” in the very prime of life! Bishop Heber, the author of that charming hymn,

“From Greenland's icy mountains,” &c.

died from the effects of a bath: and how many thousands of children are annually hurried into the grave by injudicious washings, we will not hazard to conjecture.

Let those who are wise, learn from these things a lesson; and let none controvert the statements made, but those who know something, and can give whole facts.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

To put the candle to bed, and blow yourself out.

WEARING FLANNEL.

PUT it on at once, this first week of November, a good, substantial, old-fashioned, home-made, loose, red woollen flannel shirt, and do not lay it aside for a thinner article, at least until the first day of May, even in the latitude of New Orleans. We advise the *red*, because it does not full up, thicken, and become leathery by wearing.

Wear it only in the day-time, unless you are very much of an invalid; then change it for a similar one to sleep in—letting the two hang alternately on a chair to dry in a warm dry room.

If leaving it off at night gives you a cold, never mind it; persevere until you take no more cold by the omission. No one ceases to wear shoes because they caused corns: it is the proper use of things which makes them innocuous. The less you wear at night, the more good will your clothing do you in the day-time. Those who wear a great deal of clothing at night, must wear that much more in the day, or they will feel chilly all the time; and our own observation teaches us, that the people who muffle up most are the most to complain of taking cold.

But why wear flannel next the skin, in preference to silk or cotton?

Because it is warmer; it conveys heat away from the body less rapidly; does it so slowly, that it is called a non-conductor; it feels less cold when we touch it to the skin than silk or cotton.

If the three are wetted, the flannel feels less cold at the first touch, and gets warm sooner than silk or cotton, and does not cling to the skin when damp, as much as they do. We know what a shock of coldness is imparted to the skin when, after exercise and perspiration, an Irish linen shirt worn next the skin is brought in contact, by a change of position, with a part of the skin which it did not touch a moment before—often sending a shivering chill through the whole system.

A good deal has been said and written about silk being best on account of its electrical agencies; but all that is guess-work. We are mere blind leaders of the blind when we talk about that subtle agent; and until we know more of it, it is the greater wisdom to be guided by our sensations.

Another reason why woollen flannel is better is, that while

cotton and silk absorb the perspiration, and is equally saturated with it, a woollen garment conveys the moisture to its outside, where the microscope, or a very good eye, will see the water standing in innumerable drops. This is shown any hour, by covering a profusely sweating horse with a blanket, and let him stand still. In a short time, the hair and inner surface of the blanket will be dry, while the moisture will be felt on the outside. If we would be wise, we must use our senses, and observe for ourselves.

Some persons prefer white flannel, which may be prevented from fulling up, if first well washed in pretty warm soap-suds, then rinsed in one water as hot as can be well borne by the hand. After being once made, a woollen white flannel shirt should never be put in cold water, but always washed as above, not by putting soap on it, but by washing it in soap suds, not very hot.

HOW TO PREVENT COLDS.

IF people were blessed with common sense, and a little wholesome self-denial, they might often escape severe colds and fevers by resolute measures adopted in season. A correspondent of the *Evangelist* sends the following communication, giving an infallible recipe for a bad cold, if it is handled in time. Perhaps some of our readers may have courage to make the experiment:

"There is probably not a man, woman, or child, who is not as often as once a year afflicted with a severe cold, which ends in a cough or catarrh; and thousands there are who die every year of consumption, brought on by taking cold. He, then, who should discover a certain and effectual remedy for this complaint would be justly regarded as one of the greatest benefactors of the age. The writer does not profess to have discovered such a remedy, but he wishes to attest the truth of the following certain and effectual expedient for preventing a cold. A cold cannot be easily cured; but if it can be prevented, it is of no importance to know how it may be cured.

"A bad cold, like measles or mumps, or other similar ailments, will run its course of about ten days, in spite of what may be done for it, unless remedial means are employed within forty-eight hours of its inception. Many a useful life may be

spared to be increasingly useful, by cutting a cold short off in the following safe and simple manner. On the first day of taking a cold, there is a very unpleasant sensation of chilliness. The moment you observe this, go to your room and stay there. Keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling, even if it requires 100 degrees of Fahrenheit.

"In addition to this, put your feet in water half-leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hot water from time to time, for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out, than when you put them in. Then dry them thoroughly, and put on thick, warm, woollen stockings, even if it be summer—for summer colds are more dangerous—and for twenty-four hours eat not an atom of food, but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm tea, and at the end of that time the cold will be entirely broken without any medicine whatever. Efficient as the above means are, not one in a thousand attends to them; led on, as most men are, by the hope that a cold will pass away of itself. Nevertheless, this article will now and then pass under the eye of a wise man who does not choose to run the double risk of taking physic and dying too."—*Medical Journal*.

"The above expedient is a severe one for epicures and gluttons, but most persons will find it easier to fast one day than to be sick a fortnight. The writer has usually found that fasting for three or four meals is sufficient; but doubtless the whole remedy is better than a part.

"Let those who are often afflicted with colds—ministers, students, and consumptives generally, cut out the above directions and preserve them; if faithfully followed, they will do you more good than all the pulmonaries, cold cordials, and other hurtful nostrums, which now load your shelves.—*Watch. & Refl.*

The above was sent to that excellent religious paper "*The Watchman and Reflector*," of Boston, by one of its correspondents, as having been taken from a "*Medical Journal*." Its intrinsic importance, its truthfulness, and practical utility merit a republication every year, in our pages where it first appeared.

CURIOUS TABLE OF FIGURES.

JUST hand this table to the lady, and request her to tell you in which column or columns her age is contained. Add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found, and you have the great secret. Thus: suppose her age to be seventeen. You will find the number seventeen only in

two columns, viz., the first and fifth, and the first figures of these columns make seventeen. Here is the magic table:

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	6	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

If the above table should amuse boys from the street for an evening or two, and should make home more tolerable to some restless, gad-about girl, who is never happier than when flaunting on the street, or discoursing small talk with dandified young men at the theatre or opera, or tawdry eating saloon, we will feel repaid for its insertion: it amused us hugely in "sunnier days departed."

TRUE TEMPERANCE.

MR. EDITOR—Your oft-repeated exhortations to moderation in eating, in your excellent Journal, and in private counsel, have been of inestimable value to me. Is it not a sad fact that men's ideas of temperance, for the most part, respect *drinking* alone? I submit the question, without attempting an answer, whether the modern rage of total abstinence from drink has not incidentally done evil in propagating this false and pernicious notion. It is believed that your Journal, and books and papers of a similar character, are bringing men's minds up to larger views. How many are there whose consciences would scarcely let them take wine sauce for a pudding, or season a mince-pie with a spoonful of brandy, who keep themselves in a constant condition of obesity. Emancipated from the bottle, they are in bondage to the platter! If the spectacle were not so mournful, it would be ridiculous!

As a rule to which there is almost never an exception, I find it best to rise from the table with a feeling of hunger—not a gnawing desire for food, but a keen appetite which would eagerly seize upon another plateful. I have found it desirable—I might almost say necessary—to treat myself just as I treat my horse, in the matter of food; measure out the quantity which judgment and conscience approve; and, after that is deliberately devoured, let the stomach cry out for more as it pleases, always meet it with an inexorable denial. A man who has been overeating all his life (as I have been till lately) can hardly trust himself at full liberty even over a plain meal, with more safety than he could to give his horse free access to the oat-bin. After the bondage to overeating is once broken in this stern discipline, self-denial becomes easier, the fury of a morbid appetite is calmed down, and the stomach becomes more rational in its demands. As for myself, however, though moderation at table is less difficult than it used to be, yet I have found that I am very much like a reformed drunkard as respects eating; and the least overstepping of the prescribed limit rouses up the old appetite again in all its original and untamed violence. If any of your readers want to put a curb-bit on a runaway stomach, and escape the blue vapors, and conscience-throes of

the dyspeptic, they are welcome to this hint, for which I am in part indebted to the daily care of my horse. As ever yours,
LEONARD.

SCALDS AND BURNS.

D. Meredith Reese, M. D., LL.D.

THE veteran editor of the *American Medical Gazette* of New York, has never written a more truthful and more universally useful and practical article than the following. It should be preserved in some conspicuous place in every household in the land, we only adding, that until the flour is procured, *let the injured part be put under cold water, and the pain instantaneously ceases.* Apply the dry flour.

"We still see reported, almost daily, an appalling number of deaths by burns and scalds, not one of which, we take upon ourself to say, need prove fatal, or would do so, if a few pounds of wheat flour could be promptly applied to the wounds made by fire, and repeated, until the inflammatory stage had passed. We have not known a fatal case of scalding or burning in which this practice has been pursued, during more than thirty years' experience, and have treated hundreds in both public and private practice. We have known the most extensive burns by falling into cauldrons of boiling oil, and even molten copper, and yet the patient rescued by this simple and cheap remedy, which, from its infallible success, should supplant all the fashionable nostrums, whether oil, cotton, lead-water, ice, turpentine, or pain extractors, every one of which has been tried a thousand times with fatal results, and the victims have died in excruciating agony, when a few handfuls of flour would have calmed them to sleep, and rescued them from pain and death. Humanity should prompt the profession to publish and republish the facts on this subject, which are established by the authority of standard medical works on both sides of the Atlantic."

HOW A DOCTOR LOOKS.

*"Three faces wears the Doctor : when first sought
An Angel's ; and a God's, the cure half-wrought ;
But when, that cure complete, he seeks his fee.
Beelzebub looks less terrible than he."*

MATERIAL FOR MEN.

A LONG time ago, a little boy twelve years old, on his road to Vermont, stopped at a country tavern, and paid for his lodging and breakfast by sawing wood, instead of asking for it as a gift. Fifty years later, the same boy passed that same little inn as GEORGE PEABODY, the banker, whose name is the synonyme of magnificent charities—the honored of two hemispheres.

Far back in the teens of the present century, a young man asked for employment in the Springfield armory; but he was poor, and modest, and had no friends, so he went away without it; but, feeling the man within him, he sought work until he found it. An age later, he visited that armory the second time, not as a common day-laborer, but as the ablest speaker of the House of Representatives for many years, and not unlikely our future chief magistrate—N. P. BANKS, of New Hampshire. Go to, ye dandified, kid-gloved, cologned, billiard-playing, club-tending, tight-waisted, spindle-limbed, soft-headed, time killing, lady-tending numskulls, begin life over again, if you wish to leave your mark on the world's history, by earning your first dinner in honorable labor; and resolve, that what you eat and drink, and wear, from this day forward, shall be from your own earnings, and you will yet die men.

MARRIAGE, WANT, AND CRIME

ARE not common associates. The celibate, the ignorant, and the idle, these are they who fill our prisons and crowd our penitentiaries. The more children a man has, the less apt is he to become a criminal. Each child is an additional responsibility. But each one touches some new chord in our affections, brings into exercise some new virtue, and calls out sentiments that otherwise might have remained dormant for a lifetime. One child is courageous, another timid; one is frank and open, another retires within itself; and thus each one has some quality or other, which, for that quality, makes it peculiarly loved; thus bringing out, one after another, every warm affection of a parent's heart, keeping his better nature always alive,

steadily repelling temptation, and inviting to deeds of kindness and humanity. That all this is no mere theory, is evident from the fact, that four-fifths of the inmates of one of the largest penitentiaries in the Union were unable to read or write; of twenty-four hundred prisoners, only one out of six was married, and these averaged less than three children each. And then, it is an observed fact in great cities, that more persons are sent to prison during the abundance of summer than during winter, when want of fire and food combine to aggravate the sufferings of the poor.

These things being so, every good citizen should feel it his duty to encourage marriage, promote industry, and do all that is possible to educate the masses, not merely in the A B C, the reading, writing, and arithmetic, but in what is of higher moment than these, a familiar knowledge of those principles of human conduct which are so broadly and so plainly laid down in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. Then, and not till then, will our physical and moral natures be found going hand in hand unto perfection.

“THE MODEL MAN.”

AN individual writes to *Life Illustrated* as follows :

“I drink no kind of liquid, except water. I use no kind of medicine, tobacco, or snuff. I eat no kind of meat, fish, fowl, salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard, spices, or pickles. I belong to no party or sect. I never swear, bet, play at cards, or gamble in any way. I never go to law, fight, or interfere with my neighbors' private affairs. I never visit any theatre, drinking saloon, gambling-house, brothel, or useless shows. I never read any novels, or follow any fashion or opinion, unless I think it is perfectly right. I claim the right to investigate any subject which presents itself, and then to judge for myself. I also allow the same privilege to others. I violate no moral or physical law, that I know of. I despise no one for his poverty, nor do homage to any one for his wealth. Whenever the people can thus reform themselves, we then can get rid of the present expensive and corrupt governments, whereby it takes one-half of the people to govern and regulate the other half of society. We should then want no law, soldiers, police jails, or governments, for every one would be a law of him self.”

We will venture to say that the author of the foregoing is a self-righteous, self-conceited ignoramus, without influence where he resides, without a Bible, without religion, and "without hope in the world." If all men were made after his fashion, no human government would last an hour; for his rule of action is what *he* thinks "*is perfectly right*," and his standard of justice would be the laws he would make "of himself." And what if he does not eat meat, fish, or fowl, he eats what he likes—just like any other pig. The conceit of a fool is as amazing as the cowardice of a braggadocio!

FROM LAURIE TODD'S NOTE-BOOK.

I WAS only thirty months old when my mother died. By the neglect of a servant, I lost the use of my limbs, and sat nearly a twelvemonth on a small bench, looking at the fire. One day a gipsy entered, and asked for something to eat. While she was taking some milk and bread, my small figure drew her attention. She inquired into my case, and advised my father to board me on a heather-hill near by, which abounded with small snails, the shells of which were half an inch long and beautifully striped. The snails came out of their holes every morning about sun-rise. I was sent out to gather a cup-full. They were washed, boiled in milk, fresh from the cow. This milk was given me to eat with my oat-meal porridge, and was very palatable. I was much amused at gathering the snails; the exercise imparted strength to my limbs, while the snail-soup nourished my feeble frame. Now, I walk without a staff.

When in my twelfth year, my father consulted Dr. Monro, of Edinburgh, whether to apprentice me to a tailor or a wrought-nail maker. The nail-maker stands upright while at work, with the whole body in gentle motion. The hammer was put into my hand in my twelfth year. From that day my health and strength began to improve; and now, when my sun is sinking in the west, my personal feelings are as comfortable as they were sixty years ago, seeing and hearing excepted.

Parents, nurses, and physicians err when they place a weak,

lame, and rickety boy on a tailor's board, or a shoemaker's stool; better buy his coffin at once.

All the works of God are in perpetual motion. If men wish health and comfort, they must keep moving.

From 1794 to 1802, I made wrought-nails in New York, when the cut-nails appeared, and put me out of employment.

GRANT THORBURNE, SR.

NEW HAVEN, *Sept.* 30, 1857.

THE THREE GLORIES; OR, TWO TO ONE.

OF our merchant princes, there are two classes, since the financial tornado has swept across the commercial world. Those who withstood its fury walk now with a firmer tread and higher beating hearts; their glory is, that they still stand. Of the fallen, there are those who fell, proud as ever to-day, because they fell honorably. But our wives and daughters revel in a glory that towers a head and shoulders above all others, and throws all others into the shade—the glory of purchasing dry goods at half price.

TRAPS.

MOSQUITO traps, flies, roaches, &c., are furnished by J. S. Clough, 168 Broadway—certain death to all who enter them.

Boy trap, a girl in her teens; man trap, a taking young widow. Bug trap, flies, insects, and the like: take a pound and a half of common rosin, and a pint of sweet oil, place them in a vessel over the fire, until the rosin is melted, stir them well and when cool it forms a liquid; put it on any piece of cloth, linen, or other flexible material, with a brush, and then wrap it around the stem or body. It remains sticky and clammy for a long time. *Piesse* calls this REZOIL; and says, that birds, cats, and mice give it a wide berth.

Invalid Trap. Let him know that you have something which cured somebody else, worse than he, but that you will not tell its name. He will pay you well for it—the higher the price, the more anxious will he be to get hold of it. But tell him that it is a glass of spring water, to be had by walking up a steep mountain five times a day, and he will have nothing to do with it.

TIME TABLE.

THE following useful table is taken from *Dinsmore's Railroad Guide*. When it is noon, or twelve o'clock, at Washington City, it is fourteen minutes past twelve at Albany, New York. Places west of Washington have slower, while those east of Washington have earlier time than at Washington.

NOON AT WASHINGTON, D. C.		NOON AT WASHINGTON, D. C.	
Albany, N. Y.....	12 14 P.M.	Nashville, Tenn.....	11 21 A.M.
Augusta, Ga.....	11 41 A.M.	Natchez, Miss.....	11 03 "
Augusta, Me.....	11 31 "	Newark, N. J.....	12 11 P.M.
Baltimore, Md.....	12 02 P.M.	New Bedford, Mass.....	12 25 "
Beaufort, S. C.....	11 47 A.M.	Newburg, N. Y.....	12 12 "
Boston, Mass.....	12 24 P.M.	Newburyport, Mass.....	12 25 "
Bridgeport, Ct.....	12 16 "	Newcastle, Del.....	12 06 "
Buffalo, N. Y.....	11 53 A.M.	New Haven, Ct.....	12 17 "
Burlington, N. J.....	12 09 P.M.	New London, Ct.....	12 20 "
Burlington, Vt.....	12 16 "	New Orleans, La.....	11 08 A.M.
Canandaigua, N. Y.....	11 59 A.M.	Newport, R. I.....	12 23 P.M.
Charleston, S. C.....	11 49 "	New York, N. Y.....	12 12 "
Chicago, Ill.....	11 18 "	Norfolk, Va.....	12 03 "
Cincinnati, O.....	11 31 "	Northampton, Mass.....	12 18 "
Columbia, S. C.....	11 44 "	Norwich, Ct.....	12 20 "
Columbus, O.....	11 36 "	Pensacola, Flor.....	11 20 A.M.
Concord, N. H.....	12 23 P.M.	Petersburg, Va.....	11 59 "
Dayton, O.....	11 32 A.M.	Philadelphia, Pa.....	12 08 P.M.
Detroit, Mich.....	11 36 "	Pittsburg, Pa.....	11 48 A.M.
Dover, Del.....	12 06 P.M.	Plattsburg, N. Y.....	12 15 P.M.
Dover, N. H.....	12 37 "	Portland, Me.....	12 28 "
Eastport, Me.....	12 41 "	Portsmouth, N. H.....	12 25 "
Frankfort, Ky.....	11 30 A.M.	Prairie du Chien, Wis.....	11 04 A.M.
Frederick, Md.....	11 59 "	Providence, R. I.....	12 23 P.M.
Fredericksburg, Va.....	11 58 "	Quebec, Can.....	12 23 "
Frederickton, N. B.....	12 42 P.M.	Racine, Wis.....	11 18 A.M.
Galveston, Texas.....	10 49 A.M.	Raleigh, N. C.....	11 53 "
Gloucester, Mass.....	12 26 P.M.	Richmond, Va.....	11 58 "
Greenfield, ".....	12 18 "	Rochester, N. Y.....	11 57 "
Hagerstown, Md.....	11 58 "	Sacket's Harbor, N. Y.....	12 05 P.M.
Halifax, N. S.....	12 54 P.M.	St. Anthony Falls.....	10 56 A.M.
Harrisburg, Pa.....	12 01 "	St. Augustine, Flor.....	11 42 "
Hartford, Ct.....	12 18 "	St. Louis, Mo.....	11 07 "
Huntsville, Ala.....	11 21 A.M.	St. Paul, Min.....	10 56 "
Indianapolis, Ind.....	11 26 "	Sacramento, Cal.....	9 02 "
Jackson, Miss.....	11 08 "	Salem, Mass.....	12 26 P.M.
Jefferson, Mo.....	11 00 "	Savannah, Ga.....	11 44 A.M.
Kingston, Can.....	12 02 P.M.	Springfield, Mass.....	12 18 P.M.
Knoxville, Tenn.....	11 33 A.M.	Tallahassee, Flor.....	11 30 A.M.
Lancaster, Pa.....	12 03 P.M.	Toronto, Can.....	11 51 "
Lexington, Ky.....	11 31 A.M.	Trenton, N. J.....	12 10 P.M.
Little Rock, Ark.....	11 00 "	Troy, N. Y.....	12 14 "
Louisville, Ky.....	11 26 "	Tuscaloosa, Ala.....	11 18 A.M.
Lowell, Mass.....	12 23 P.M.	Utica, N. Y.....	12 08 P.M.
Lynchburg, Va.....	11 51 A.M.	Vandalia, Ill.....	11 18 A.M.
Middletown, Ct.....	12 18 P.M.	Vincennes, Ind.....	11 19 "
Milledgeville, Ga.....	11 35 A.M.	Wheeling, Va.....	11 45 "
Milwaukee, Wis.....	11 17 "	Wilmington, Del.....	12 06 P.M.
Mobile, Ala.....	11 16 "	Wilmington, N. C.....	11 56 A.M.
Montpelier, Vt.....	12 18 P.M.	Worcester, Mass.....	12 21 P.M.
Montreal, Can.....	12 14 "	York, Pa.....	12 02 "

AGRICULTURE.

THE healthiest of all callings, and which, when intelligently prosecuted, involves a large share of bodily activities, with a wide range of intellectual and scientific inquiry, deserves more attention than the present age accords to it. One of the greatest mistakes of the times is, that "*anybody has sense enough to be a farmer,*" that it is a pursuit which can be taken up and successfully prosecuted without pre-culture. As well might you set a hodman to draft a national capital. With these views, and with a desire to promote *scientific agriculture*, as the basis of national thrift, independence, and wealth, we append a list of Agricultural Periodicals, published regularly, earnestly recommending our "Farm Readers," in every section of the country, to patronize them liberally, always giving the preference to those nearest them.

MAINE.—*Maine Farmer*, Augusta: weekly, folio, 4 pages, \$1.75. Russell Eaton, Publisher and Proprietor; Ezekiel Holmes, Editor.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Farmers' Cabinet*, Amherst; weekly, folio, 4 pages, \$1.50. E. D. Boylston, Editor and Proprietor.

Farmer and Visitor, Manchester; weekly, folio, 4 pages.

Granite Farm.—Concord; monthly, quarto, \$1.

VERMONT.—*Vermont Stock Journal*, Middlebury; monthly, quarto, 16 pages, 50 cents. D. C. Linsley, Editor, Publisher, and Proprietor.

Green Mountain Farmer.—West Randolph; weekly, folio, 4 pages, \$1.50. A. Perkins, Jr., Editor.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston Cultivator*, Boston; weekly, quarto, 8 pages, \$2. Otis Brewer, Publisher; J. Pedder, S. Howard, and O. Brewer, Editors.

Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture, Boston; monthly, octavo, 60 pages, \$2. Hovey & Co., Publishers; C. M. Hovey, Editor.

New England Farmer, Boston; Simon Brown and Wm. Simonds, Editors. Frederick Holbrook and Henry T. French, Associate Editors. Joel Nourse, Proprietor. Weekly. Terms, \$2.

Massachusetts Plowman, Boston; W. Buckminster and W. J. Buckminster, Editors. Weekly. Terms, \$2.

CONNECTICUT.—*The Homestead*, Hartford; weekly, quarto, 8 pages, \$2. M. C. Weld, Publisher; William Clift, T. S. Gold, H. A. Dyer, and C. M. Weld, Editors.

NEW YORK.—*American Agriculturalist*, New York City; monthly, quarto, 24 pages, \$1. Orange Judd, Editor and Proprietor.

Working Farmer, New York City; monthly, quarto, 24 pages, \$1. Fred. McCready, Publisher; J. J. Mapes and Wm. Dodge, Editors.

Country Gentleman, Albany; Luther Tucker, Editor and Proprietor. Weekly. Terms, \$2.

Rural American, Utica; semi-monthly, quarto, \$1. T. B. Miner, Editor and Proprietor.

Journal of the New York State Agricultural Society, Albany; monthly, octavo, 16 pages, B. P. Johnson, Secretary.

Plow, Loom, and Anvil, New York City; J. A. Nash and M. P. Parish, Editors. Monthly Magazine. Terms, \$2.

Moore's Rural New Yorker, Rochester; D. D. T. Moore, Editor, with an able corps of Assistant Editors. Weekly. Terms, \$2.

Northern Farmer, Utica; T. B. Miner, Editor and Proprietor. Monthly. Terms, \$1.

NEW JERSEY.—*New Jersey Farmer*, Freehold; monthly, octavo, 32 pages, \$1. Orin Pharo, Editor and Proprietor.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*American Farmer*, Philadelphia; quarto, 4 pages, monthly, 25 cents a year. An Association of Farmers, Editors; Wm. Wallace, Publisher.

The Horticulturalist, Philadelphia; monthly, octavo, 64 pages, \$2. Dr. J. J. Smith, Editor; Robert P. Smith, Publisher.

Farm Journal, Philadelphia; monthly, octavo, 32 pages, \$1. David A. Wells, A. M. Spangler, Editors; S. Emlem & Co., Publishers.

Germantown Telegraph, (Family and Agricultural paper.) Weekly, folio, Germantown. By Philip R. Freas. \$2.

American Farmer, Baltimore, Maryland; monthly, octavo, 60 pages, \$1. Sands & Worthington, Publishers.

Rural Southerner, Ellicott's Mills, Maryland; weekly, quarto, 4 pages, \$1. Richard Edwards, Editor and Proprietor.

Southern Planter, Richmond, Va.; monthly, octavo, 64 pages, \$2. Ruffin & August, Publishers and Proprietors; E. G. Ruffin, Editor.

Southern Farmer, Petersburg, Va., weekly, quarto, 8 pages, \$1. Thos. S. Pleasant, A. C. Morton, Editors.

The Arator, Raleigh, N. C.; monthly, octavo, 16 pages, \$2.

Carolina Cultivator, Raleigh, N. C.; monthly, octavo, 34 pages, \$2. William D. Cook, Editor and Publisher.

American Cotton Planter and Soil of the South, Montgomery, Alabama; monthly, octavo, 32 pages, \$1. Underwood and Cloud, Publishers and Proprietors; N. B. Cloud, Agricultural Editor.

Southern Agriculturalist, Columbia, S. Carolina; quarto, monthly, \$1. Bol. A. G. Sumner, Editor.

Southern Cultivator, Augusta, Ga.; monthly, octavo, 24 pages, \$1. Wm. Jones, Publisher and Proprietor; D. Lee and Redmond, Editors.

Tennessee Farmer and Mechanic, Nashville, Tenn.; monthly, octavo, 48 pages, \$2. Smith, Morgan & Co., Publishers; L. P. Williams, Editor.

The Western Farm Journal, Louisville, Ky.; weekly, quarto, 16 pages. James P. Hull & Co., Publishers; D. W. Gallagher, Editor.

Indiana Farmer, Richmond, Ind.; quarto, 8 pages, monthly, 50 cents. D. P. Holloway, and W. T. Dennis, Editors; Holloway & Co., Proprietors.

Valley Farmer, St. Louis, Mo., and Louisville, Ky.; monthly, octavo, 48 pages, \$1. N. J. Coleman, Editor and Publisher, St. Louis; H. P. Byram, Editor and Publisher, Louisville.

The Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio; weekly, folio, 4 pages, \$2. T. Brown, Editor and Proprietor.

The Ohio Cultivator, Columbus; semi-monthly, quarto, 16 pages, \$1. S. D. Harris, Editor and Proprietor.

Ohio Valley Farmer, Cincinnati, Ohio; monthly, quarto, 16 pages, \$1. B. F. Sanford, Editor and Proprietor.

The Cincinnati Farmer, Farmers' College, near Cincinnati, Ohio; monthly, octavo, 48 pages, \$2. F. G. Carey, President of the Farmers' College, Editor.

Prairie Farmer, Chicago, Ill. Charles D. Bragdon, John A. Kennicott, and Robert M. Cox, Editors. John S. Wright, Proprietor. Weekly. Terms, \$2.

Spirit of the Agricultural Press, West Urbana, Ill.; L. G. Chase and Albert Gore, Editors and Publishers. Weekly. Terms, \$2.

Iowa Farmer, Mount Pleasant, Iowa; octavo, 16 pages, \$1. Duane Wilson & Co.

The Northwestern Farmer, Dubuque, Iowa; monthly, octavo, 42 pages, \$1. Mill & Brayton, Editors and Proprietors.

Wisconsin Farmer, Madison, Wis.; monthly, octavo, 48 pages, \$1. Powers & Skinner, Publishers.

Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich.; monthly, octavo, 32 pages, \$1. R. F. Johnstone, Editor and Publisher.

California Farmer, San Francisco and Sacramento (simultaneously), Cal.; weekly, quarto, 8 pages, \$5. Warren & Co., Publishers and Proprietors.

WHAT is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

DICTIONARY.

AN American Dictionary of the English Language, with an Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History, and Connection of the Languages of Western Asia and Europe, with an Explanation of the Principles on which Languages are formed.

BY NOAH WEBSTER, LL.D.

Revised and enlarged by Professor Goodrich, of Yale College, with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Scripture, Classical, and Geographical Names. 1857. Published by the Messrs. Merriam, of Springfield, Mass.: 1460 pages, crown quarto, unabridged, each page having three columns, containing three times the amount of any other English Dictionary compiled in this country, comprising over 12,000 Geographical Names, and recommended by many of the greatest minds of the nation, Webster, Benton, Cass, Winthrop, Cox, Beecher Stowe, Humphrey, and others, as the most complete, accurate, and reliable Dictionary of the Language.—So that in this country the sale of Webster's Dictionaries, for the last ten years, has been tenfold greater than all other English Dictionaries besides, while in England it has not one prominent and distinct competitor for public usage; and is of such popularity there, that BOHN, who owned the plates of Worcester's largest work, is said to have altered the title page, and mutilated the preface, and published the work, as compiled from the materials of Noah Webster, LL.D., by Joseph E. Worcester.

ASSURANCE of certainly curing you of any malady, always comes from a man who neither understands his business nor himself.

AN ABSURDITY.—To purchase wood by measure. Its heat-producing qualities are in proportion to its weight, if seasoned. When in Paris, our wood was furnished by the pound.

REVIEWS, NOTICES, &c.

Littell's Living Age, No. 701, contains an able notice of Bishop Berkeley's Works.

Graham offers an inviting programme for 1858. Putnam has been merged in Emerson, opening with "Up the Mississippi," characteristically illustrated: then follows the "Life of Washington," &c., &c., with his Autographs. "Annual Register of Rural Affairs, an Almanac for 1858," by Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, N. Y., 25 cents, with 130 engravings, is well worth a place in every thrifty farmer's home, and still more needed in the unthrifty—for it is full of valuable information. "Blackwood, in its forty-fifth year;" "Military Education;" "The Book and the Rocks;" "Scenes of Clerical Life;" "New Sea-Side Studies," &c.

NOSTRUMS.—*Life Illustrated*, published weekly in New York, by FOWLERS & WELLS, after saying of the *Independent* that it "contains matters of science, literature, art, and information, which constitute it one of the most valuable newspapers published, its reports as to financial and business matters are taken as authority in Wall street," calls in question its morality, by adding: "*It will* publish advertisements of quack medicines and disguised liquor shops. Don't do that friends, and we will put you down as just about right."

When a religious newspaper publishes a communication which it knows to be a lie, and for pay, it places itself in a false position. It sells its principles for a mess of pottage.

A LADY CONNOISSEUR says, that Gail Borden's condensed milk makes a better cup of Tea than any cream that can be procured in New York, and that if used even with brown sugar, the tea is better than when ordinary milk and loaf sugar are used.

That ugly-looking, coarse-papered, bad-printed monthly, of sixteen pages, the SOUTH-WESTERN SCHOOL JOURNAL, 50 cents a year, edited by the Rev. Mr. Heywood, and Noble Butler, of Louisville, Ky., is not surpassed in the universal excellence of its contents by any educational periodical in this country. If it does not pay well enough to be got up, even in the plain style of our own JOURNAL, it is a disgrace to every Kentuckian and to every family of the great "South-west."

THE ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, under the control of Dr. Rentz, Broadway, consisting of 400 models, may be profitably visited by every parent in New York. Open to ladies only on Fridays.

FUEL.—Our city readers who have not laid in their coal and wood for winter are assured, that by dealing with Truslow Brothers, they will always have full measure, the best of its kind, and at a lower price than has ruled for a long time past. Ten per cent per ton will be saved on coal, if purchased within a few days, as the canals will soon be frozen, and the opportunity of obtaining it from boats will be lost.

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HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

OUR LEGITIMATE SCOPE IS ALMOST BOUNDLESS: FOR WHATEVER BEGETS PLEASURABLE
AND HARMLESS FEELINGS, PROMOTES HEALTH; AND WHATEVER INDUCES
DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS, ENGENDERS DISEASE.

VOL. IV.]

DECEMBER, 1857.

[NO. XII.

WE aim to show how disease may be avoided, and that it is best, when sickness
comes, to take no medicine without consulting an educated physician.

THE GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

WHAT will become of them this long and dreary winter, when the pinching times have thrown thousands of them out of employment? Many of them will pine away in want and honorable destitution, and quietly pass into the friendly grave, where toil is no more exacted, and where the busy fingers are at rest forever!

Not long ago, a young seamstress came to us, *as a favor*, at a dollar a day, besides her board, beginning the day's work at half past eight o'clock! and yet, there are multitudes of females among us who could sew just as well, and would most willingly do it, at a quarter the price, if it could be done without its being known to any but themselves; and other multitudes are there, who would quite as willingly act as cooks and chambermaids for a dollar a week, "*if it was not for the name of the thing.*"

There are thousands of families, in New York and around it, who would be but too glad to board and give a dollar a week to girls who would cook, or sew, or wash, or sweep. Now, can not some plan be devised to bring these classes together, to the mutual satisfaction and joy of both?—accommodating the families, and saving the unemployed from hunger and desperation, and even crime.

There are thousands of cooks and chambermaids, in this and other large cities, as to whom, two dollars a week—one dollar a week—is out of all proportion to their merit in such times as

these; while there are other thousands, more intelligent, more tidy, more capable, who would be happy to serve for half a dollar a week, plentiful meals, and comfortable sleeping apartments being secured to them.

One of the greatest demoralizations of every day occurrence is, a *gift* to poverty. It degrades the receiver on the instant; and every time it is repeated, that degradation is made the more certain and the more complete. But to teach a poor man how to help himself, how to get along, that is a truer charity than all, that is an act of brotherhood! The wide world over, the people who are helped the most, are of the least account. "Help yourself!" is the universal instinct of mere animal life; and man, the nobler animal, is no exception to that world-wide law. If an intelligence office were established in New York, where *tidy, educated* girls could be found, who would be willing to work for a dollar a week, there are thousands of humane housekeepers who would cheerfully employ them, and, in addition, aid them in qualifying themselves for a better discharge of their duties.

Another humanity, and a civic economy too, would be for the city authorities, co-operating with private benevolence, to raise a large fund—a generous hundred thousand dollars at once—for the purchase of railroad tickets at a low rate, which should carry the bearer at least six hundred miles into the interior of the country, to be given to indigent persons, so as to convey them to places where provisions are abundant, where help is needed, and so far away, too, that they would not be able to lay up means for return, at least, for some months to come; meanwhile, they might form associations and attachments which would take away all desire to return.

It is a positive waste of money and of means to give in charity on the street, or at your own door. As for feeding people at one's house on certain days of the week, it is a mockery and a pharisaical sham. No; send every ounce of cold food, and every spare rag of cast-off clothing, to the Five Points Missions, or to Mr. Brace, in Astor Place, and then you have the assurance that not an atom will be misappropriated; and as for your money, take every penny you can spare to help your brother man in his need, and purchase tickets from the Association for the Poor, at 39 Bible House; carry these tickets in your pocket, besides

having a good supply at your own house, and when application is made for charity, give one of these tickets, which will direct the bearer to a certain place; and on the presentation of that ticket, a responsible person will go with the bearer to his or her home; and if, on minute inquiry, and conversation with neighbors, the person merits aid, it will be given, not in money, but in food, or clothing, or fuel, or rent. These tickets can be had at:

1st Station, 1st & 2d Wards.....	27 Greenwich Street.
2d Station, 3th & 5th Wards	147 Duane Street.
3d Station, 4th & 6th Wards	106 Centre Street.
4th Station, 7th Ward	292 Madison Street.
5th Station, 8th & 15th Wards	129 Thompson Street.
6th Station, 9th Ward	519 Hudson Street.
7th Station, 10th Ward	280 Houston Street.
8th Station, 11th Ward	655 Fourth Street.
9th Station, 13th Ward	261 Delancy Street.
10th Station, 14th Ward	142 Grand Street.
11th Station, 16th Ward	159 West 19th Street.
12th Station, 17th Ward	442 Fourth Street.
13th Station, 18th Ward	168 West 23d Street.
14th Station, 20th Ward	231 West 31st Street.
15th Station, 21st Ward	418 Third Avenue.
16th Station, 22d Ward.....	155 West 43d Street.

Mr. HARTLEY is the Corresponding Secretary of the "*Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor*," at No. 39 Bible House.

None so well know as physicians, that the real cause of disease and premature death to multitudes in large cities, in winter time, is not the want of money (for, if furnished, it would be improvidently expended, in nine cases out of ten), but it is the want of food and warmth.

These suggestions merit the mature consideration of all who truly sympathize with the poor among us.

RANCID BUTTER.

To a pint of water add about thirty drops, that is, about half a teaspoonful, of *Liquor of Chloride of Lime*; wash in this two and a half pounds of insupportably rancid butter; when every particle of the butter has come in contact with the water, let it stand an hour or two, then wash the butter well again in pure water; the butter is then left with the odor, taste, and sweetness of fresh butter. If this is true, it is an important discovery—this preparation of *Lime* having nothing injurious in it.

"HUB ME, SHIPMATE."

VERY many pleasant letters *and dollars!* have come to us from the North, South, East, and West, in consequence of our October article under the above heading.

North Carolina says: "Please find inclosed for the four bound volumes of your Journal, for my friend. Thus much do I 'Hub' you, and hope to be able to do so again. O. S. B."

New York City: "While reading the *Home Journal* for this week, which, I am happy to say, I have an opportunity of doing weekly, I came to an article headed, 'Hub me, Shipmate,' taken from your useful Journal. This put me in mind of what I intended to do for a long time, that is, to subscribe for your Journal; so that the said *Home Journal* has 'hubbed' me on your account very effectually. This article struck me so forcibly, that although intent on reading, I determined to leave the paper immediately, to order your Journal. A. N."

Massachusetts: "I have read all the numbers I ordered, and want more: I have been more interested than I expected to be. The commendations of your Journal are high, but not higher than it merits. I have long been wishing for such a publication: I became interested in it by seeing, within a year past, somewhat frequent, and always valuable quotations from it in the *Congregational* of Boston. I propose to send away the numbers for this year, and order the bound volume. C. M. C."

Wilmington: "The first article which arrested my attention to-day, on opening the JOURNAL OF HEALTH, was 'Hub me, Shipmate.' I read it to an intelligent gentleman, in my office at the time, and 'hubbed' the Journal by a word of approbation and solicitation, and the inclosed is the result. Accept this as another instance of 'Hubbing,' from one who values the monthly visits of the Journal highly, because it brings both profit and pleasure to your friend and obedient servant.

W. G. T."

It is natural for us, on receiving any good, to desire to impart it to others, and thus double its benefits. In proportion, then,

as the reader has been entertained, instructed, and benefited by perusing what we have written during the past year, may we not hope that, by dropping a word of approbation of us here and there, and following that word by a solicitation to subscribe, a good may be done all round, and many new subscribers come in to us.

CARE OF THE EYES.

CRAWFORD, the celebrated sculptor, had an inveterate habit of reading in a reclining position: one eye has been taken out in consequence of a cancerous tumor forming behind it, and his life has paid the forfeit, after years of suffering, and the expenditure of a large amount of money.

PRESCOTT, the Historian, in consequence of a disorder of a nerve, by which the eyes were rendered useless for all writing purposes, could not use a pen, as he was unable to see when it failed to make a mark, for want of ink; nor could he distinguish the lines or edges of his paper; yet, with these disadvantages, he wrote all his *historicals*, using an agate stylus on carbonated paper, being guided as to the lines or edges by brass wires drawn through a wooden frame: but, with all these hindrances, he has made himself one of the most readable of modern historians, and earned a fortune besides.

To avoid these and similar calamities, we urge upon the young, especially, never to use the eyes by any artificial light, where nicety of sight is required, nor to use them in any strained position, or while riding in rail-cars or carriages.

We urge upon all parents, in view of the many incurable eye diseases, to caution their children against reading by twilight, that is, not before sunrise nor after sunset. It would be greatly better not to allow them to read or sew by any artificial light; but if that is unavoidable, let it be imperative that they cease by nine o'clock at night in summer, and by ten at farthest, in the winter. It is a most inexcusable folly, and will, sooner or later, bring its punishment, to read or sew by gas, or lamp, or candle light, and then sleep after daylight next morning, as a habit. To persons of all ages it is a most injurious practice.

DENTIFRICES

OUGHT to be stuffed down the throats of the gentlemen of the Plug Craft. The best Dentifrice in the world is rain water or soap-suds; all powders are absolutely injurious; and it is useless to enter into any argument on the subject. There is not a tooth-powder named, but, if rubbed on an iron bar with a tooth-brush, would not wear that bar in two. Dentists of renown tell us that the enamel, the covering of the tooth, is not renewable, does not grow, then set us about scrubbing it away with powders!

The next tom-foolery which has engaged their attention in the prim city of Boston, the Athens of the Western Hemisphere, in solemn conclave assembled, within a few months, is the influence which certain articles have in destroying teeth. They have issued a scientific bull, to the effect that the *main* cause of defective teeth is the use of *saleratus* and *cream of tartar*, in the manufacture of bread: the proof being, that if a tooth is put in a strong solution of *saleratus* it will be dissolved! Molasses will do the same thing.

There are two questions which present themselves just here: How can it be managed to soak a tooth a week or two in strong *saleratus* water? It seems to us they would have to pull the tooth out; then there would be no use in soaking it in anything. It would be better to throw it away, and save the trouble of a soak. It will rot in the ground, if left there long enough. Come to think of it, the Dental Society of New England would itself be dissolved by a soak, by any kind of soak, *saleratus* or brandy—specially the brandy. But a tooth in a man's head is a *living thing*, and powerfully resists all destructive agencies; out of a man's head, it is dead, and is passive to any cause of decay. We cannot reason from life to death; it will always lead us to errors in practice and in theory.

But there is another inquiry which this most learned body failed to make. Does any body eat *saleratus* or *cream of tartar*? We venture the assertion, that not a grain of *saleratus* can be found in any slice of bread in all America, if that bread has been made with a small modicum of common sense.

Ordinarily, a level teaspoon of *saleratus* or *cream of tartar* is

put in several pounds of flour; but that saleratus is put in with the express purpose of its decomposition: it would not have the effect designed, unless it was decomposed; and when thus decomposed, it is no longer saleratus, no longer an alkali which would dissolve a tooth, but it has changed its whole nature, and become glauber salts, which is one of our most harmless articles of household medicine. A tablespoon or two of glauber salt is an ordinary dose, and several hours after taken, it acts on the bowels; but in the ordinary eating of bread, it would take about six months for a person to swallow an amount of the salts to make a common dose of the glauber. This is Homœopathy.

We do not deny that it is a useless, foolish, and hurtful practice, to mix any saleratus in our food; it was the "invention" of some lazy lout; and no family ought to allow of its employment in any shape or form, except as a medicine, prescribed by a physician. But our objection is, that a body of scientific men should have allowed themselves to have been led by the nose by some monomaniac, of good intentions but of green wit: green as grass, verdant as—we don't know what.

Our teeth are decayed by dirty mouths, hot drinks, and foul stomachs. Wash the teeth well after each meal, in soft water, eat and drink nothing warmer than the blood—that is about a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit—let that eating be at regular hours, using in moderation plain, substantial food, with a plentiful amount of the perfect and ripe fruits of the earth; and thus set all ignorant and dishonest dentists to breaking rocks for the turnpike. Be assured, reader, that the best dentifrices in the world are: soft water, clean mouths, healthy stomachs, and moderate activities in the open air.

A CUP OF TEA

Is considered by many to be one of life's indispensabilities. To get the best cup out of the smallest amount of tea is worth knowing. Fill the teapot with boiling water, put in the tea, and let the pot stand five minutes; the leaves gradually sink, are not scalded, and the true aroma is retained, not lost, as is the case in the old-fashioned "tea-drawing."

HOT-AIR FURNACES

OUGHT not to be tolerated; they ruin the wood-work of any building, ruin the furniture, and, more than all, impair the health of every person who breathes the atmosphere of houses thus heated by them. Warm air relaxes, debilitates, the world over; cool air braces up, gives tone, vigor, power, to the whole frame.

Warm air evaporates every article that has moisture in it, fluids, meats, vegetables—everything; these particles are distributed all through the air of the house, to the exclusion, to that extent, of the life-giving oxygen; so that not one single breath of pure air is taken into the lungs, as long as the person occupies such a house; and when it is remembered that during the most inclement season of the year, there are days, even weeks, during which the very young and the very old of the family, as also the invalids, do not pass outside the door, it is not to be wondered at that there is not one day, during all the winter, in which health dwells in any household so warmed. But a great deal of the ill effect of furnace-heated rooms may be obviated, if the fire-place is always kept open; but in very cold weather, there should be a fire in the fire-place, in order to create a more decided draught towards it, so as to promote a circulation, and carry the bad air more rapidly up through the chimney, and out of the building.

It is a great mistake, and an almost universal one, that sudden changes from one temperature to another are prejudicial to health. If persons will close their mouth, and send all the air to the lungs through the circuit of the head, and thus temper it to the air of the lungs, a positive benefit will result, although there may be a change of forty degrees in a second of time; only one precaution is needed. *Shut your mouth, and keep moving.*

The proof of all this is, railroad conductors are healthy men, as a class, and yet their changes are fifty degrees, hundreds of times in a day.

In addition, it is known to all persons of observation, that the inhabitants of the equable and moderate climates are not long-lived. The "Italian skies," and the "South of France,"

so much boasted of, do not give length of days to those who enjoy their balmy atmosphere.

Our grandsires lived in cozy parlors, and fire-place heated dining-rooms, with passages and halls as cold as Greenland, and yet they boast a higher health than their degenerate sons and daughters. These are facts, and they ought to have a rational consideration. Down, we say, with every hot-air furnace in the land!

WARTS.

If they give you no special inconvenience, let them alone. But if it is of essential importance to get rid of them, purchase half an ounce of *muriatic acid*, put it in a broad-bottomed vial, so that it will not easily turn over; take a stick as large as the end of a knitting-needle, dip it into the acid, and touch the top of the wart with whatever of the acid adheres to the stick; then, with the end of the stick, rub the acid into the top of the wart, without allowing the acid to touch the well skin. Do this night and morning, and a safe, painless, and effectual cure is the result.

HUNGER.

If a man in good health has not eaten anything for some days, he will die if he eats heartily. When persons are found in an almost starving condition, light food, in small quantities, and at short intervals, is essential to safety. The reason is, that as soon as we begin to feel hungry, the stomach rolls and works about, and continues to do so, unless satisfied, until it is so exhausted that there is scarcely any vital energy; it is literally *almost tired to death*, and, therefore, digestion is performed slowly, and with great difficulty. Hence, when a person has been kept from eating several hours beyond his usual time, instead of eating fast and heartily, he should take his food with deliberation, and only half as much as if he had eaten at the regular time. Sudden and severe illness has often resulted from the want of this precaution, and sometimes death has followed.

OUR EXCHANGES.

WE ask of our exchanges the courtesy of inserting for us the list of contents of our December number, our terms, and our address,—if they think our *Journal* merits, in the main, a liberal subscription list. One thing we wish to boast of, we never use our influence against our holy religion, but always on its side; this, however, is not the fashion of the times among publications, not professedly religious. Too many have gained an influence, and then give a traitorous thrust whenever they can make by it—not always making, however, we are glad to know. “Putnam” tried that game, and perished soon after. One of the most popular British Quarterlies tried it, and had to turn, to save its life. We think the religious press, with a few exceptions, have committed grave errors in their wholesale commendations of books and periodicals; and we suggest that, hereafter, only the articles critically read be spoken of, or that simply a list of the contents be given, without note or comment. For ourselves, we pay no sort of attention to “reviews and notices,” they nearly always mislead us; but we have a thousand times bought a book, or pamphlet, or paper, for a single item in its list of contents. This is a practical suggestion, worthy the attention of all publishers. We had rather see a bald list of the contents of one of our numbers in a newspaper, than a whole column of commendations. *Will our exchanges please note this?* We will serve them in the same way. And that there is weight in this, we notice a suggestive fact. In several of our exchanges, there have appeared friendly notices of our *Journal*, as regular as the month came round, *for years!* without its bringing one single subscriber from that locality!! Does not this show what little weight is attached to an editorial puff? and is it not humiliating? Within the last six months, our subscription list has *doubled ITSELF*. We have had no paid agents, and have had no leisure, nor taken any pains of a special character to extend our circulation, hence, we truly say, our list lacks but fifty of *doubling itself*. We have double the number of subscribers we have ever had before, and have no delinquents. Nearly every new subscriber is a volunteer. The letter runs thus, and is almost stereotyped: “Having seen frequent extracts from ‘*Hall's Journal of Health*,’ and they being always good,

short, and to the point; and having just learned where it is printed, I herewith inclose you the subscription for one year."

Brother Editors! Attention! If you want to "hub us," if you want to help us along, don't fool away your time and waste your brains in saying complimentary things, for it don't pay either of us; simply give our list of contents, and we will do as much for you now and then.

OUR RELIGIOUS EXCHANGES.

Few people imagine how much useful, solid reading there is in a single Religious Newspaper: no such paper ought to be destroyed, unless it be for the purpose of cutting out and preserving some of the most important pieces. We have many times copied an article, rather than mutilate the paper. But we do not lay the papers carefully away, to be eaten with the mould of years—that is hiding a talent in the earth; it is locking money up in a drawer, benefiting nobody, while its use is lost to the world, its interest is wasted. We carefully lay our religious exchanges away, and have a worthy man, Mr. Joseph Harris, to come at the first of the month, and distribute them among the sailors of ships which are just leaving port; and in one instance, among many, when a vessel returned from a long voyage, the sailors deputed one of their number to wait on Mr. Harris, to express their heartfelt obligations for the enjoyment they had derived from the reading matter which he had furnished them, and then presented him with a handsome sum of money as an inducement to him to continue in his work of benevolence, in distributing religious papers, tracts, and books, thus.

And in this connection, the thought has often occurred to us, what comfort, what encouragement, what cheer has a newspaper article, of even half a dozen lines, written with spirit, vigor, and point, carried to the heart of the lonely sailor

"Far at sea!"

or to the prisoner in his dreary dungeon! for some of our papers are sent there also. We tell you, reader, that man has lived to purpose, who has penned for a paper three lines of stirring thought. Thus it ought to be considered a privilege to be

allowed to write for a religious newspaper, provided there is the talent to do it well.

Let the clergy, then, and all persons of intellect, leisure, and a heart for good, make it a *weekly* task to compose a few lines for their favorite paper—lines which paint some burning thought as it leaps from the brain, keen as a Damascus blade; and which wells up from the heart, all luscious with the love of human kind—a thought which shall kindle up humanities in the living now, scattered over land and sea, and will continue to do it, may be, until the last wave of time has been lost in Eternity's ocean.

We had rather be the writer of an eight or ten lined paragraph, thought worthy of being quoted in the *American Messenger*, or the *Illustrated Christian Almanac*, with their half million readers, than to be the author of any volume ever published by the "Great Unknown," or the immortal "Boz"—a paragraph for enduring good, not for the glittering glory of an hour, and as false as it is fair.

In doing good we should study economies; for nothing should be wasted in this great world of want. To make a paper last long, and thus serve a good many readers, it should have as few folds as possible. An eight-paged newspaper is torn up or worn out in a very short time; besides, there is too much reading in it, it is not remembered, and many excellent items are skipped over. So we make of those two excellent papers, the *Presbyterian*, and the *American Presbyterian* of Philadelphia, with their large, attractive headings of short articles, what is equal to four tracts; and of the *New York Evangelist*, with its eight pages of useful truth, weekly repeated, with its name and date heading each page, no less than four tracts, to be read by four different persons at a time. We treat *The New York Observer* in the same way, although it has never been willing to exchange with us; yet, as it has given us a good many subscribers by quoting from our Journal, for weeks in succession, we can afford to pay for it—the proprietors being *poor*! For all that, *The New York Observer*, by its steady and powerful conservatism, in matters of State as well as Church, has worked a good for our church and nation beyond that of any periodical in America: and long may it and the *National Intelligencer*, and papers of their sort, remain the Malakoffs of our religion and our nation!

As to our *Agricultural* exchanges, they are never wasted, but are given to our patients, or sent, by mail, to our friends and acquaintances, whom we think might be benefited by subscribing for them. It is gratifying for us to state the fact, that every *Agricultural Exchange* on our list is always on the side of morals and religion. We never recollect to have seen an article in one of them unfit to be seen at the family fireside.

Of our exchanges in pamphlet form, one of the best is *Littell's Living Age*, of Boston, an 8vo weekly, at six dollars a year, being made up of the best foreign articles of a philosophical, literary, and miscellaneous character. It makes a large standard volume every year. It is sustained by the Aristocracy of Letters. One little item may be here mentioned: articles from our Journal find their way to England, and are then quoted in *Littell*, as coming from European publications. Does it require that an article to be good and new must cross the Atlantic twice? But we are placated in the reflection that what "*Dr. Hall in his Journal says*," is appreciated abroad as well as at home, as being useful and true.

As to our Monthly Exchanges, there is *The Mother's Journal* for parents; *Merry's Museum* for children; *Arthur's Home Magazine*, ALWAYS safe reading for the family; *Godey's Lady's Book*, that in a quarter of a century has never insulted any man's religion: all these are useful in their way, and merit public consideration. *Graham* has a nation of friends.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

THE three great necessities of infancy and childhood are: warmth, food, and exercise. As to food, milk is Nature's preparation, and is the only article known which has in it all the necessary elements of nutrition. But when we get older, the wants of the system are changed; the conditions and capabilities of the stomach are changed, and the appetite loudly calls for something more substantial. But with the weakness and years of great age, the wants of infancy return—plenty of milk, plenty of flannel; but the need of rest replaces that of ceaseless activity, and the poor old body finds its happiness in huddling over the fire all day long.

A HEALTHY COUNTRY.

AN observant clerical correspondent writes : " A fine old gentleman was invited to dine with me a few days ago, and remarked, that he knew thirteen persons in the circuit of a few miles, who had died within six months, and that all of them were over eighty years of age. Among these were :

	Years.		Years.
Nathaniel Raglan . . .	82	Nathaniel Haggard . . .	87
Thomas Allen	82	John Garden	87
Frederick Stipp	82	John Hedges	87
Mrs. Cunningham . . .	86	Mrs. Nichols	117

My informant was over eighty years of age. Among my hearers was a lady who was married in the year eighteen hundred, and yet had never before heard a sermon from a Presbyterian clergyman. From the above narration, we feel impelled to one of two conclusions, either Clarke County, Ky., must be a very healthy region, or that an entire ignorance of Presbyterianism is promotive of longevity. If our correspondent can ascertain that all these old soldiers had, in early life, enlisted under the banners of Presbytery, we will breathe freer.

THE BEST INHERITANCE

Is ability to help one's self, manly principles, and a good constitution. Infinitely more valuable are these than beauty, birth, or blood. Beside them, wealth, and fame, and position, pale away in darkness, when they have come down from father to son; because then, they may be lost, and are ignobly lost in countless instances. But with these—health, manliness, and self-sustaining power—wealth is created, a name may be founded as lasting as that of the Cæsars, and a standing among men secured of more honorable mention than the coffers of all kings could purchase.

These things being true, the wiser policy of parents is, not to work themselves to death, in order to leave their children perishable thousands; but, by judicious teachings from infancy, show those children how to take care of their health, and how to make a living for themselves.

CHILD MURDER.

OF all the men in this wide world, book-men most lack common sense in their practices. We lived a year of misery in a minute, as walking in glorious old Boston Common, a gentleman remarked that his son had been going to school nearly a year, and that he expected to get the *gold medal* which was awarded to that boy who, for one whole year, had not committed a single fault. Just think for a moment of the intensity of that bondage of hope and fear, of solicitude, of strife by day and night, awake or in dreams, which must have tortured that poor boy's heart, intensified every hour, as the year drew nearer to a close. We really felt as if that teacher ought to have been hung up by the heels, and well scored with apple-tree switches. We never heard his name, and are glad of it, for we should have consigned it to infamy.

CHEAPEST FOOD,

AND among the most nutritious that can be eaten, is *White Beans*; cheapest to the consumer, and more profitable to the producer than wheat at one dollar and a quarter a bushel, when the beans sell at one dollar a bushel. But this last winter they have readily sold at three dollars a bushel. The amount of nutriment in white beans is ninety-three per cent; so that one dollar's worth of white beans, at two dollars a bushel, affords double the nutriment of a dollar's worth of potatoes, at a dollar a bushel. White beans, at two dollars a bushel, are a cheaper food than potatoes at half a dollar a bushel—beans having no waste.

THREE ARTICLES.

IN turning over the pages of this Journal, three articles attracted our attention, which we had altogether forgotten. The first, for clergymen; the second, for parents; the third, for all, as of the highest practical value—their lessons are even terrible: *Tobacco, its Use and End*, page 100; *The Children of the Rich*, page 123, first volume; *Annual Ailments*, page 145; also page 249.

WHERE ARE THEY?

THE literary men of France, who were young a quarter of a century ago? The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* writes:

"*De Balzac* is dead! Coffee killed him.

"*Frederic Soulie* is dead; the victim of coffee and licentiousness.

"*Eugene Briffaut* died a madman in the Chazenton Lunatic Asylum.

"*Granville* became insane, and breathed his last in a private madhouse.

"*Lassally* died a raving lunatic.

"*Lowe Weimars* died from licentiousness and opium-eating.

"*Charles de Bernard* died from coffee and licentiousness.

"*Henri Boyle* died from coffee and women.

"*Hippolite Royal Collard* died from tobacco and coffee.

"*Gerard de Nerval*, after oscillating between plenty and want, abstemiousness and licentiousness, went mad, and hung himself.

"*Rabbe*, after suffering a thousand deaths from a loathsome disease, took poison to end his prolonged torture.

"*Alfred de Musset* died a victim to the bottle and cigar.

"*Count Alfred D'Orsay* was killed by the cigar and licentiousness.

"*Eugene Sue*: coffee and women were his ruin.

"All mowed down in the prime of life, in the meridian of their intellect and fame!"

La Belle Paris! the synonym of all that is beautiful; the city of gayety and revelry, of music and of mirth, where pleasure lures, dazzles, intoxicates, and then destroys! is this the sad end to which your young men of culture and intellect arrive, in a short quarter of a century? Then let it be a loud warning to the youth of our own time and nation, that a better path is marked out for them in that *Book of all books*, which counsels to be *temperate in all things*, to take hold of *wisdom*, whose ways are ways of pleasantness—whose paths are peace.

VERMIN RIDDANCE.

HALF an ounce of soap boiled in a pint of water, and put on with a brush while boiling hot, infallibly destroys the bugs and their eggs.

Flies are driven out of a room by hanging up a bunch of the PLANTAIN, or *Fleawort* plant, after it has been dipped in milk.

Rats and Mice speedily disappear by mixing equal quantities of strong cheese and powdered *squills*; they devour this mixture with great greediness, while it is innocuous to man.

When it is remembered how many persons have lost their lives by swallowing, in mistake, mixtures of *strychnine*, *ratsbane*, *corrosive sublimate*, which are commonly employed for this purpose, it becomes a matter of humanity to publish these items.

House Ants ravenously devour the kernels of walnuts, and shellbarks or hickory nuts. Crack some of these, and place them on a plate near the infested places; and when the plate is full of the ants, throw the contents in the fire.

Cockroaches, as well as *Ants*, are driven away by strewing elderberry leaves on the shelves and other places frequented by these troublesome insects.

INTUSSUSCEPTION,

IN which one portion of the bowel falls down into another, like as when a stocking is turned half way inside out, effectually prevents any passage from the bowels, and death is inevitable, unless relief is given. Our intimation previously, that a pint of molasses drank while quite warm, had been known to give immediate relief, has caused a suggestion from W. H. Stanton, of Knoxville, that his father's sheep were invariably cured of a similar ailment, by being taken by the hind legs and swung around several times. As ludicrous as this "*operation*" might seem in its application to a human being, we would not hesitate to try it, in case other things failed. To us there is a kind of grandeur in all that is true and practical.

The most violent case of hysterics may be instantly arrested, if a great indignity is offered to the patient, such as slapping in the face with your slipper; and yet that is a better remedy than a plug of the intolerable *Asafetida*.

HEALTHY RECREATIONS.

AMUSEMENT is as much a necessity to the mind as food is to the body. The mind is vivified by pleasurable recreations as much as the body is sustained by a nutritious diet. But not less transient and deceptive as the aids which opium, and tobacco, and alcohol afford the body, are novel-reading and theatrical performances the unsubstantial quickeners of the mind and heart. And as nothing gives the body more enduring strength than plain substantial meat and bread, so the intellect and the affections are strengthened by the exercise of those real benevolences which every-day life, in cities especially, so loudly call for.

The dollar spent for a seat in the theatre amuses its occupant for a few short hours, and after they are past, there is nothing real to look back upon. That same dollar spent upon one of the thousands of the children of want in any large community, would make that poor child feel rich for a day, and would lift up and happify his stricken heart, as often as remembered, for many long days to come; while, as to the donor's, it will be a sweet thing to think of, even in a dying hour. Let our recreations then be, not in sham and show, but in sweet realities.

LIFETIMES.

	Years.		Years.
A MAN has lived . . .	970	Porpoise	30
Whale (estimated) . .	900	Bear	20
Elephant	400	Dog	20
Swan	360	Wolf	20
Tortoise	107	Rhinoceros	20
Eagle	104	Cat	20
Camel	100	Fox	16
Raven	100	Cow	15
Lion	70	Sheep	10
Horse	62	Squirrel	8
Pig	30	Rabbit	8
Dolphin	30	Good Resolutions, an hour.	

PATENT MEDICINES.

"It is estimated that * * * pills have done more to promote the public health than any other cause. There can be no doubt that these medicines have very much reduced the proportion of deaths from consumptive diseases in this country."

The above we find in a religious newspaper, among the items of "News of the Week," and placed, not among the advertisements of the paper, but immediately over the notices of marriages and deaths, consequently in the most noticeable part of the paper.

Here are religious men, who for pay lend their paper, week after week, to the statement of a demonstrable falsehood. They know that these medicines have *not* "done more to promote the public health than any other cause." The second deception practiced upon its readers is, the placing the statement among the news items of the week, and receiving pay for the same.

Is the statement either new or true? And so far from these medicines "having very much reduced the proportion of deaths from consumptive diseases in this country," the evidence of published statements is, that a greater number of deaths from consumption are occurring, according to the population, than heretofore. Thus it is that religious men, in their public and official capacities, are obliterating the lines of distinction which should separate them from men of the world. They thus sell their principles and lend themselves to the dissemination of falsehoods, for a price.

TO PURIFY WATER.

"PUT alum in it." Oh, yes, certainly! This silly article has been going the round of the scissoring newspapers for months. No doubt, many persons who have tried it have regarded it as a beautiful and simple fact. Yes! the fact is as simple as the theory deduced therefrom. We have been always under the impression, that to purify anything, something must be taken from it. But to purify dirty water, we must give it a dose of

physic—alum being a speedy and certain emetic. It strikes us that, if water is dirty, the best use of it is to throw it away, in a land where there is a spring or stream almost in sight of every door.

The alum will throw the dirt to the bottom, but more or less of it remains in the water. But the alum is a mineral medicine causing active purging and vomiting, and gradually undermining the digestive functions by its astringent, puckering qualities. On the other hand, the sediment which is ordinarily found in water will settle itself, if allowed time enough; besides, it is almost wholly of vegetable origin, and less hurtful than the amount of alum requisite to throw it to the bottom.

CURE OF CORNS.

SOAK the foot in warm water for about a quarter of an hour, every night; after each soaking, rub on the corn patiently, with the finger, half a dozen drops of sweet oil, wear around the toe during the day two thicknesses of buckskin, with a hole in it to receive the corn, continue this treatment until the corn falls out; and by wearing *moderately* loose shoes, it will be months, and even years, before the corn returns, when the same treatment will be efficient in a few days.

Paring corns is always dangerous, besides making them take deeper root—as will a weed, if cut off near the ground. Many applications are recommended to be made to corns, to burn or eat out, or soften them, but the plan advised above is *safe*, is PAINLESS, gives most welcome relief in a few hours, and prevents a return of the corn for a longer time than any other remedy; and last of all, it costs nothing but a little attention: that, however, is the great drawback; if the sweet oil could be disguised, and obtained from some Indian, who expressed it from a rare plant, growing in the caverns of the Rocky Mountains, and sold at a dime a drop, it would have as great a run as the Hemp Juice, which is peddled so successfully by the man whose “Sands of life have been *almost* run out,” for some years past, under the name of *Cannabis Indica*. Glycerine, the essential principle of oils, is milder and better than oil itself, as it remains longer moist, and thus has greater softening powers.

DIP.

A "PATENT DIP," scientific American, literary wife, professional husband, a love of a baby as tidy as a lily and as sweet as a new-blown rose, cleanliness and health, labor saving, long nights of undisturbed sleep, all are concatenated in this trilateral monosyllable "DIP." There is not a young family in the land to whom it may not be fraught with blessings.

It is the invention of a literary gentleman, driven thereto by a literary wife, learned in all things, except in the ability to keep her house and children in perfect neatness; and having to keep themselves, we may well judge it was a miserable failure. Thinking and studying hard all day, the exhausted brain would fall into blissful obliviousness as soon as the head touched the pillow, and would so remain until next morning—and so would the baby, with all its surroundings, imaginable and unimaginable.

A true man is never discouraged, except by a demonstrable impossibility; so this gentleman determined that there ought to be a way, and what ought to be should be, and was, and he would find it out. Every morning intensified his convictions, and he had no rest. What cogitations, what solitary walks, and how long, what day-dreams and night realities, what hopes and what desperations there were, is not computable, *nor are the results*, in the way of cleanliness, health, and undisturbed repose.

Dr. REES, in an able monograph on infant mortality, asserts, that in this country nearly half of all who are born die in infancy, that is, under five years of age. We believe that three fourths of these untimely deaths result from *the want of proper attention to children*; and among the first of the items under this head is a want of personal cleanliness as to feet, hands, body, clothing, bedding, every thing.

The article for which letters patent have been obtained, according to the *Scientific American*, is a Diaper for Children, and is one of the most simple, ingenious, and desirable domestic articles to which our attention has been lately directed. The person of the child is kept dry, and in perfect cleanliness, odors are prevented, and there is no necessity for a change during the longest night, one ablution only is required, and it is ready for use again in a few minutes. So contrived, too, that all the

dangers are obviated which result from children sitting on cold or damp seats, as well as the inconveniences in travelling.

That six thousand years should have passed, and some mind has not sooner brought its energies to bear for the abatement of a nuisance so universal, is noticeable. Yet the thing is claimed to be done; and if so, we trust that the pecuniary reward will be commensurate with the satisfaction experienced by fruitful parents for generations to come.

The saving in washing alone, for three months, in a city, is claimed to be enough to purchase a supply of the article sufficient during the rearing of an ordinary family; and if actual experiment certifies these claims, the old article will fall into disuse, not to be resuscitated.

HEARING IMPROVED.

TIE a thread to a ball of cotton wool as large as a pea; put the other end of the thread through a small silver or other tube, then draw it up, until the cotton touches the end of the tube; next wet the cotton with glycerine, then introduce the tube carefully in the ear with the cotton foremost, and when, by the improved hearing, it is ascertained that the cotton is in its right place—that is against the “drum of the ear”—withdraw the tube, the thread remaining, hanging out of the ear an inch or more, for withdrawing the cotton when it gets dry.

Tepid water has been used by European physicians to wet the cotton; but we suggest the employment of glycerine for that purpose, as it is clear as water, in every way harmless, and remains moist longer than any liquid known which is, at the same time, so entirely innocuous.

Returning imperfection of hearing will indicate the drying of the cotton, and the necessity of replacing it.

A London surgeon obtained great notoriety several years ago by his success in removing comparative deafness of long continuance, by introducing a few drops of glycerine into the ear every day: the philosophy of it was, its long moisture powers not only dissolved the hardened wax, but counteracted that heat and dryness of the parts which caused the wax of the ear to harden as soon as it was secreted.

This use of glycerine, which is nothing more than the sweet principle of oils, in connection with the cotton, tube, and thread, is a suggestion of our own, and we throw it out as a hint for professional experiment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A New Luxury.—A tablespoonful of *Gail Borden's Condensed Milk*, in a cup of coffee or tea, makes a most delicious drink. Those who will try it and learn how to manage it, will never be willing to return to the milk carts, because it is milk in all its purity from farm-house cows.

Musical.—What loving father could make a more durable, and elevating, and refining New Year's Gift to a dutiful daughter, than one of *Worcester's* Pianos, whose chief characteristics are, lastingness, harmony, and an aristocratic plainness and richness combined.

CARPETS certainly help to keep a room warm, especially in those many houses in New York, whose cellar ceilings are not plastered. Mr. Landon, 374 Hudson street, will supply our readers on the lowest living terms.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THIS number closes the year for which all our subscribers have paid. Our terms are, "IN ADVANCE." We do not know how many on our present list will wish to continue; and as we do not want to publish a greater number of copies, for January, than will be taken—and as the next number must be sent to the press by the 15th of December—we hope that such of our friends as desire to continue with us another year, will send us their name and dollar, immediately on the receipt of this number. It is a little thing—can be attended to in any five minutes—and then *it is off your mind at once*, and for a whole year.

The safest and best way to remit is : say nothing about it to any body, but take a gold dollar, fold it over at one corner of your letter, and sew around it ; put it in an envelope, seal it with a wafer, put on a postage stamp, and DEPOSIT IT IN THE POST-

OFFICE YOURSELF : we have never known a money-letter miscarry in all our publishing experience—nor have we ever known a medical fee to miscarry in a practice of many years—when thus attended to.

We do not hesitate to say, that nine out of ten of all the losses of money, by mail, complained of by hasty and inconsiderate editors, are owing to the dereliction of the person who sends the money, or the person to whom it is sent. If this is not so, how is it that we never lose any money by mail, not a dozen dollars in the receipt of thousands, in small sums, scattered over many years? We attribute it to *one fact mainly*: we have always made it a practice to take our letters out of the office ourselves. We have done it in New York; we did it in Cincinnati and in New Orleans; and the result was the same at each place: in fifteen years, we do not remember to have lost as many dollars—certainly, we have not lost one dollar in a thousand.

If a subscriber cannot get a gold dollar, then send a current note of this city or State; if you cannot get such a one, then send a note current with you, with as many postage stamps as will make it a dollar at New York; for our terms are, a full dollar a year, in advance.

We would like every clergyman to have the reading of our Journal; but many of them are too scantily paid to afford it. How many of our subscribers feel interested enough in the gratification and health of a minister of their acquaintance to send an extra dollar for such a one.

During 1857, we received more extra dollars for this purpose from the South than from any other direction. What is the reason?

We will send, post paid:

"Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases," for	\$1 00
"Consumption," for	1 00
Bound Volumes of Journal, I., II., III., IV.,	5 00
Journal for 1858, not post-paid,	1 00

The prices are the same if purchased at this office.

☞ All subscriptions and money for books must be sent to—address simply—

"DR. W. W. HALL,
"New-York."

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